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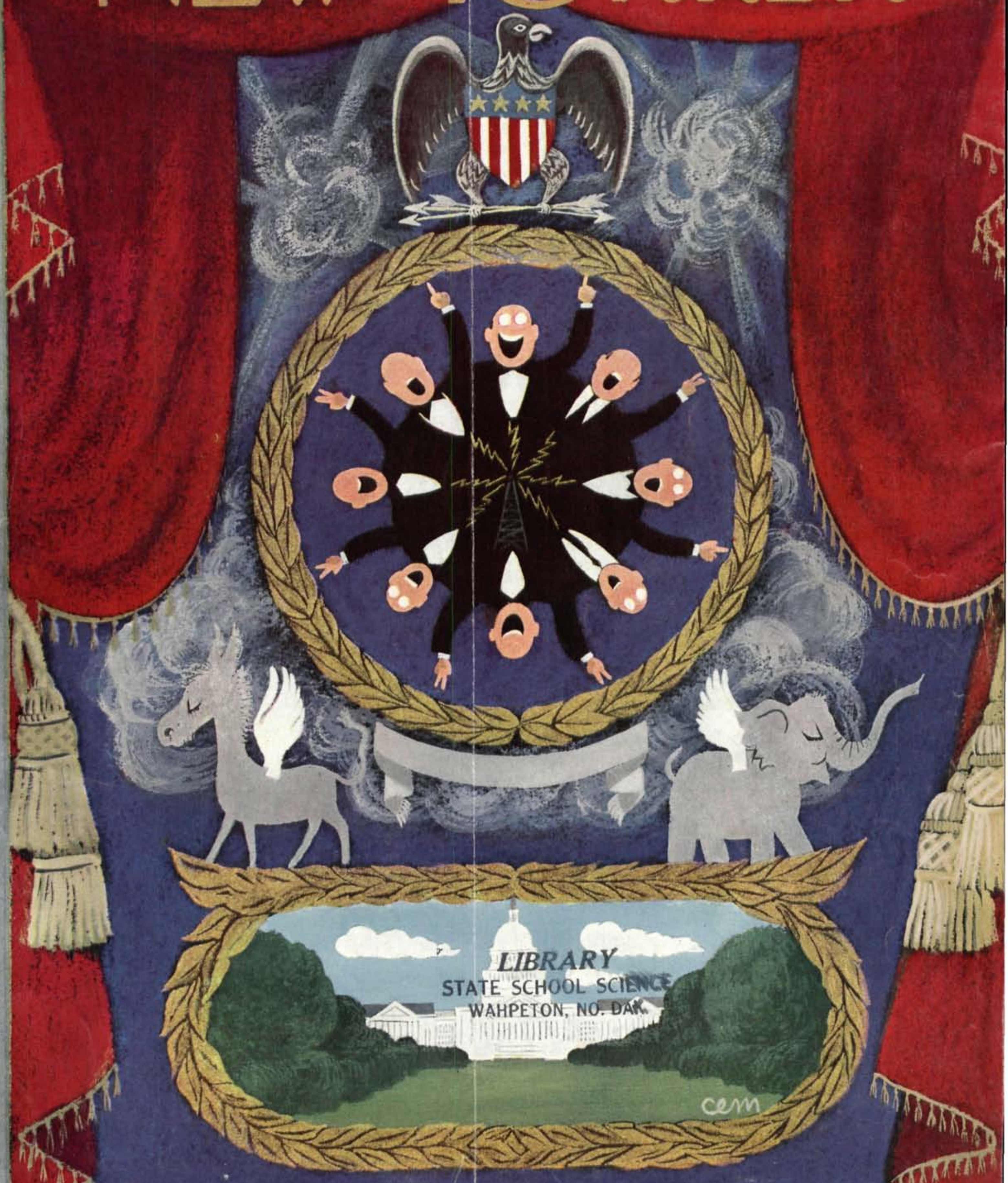
# THE NEW YORKER



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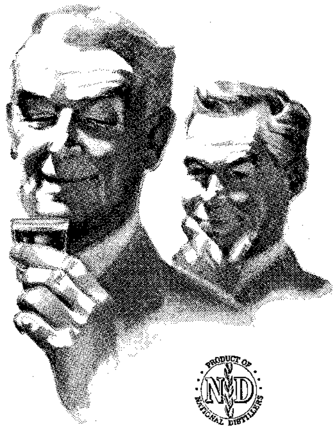

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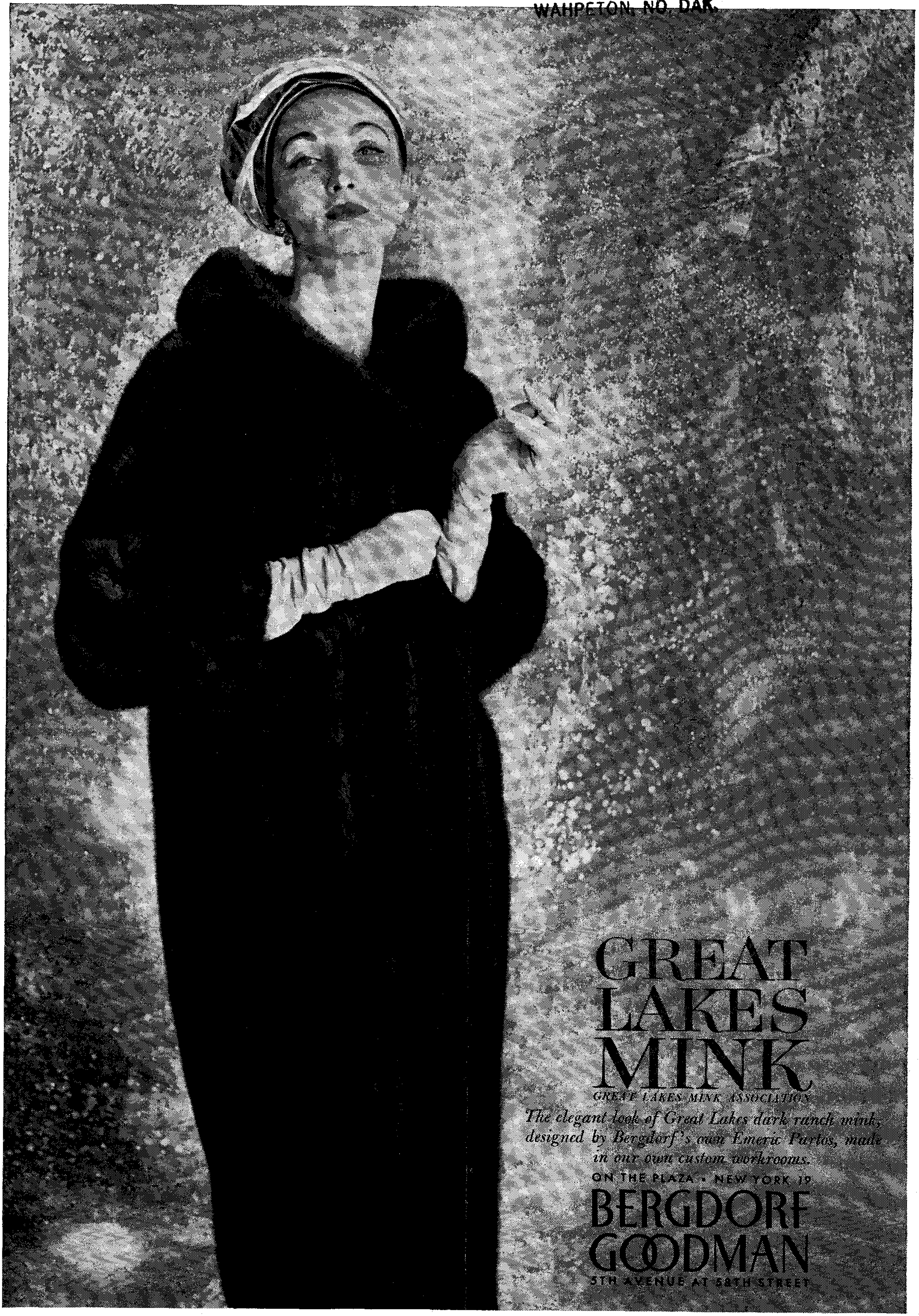

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MATINEE TODAY

## A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
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## THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

### PLAYS

**The Loud Red Patrick**—Arthur Kennedy and David Wayne show commendable vivacity in this rather tedious and certainly old-fashioned comedy about an Irishman whose four young daughters keep getting out of hand. John Boruff's script was suggested by Ruth McKenney's novel of the same name. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**Middle of the Night**—Paddy Chayefsky's play about the romance between a man and a girl half his age has its merry and fairly poignant moments, but most of the time the style and the subject matter are rather bleak. Edward G. Robinson is triumphant in one of the leading roles, and his associates include Gena Rowlands, June Walker, and Patricia Benoit. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**Long Runs**—**CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF:** A Southern-household drama by Tennessee Williams in which Marjorie Steele, Thomas Gomez, and Alex Nicol at present head the cast. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **THE DIARY OF ANNE FRANK:** A Dutch girl's account of the two years she and her family spent hiding from the Nazis, as dramatized by Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett. With Susan Strasberg, Joseph Schildkraut, and Gusti Huber. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **A HATFUL OF RAIN:** Vivian Blaine and Mark Richman are now the principals in Michael V. Gazzo's play concerning a young drug addict and his heroic wife. With Frank Silvera and Henry Silva. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Oct. 13.) . . . **INHERIT THE WIND:** An account of the Scopes trial, in Dayton, Tennessee, with Paul Muni and Ed Begley as the two famous orators involved. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **THE MATCHMAKER:** Ruth Gordon is the star and Thornton Wilder the author of this roughhouse comedy. Loring Smith, Eileen Herlie, and Arthur Hill are also in the cast. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **NO TIME FOR SERGEANTS:** All about how a hillbilly amiably disrupts a good part of our military establishment. Charles Hohman is the hero right now, and Myron McCormick and Arte Johnson are a couple of his Air Force colleagues. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **WILL SUCCESS SPOIL ROCK HUNTER?:** Another comedy by George Axelrod, who wrote "The Seven Year Itch." Jane Kean, Martin Gabel, and Tom Poston are presently playing Hollywood types of one kind and another. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

**The Reluctant Debutante**—A British comedy by William Douglas Home, with Adrianne Allen, Wilfrid Hyde White, and Anna Massey. Staged by Cyril Ritchard and presented by Gilbert Miller, in association with Loew's, Inc. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**Sixth Finger in a Five Finger Glove**—Jimmie Komack in a play written by Scott Michel, directed by John Holden, and produced by Gertrude Caplin and Thelma Fingar. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

### MUSICALS

**Mr. Wonderful**—The diverse talents of Sammy Davis, Jr., are not quite enough to redeem a fairly tiresome and elementary business about the triumph of a night-club entertainer. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**The Most Happy Fella**—Frank Loesser wrote the music and lyrics and adapted the book for this version of Sidney Howard's "They Knew What They Wanted." It is a generally brilliant job, though some may feel it is a little over-operatic for Broadway. Robert Weede (Richard Torigi substitutes for him at the matinée performances), Jo Sullivan, Art Lund, and Susan Johnson head the fine cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**My Fair Lady**—An outstanding musical adaptation of Shaw's "Pygmalion," in which Rex Harrison, as Professor Higgins, and Julie Andrews, as Eliza Doolittle, are almost beyond compare. The book and lyrics are by Alan Jay Lerner, Frederick Loewe composed the music, and the sets and costumes are the work of, respectively, Oliver Smith and Cecil Beaton. The cast also includes Stanley Holloway, Viola Roache, and Robert Coote. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**New Faces of '56**—Leonard Sillman's latest revue is very pleasant, and its leading performer, T. C. Jones—a female impersonator, of all things—is very comical as he portrays Miss Tallulah Bankhead in various moods. Among other diverting people on hand are Billie Hayes, Jane Connell, Johnny Haymer, John Reardon, Virginia Martin, and Bill McCutcheon. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Long Runs**—**DAMN YANKEES:** A story about a baseball fan who signs a contract with the Devil in order to help the Washington Senators beat the local American League team. With Gwen Verdon, Ray Walston, and Stephen Douglass. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **FANNY:** A musical play, by S. N. Behrman and Joshua Logan, that abounds in people (including Lawrence Tibbett and Billy Gilbert), plot (Marseille waterfront life), and production (music by Harold Rome). (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . **THE PAJAMA GAME:** A confection about romance and labor relations in a pajama factory. John Raitt (George Wallace will succeed him on Monday, Oct. 15), Julie Wilson, and Jack Goode have leading roles. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

### OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

**Too Late the Phalarope**—An adaptation by Robert Yale Libott of Alan Paton's novel, starring Barry Sullivan and Finlay Currie. Mary K. Frank is the producer and John Stix the director. Opens Thursday, Oct. 11. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Double in Hearts**—A four-character comedy by Paul Nathan, with Julia Meade, William Redfield, Laurence Hugo, and Neva Patterson. Directed by John Gerstad and produced by Barnard Straus, Paul Vroom, and Adna Karns. Opens Tuesday, Oct. 16. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Thursday and Saturday the first week, and Wednesdays and Saturdays thereafter, at 2:40.)

**The Apple Cart**—Maurice Evans and Signe Hasso in a revival of Bernard Shaw's comedy. Staged by George Schaefer and presented by Charles Adams and Joseph Neebe. Opens Thursday, Oct. 18. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

### OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

**Amato Opera Theatre**—Friday through Sunday, Oct. 12-14: "La Bohème." . . . ¶ Starting

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Friday, Oct. 19: "La Traviata." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

**Carnegie Hall Playhouse**—"Johnny Johnson," the musical play by Paul Green and Kurt Weill. James Broderick heads a cast under the direction of Stella Adler. Previews through Saturday, Oct. 20. Opens officially on Sunday, Oct. 21. (Carnegie Hall Playhouse, 889 Seventh Ave., at 56th St. CI 6-6630. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:45. Matinées Saturdays and Sunday, Oct. 14, at 2:30.)

**Circle in the Square**—A revival of Eugene O'Neill's "The Iceman Cometh," directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30.)

**Fourth Street Theatre**—Chekhov's "The Sea Gull," with Betty Field, Shepperd Strudwick, and Jacob Ben-Ami. Previews Monday through Saturday, Oct. 15-20. Opens officially on Monday, Oct. 22. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. OR 4-5710. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40.)

**Jan Hus House**—Bill Gunn in a revival of Louis Peterson's "Take a Giant Step." Ira Cirker is the director. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LY 6-8947. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

**Phoenix Theatre**—Siobhan McKenna has the central role in a rather self-conscious revival of "Saint Joan," Shaw's most famous play. The supporting cast includes Kent Smith, Ian Keith, Earle Hyman, Frederic Tozere, and Michael Wager. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:15. Matinées Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 20-21, at 2:15. Closes Sunday, Oct. 21.)

**Shakespearewrights**—"Hamlet," with Philip Lawrence and Helen Taylor. Opens Wednesday, Oct. 17. (St. Ignatius Church, 264 W. 87th St. SU 7-2277. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

**Theatre de Lys**—Kurt Weill's "The Threepenny Opera," with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Katherine Sergava and James Mitchell. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

**Theatre East**—Tani Seitz, Helen Seamon, Robert F. Mandan, and Dermot McNamara make up the cast of Jean-Paul Sartre's "No Exit." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 2-9220. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:15; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40. Special matinée Friday, Oct. 12, at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Oct. 28.)

### BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

**Yugoslav State Company**—The first appearances here by this group made up of fifty-five dancers, singers, and musicians. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Thursday, Oct. 11, at 8:40, and Saturday, Oct. 13, at 2:40. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Oct. 12, at 8:30.)

**Lycette Darsonval**—With her Paris ballet company. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Tuesday, Oct. 16, at 8:30.)

### MISCELLANY

**Dramatic Readings**—Two more in a series of readings of Sean O'Casey's "Pictures in the Hallway," by Aline MacMahon, Staats Cotsworth, and others. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Sunday, Oct. 14, at 2:30 and 8:30.)

**Judy Garland**—With dancers Giselle and François Szony, comedian Alan King, and others, in a variety show. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

**Rodeo**—Cowboys, wild horses, steers, and dogies—one being the canine kind (Rin Tin Tin), who strays in on schedule from the nearest television screen. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Thursday at 8:30; Friday at 2 and 8:30; Saturday at 10, 2, and 8:30; and Sunday at 2 and 7. Through Sunday, Oct. 14.)

## NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

### DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

**Ambassador,** Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Embassy Club, a fairly sumptuous way of life, has dinner music until ten, at which hour Chauncey Gray's orchestra and a rumba group come aboard. Closed Mondays.

**Biltmore,** Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Tuesdays through Saturdays, the recently revived Bowman Room offers Russ Morgan's big but subdued orchestra for dancing after eight-thirty and Emery Deutsch's intense string group from dinnertime on. There is, in addition, a floor show, to which you may as well shut your eyes and ears.

**El Morocco,** 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—All that glitters is not gold, but the customers here can almost fool you. Charles Holden's orchestra and Freddy Alonso's Latin band keep any curiosity seekers from hearing what the customers are saying.

**Pierre,** Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—A small outfit, practically always Stanley Worth's, plays for dancing every night from cocktails through supper in the placid Café Pierre.

**Plaza,** Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Stormy little Eartha Kitt, for all her Paris fashions and her feverish litanies, may make many of the dinner and supper guests in the Persian Room feel that she'd rather be a cozy Alice Sit by the Fire. The evening is handsomely pieced out with the orchestra and glee club of Ted Straeter—Beau Brummell, pianist, and sometime tenor—and the music of Mark Monte's small group. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ After eight-thirty in the Rendez-Vous, which is to the manner born, the orchestras of Maximillian Bergere and Gunnar Hansen sprint from one familiar tune to another. . . . ¶ In the Palm Court, there is Leo LeFleur's string group at the cocktail hour. No dancing. . . . ¶ The LeFleur group is again in action in the Edwardian Room at the dinner hour. No dancing.

LETTERS
U S MAIL

**Roosevelt,** Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Eddie Lane's orchestra plays for dancing at dinner and supper in the mammoth Grill. Closed Sundays.

**St. Regis,** Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—It's sort of a women's-club act that Ethel Smith, organist emeritus, gives her dinner and supper companions in the Maisonette, but she's a glib enough musician and talker to get away with it. The bands of Milt Shaw and Ray Bari contribute their usual bubbly dance music all evening. On Thursday, Oct. 18, Fernanda Montel and her songs about the fashionable *modus operandi* will replace Miss Smith. Closed Sundays.

**Savoy-Plaza,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Irving Conn's orchestra has a permanent lease on the Café Lounge, where it saws away for the benefit of any random dancers in the late afternoon and in the evening.

**Statler,** Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—The colossal Café Rouge is enlivened now and then by the really swinging music of Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey and their boys, the most buoyant of whom is Charlie Shavers. Closed Sundays.

**Stork Club,** 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—People who love to visit the town, but wouldn't live here if you etc., etc., often use this country store as the entering wedge. Two bands play ticktacktoe in one corner.

**Versailles,** 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Edith Piaf, our lady of sorrows, wrings her mobile hands and the customers' hearts as the young lovers of her *petites chansons* go bravely to their doom. Salvatore Gioë's band and Panchito's rumba men turn out dance music, starting at eight.

**Waldorf-Astoria,** Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Harry Belafonté's guileful blend of folk music and mating call, which is audible at dinner and supper in the Empire Room, comes to an end on Saturday, Oct. 13. On Monday, Oct. 15, Lisa Kirk will begin wielding a lot of bouncy songs and complex props. Nat Brandwynne's milk-and-honey orchestra and Mischa Borr's band are staying on. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Weekdays, in a secluded nook of Peacock Alley, the *Alt-Wien* group led by Jozsi Ribari and the trio led by Alan Logan concoct listening music from cocktails until eight-thirty and then dance music until one; Mr. Borr's orchestra takes care of the eight-to-twelve Sunday dancing party.

**Note**—The captain's walk called the Rainbow Room serves as a lounge (from four-thirty to nine, except Sundays) where, over cocktails and frequent swatches of non-dance music, you can watch New York swapping old skylines for new ones. The address 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the phone CI 6-5800.

### SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

**DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Addison Bailey is providing benign cocktail, dinner, and supper piano in a salon of practically unmitigated grandeur. Sundays, Paul Morse fills in for him. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E 55th St. (PL 3-9425): An established hothouse, well known for its displays of Johnny-jump-ups and lilies of the field. Kurt Maier dishes out a placid dinner-and-supper obbligato at the piano. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The carefree cast of characters is headed by Goldie Hawkins, proprietor and pianist, who manufactures his own brand of Southern small talk and comfort. Wayne Sanders, who just plays romantic piano, spells him during the night. Mr H. is on deck from cocktails on; Mr. S. reports at nine. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The pianist Paul Schlesinger and the violinist Herman Honigsberg, classicists to their fingertips, lend quiet enchantment to a dignified dinner hour that lasts until one in the morning. Closed Sundays. . . . **BARBERRY ROOM,** 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): The conversations on some of the tableside telephones make it seem like a capital-gains conference room, but there are also victuals, wine, and Renato Rossini's guitar, which is murmurous from nine to eleven and fiery Andalusian from

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## GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

then until one. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): The permanent picnic (Latin-American style) includes a good deal of regional singing and prancing, some of it by the customers. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): The piano music in the bar is the work of Jules Kuti, who favors sweetness and light. It begins at the cocktail hour and stops around midnight or so. Closed Sundays. . . . **RSVP,** 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): Ada Moore can do funny things with the most unlikely aria when she has a mind to, which is after ten-thirty. Don Evans' and Carl Norman's first-rate romantic piano starts around seven. The atmosphere is faintly rumpus-room. Closed Sundays. . . . **LE PÉRIGORD CAFÉ,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 5-0650): By any name, it's still the Sherry-Netherland bar—comfortable, rambling, and lightly dusted with parlor piano from dinner to supper every evening but Sunday. . . . **LITTLE BOHEMIA,** 340 E. 79th St. (RE 7-6398): The ballads and the instrumental music scattered through the dinner and supper hours dwell on the carry-me-back-to-that-old-Blue-Danube theme. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): "Blossom Time" all over again, but a much more soothing blend of violin, voice, and zimbalon than the Messrs. Shubert ever served up. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **VIENNESE LANTERN,** 242 E. 79th St. (RE 4-0044): A music-with-every-course deal that sounds most dulcet when a six-man band is tootling Lehár and Strauss. Closed Mondays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the bounding Londoner, is at the piano in the extremely matter-of-fact bar of the Hotel Earle displaying his transatlantic repertory. He gets going at eight. Mondays are his holidays. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): Chiefly for young folk who like to just sit around and talk. Someone or other is always at the piano, or singing, or both.

### BIG AND BRASSY

**COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Joe E. Lewis, the celebrated biographer, is recounting—in his own unvarnished prose—a few of the chapters and a few of the anecdotes the printers seem to have sidetracked. Dancing.

### SUPPER CLUBS

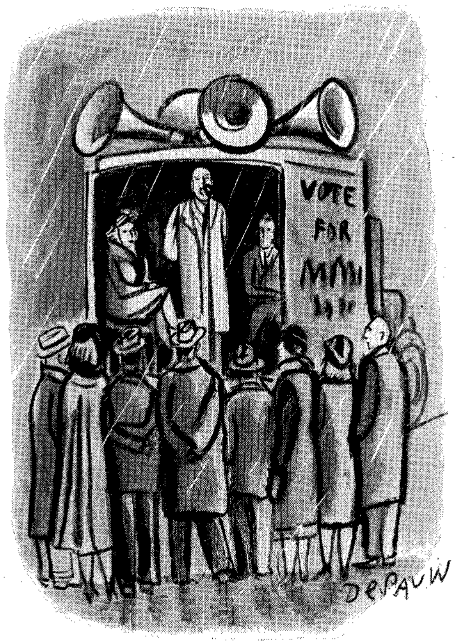
(No dancing, unless noted.)

**BLUE ANGEL,** 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Two perfect specimens of night-blooming flora are Martha Davis and Spouse (Calvin Ponder to friends), who make up their own music, their own lyrics, and their own jokes by the hour. Also on duty are T. C. Jones, of "New Faces of '56," doing transvestite caricatures that must be taken with a grain of salt, which is supplied by his dialogue; Jill Corey, a fresh little daisy with a beguiling voice; and Joey Carter, collector of witticisms. The eloquent background musings of Jimmy Lyons' restrained jazz trio and the piano of Bart Howard and Otis Clements are just right. The Davises, by the way, aren't around Mondays. . . . ¶ In the lounge, except Saturdays, Alex Fogarty strokes his sociable piano for a boy-and-girl clientele at cocktail and dinner time; except Saturdays and Mondays, there's also a breakfast-with-the-Davises session from 2 to 4 A.M., at which the Lyonses sit in. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Meade Lux Lewis has at last returned from private life to play powerhouse piano. The younger generation is represented by Helen Merrill, whose jazz singing seems a bit pale by contrast, and a new assortment of folk minstrels called the Terriers. Clarence Williams' trio, with Carl Lynch on guitar, plays for dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS ROOM,** Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): Julius Monk, gathering his wits (Ronny Graham and Bud McCreery) about him, has put together a two-hour revue in which four of his smartest pupils—June Ericson, Ceil Cabot, Gerry Matthews, and Jack Fletcher—daub tar and feathers on some of our most sacred cows. The pit band is the pianos of Stan Keen and Mr. McCreery. Closed Sundays. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): The battle royal here begins late and ends late. It involves Jorie Remus, a *diseuse* who's carrying on a grudge fight against practically all our tempora and our mores; Portia Nelson, whose most poetic ballads are occasionally lined with irony; Tony and Eddie, whose parodies trample on the clay feet of many a recording star; the manic singing of Tiger Haynes, the Three Flames, and Jimmie Daniels; and the piano soliloquies of Warren Vaughan. Closed Mondays. . . . **LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Most of the fun comes from Phil Leeds, who has had several unhappy childhoods (first and second) and now lives to tell the tale; most of the sound comes from Betty Reilly, who's accustomed to belting songs out of much bigger ballparks than this one. The Norman Paris trio is still manufacturing evening-dress syncopation. Closed Sundays. . . . **BYLINE ROOM,** 28 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1718): The eminent Cy Walter's piano études appear on the dinner and supper menu of this small and pleasurable world, and the equally eminent Mabel Mercer arrives after ten-thirty to give the poetry of the newer laureates (Alec Wilder, Bart Howard, and the like) a special reading in her understanding contralto. Sam Hamilton, Miss M.'s perennial accompanist, helps out at the piano late in the evening. Closed Sundays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Bob Downey and Harold Fonville never stray far from the pianos in the bar. There's other amusement, too, principally Helen Halpin, whose humor may or may not strike you as humorous. Sundays, when Miss H. stays home, there are ancient movies; Mondays are amateur talent nights.

## MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open later than most places, and no dancing, unless noted.)

**EDDIE CONDON'S,** 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Rude awakenings are staged every evening by Wild Bill Davison's horn, which comes from Dixie. Following suit are Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Bob Wilber, George Wettling, Leonard Gaskin, and (off and on) Mr. Condon, who is also host and strolling commentator. The intermissions are beautifully bridged by Johnny Varro and Buzzy Drootin, a piano-and-drum corps; on Thursdays, Bud Freeman's saxophone converts it into a trio. On Tuesday nights, visiting top brass (not to mention visiting stringmen) sit in for a few sets. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): What comes from the podium after nine at night is halfway between modern rhythm and a rock-and-roll beat. The irresponsible parties are Dorothy Donegan's trio and Jonah Jones' quartet. There's cocktail and dinner solo piano, too, every evening. Sundays, the important thing is the trio presided over by Jack Elliott, whose modernist piano bristles with ideas. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Jump-for-joy music of the Southland by a group of hardened muscle men. Jam ses-



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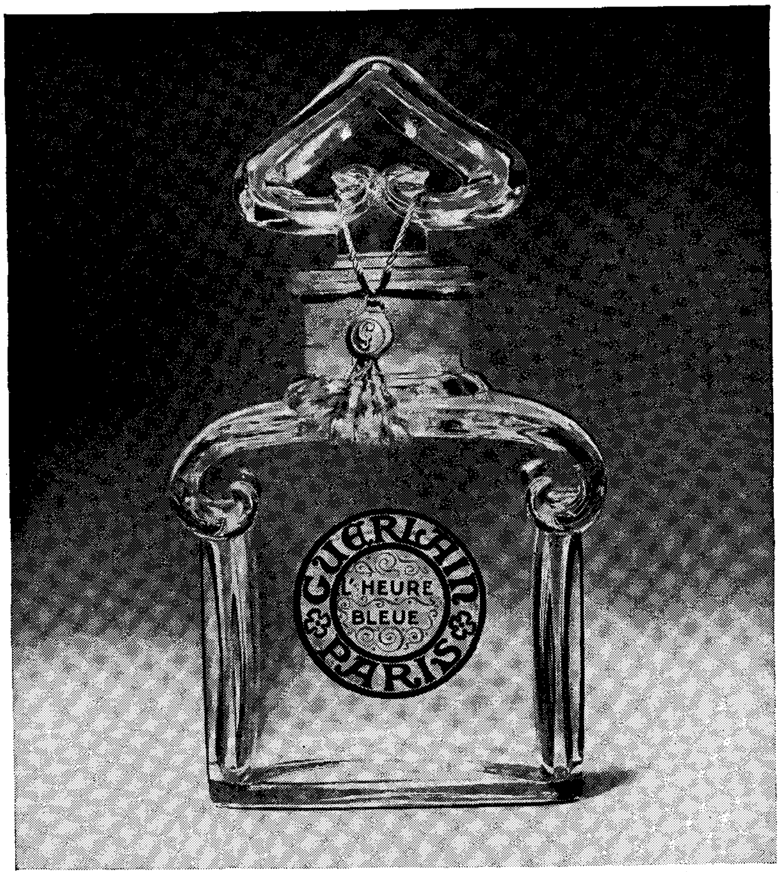

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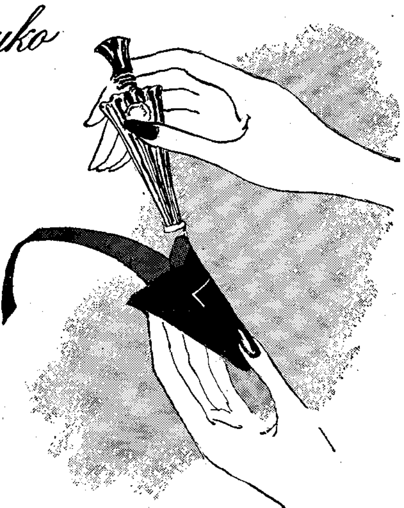

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

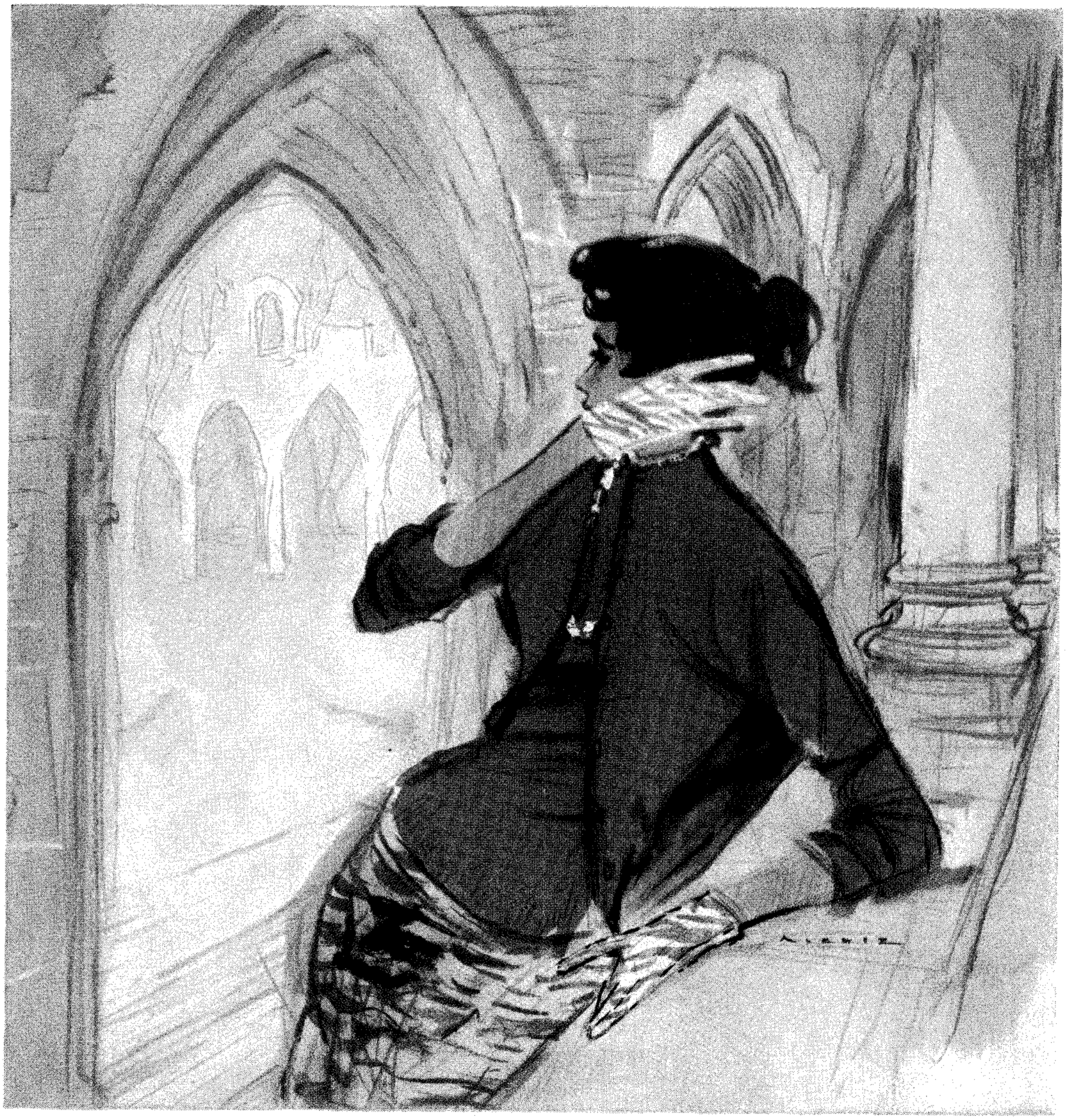
sions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **BASIN STREET**, Broadway at 51st St. (PL 7-3728): The music at this weekend fraternity house will be emitted (from Friday through Sunday, Oct. 12-14) by Buddy Greco's quartet and Bud Shank's foursome. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Wilbur de Paris, Omer Simeon, Sidney de Paris, Lee Blair, Benny Moten, and Sonny White keep green the memory of a far lustier and yet more innocent era. Don Frye is the solo pianist. The place is shut tight Sundays; Mondays are devoted to jam sessions. . . . **THE COMPOSER**, 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): Never mind the bar; the raison d'être is the magnificent noise that issues from the back room. It is made by the quartet of Don Elliott, the instrumental Jack-of-all-trades (master of all, too), and the threesome headed by Billy Taylor, whose piano sounds like a very, very cool million. The Taylors are off duty Sundays, the Elliotts on Mondays. They come to work around nine. Johnny Mehegan, Juilliard *cum laude*, is at the piano from six to around nine most evenings, and all night Sundays and Mondays. Saturday is his day of rest. . . . **CAMEO**, 139 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-5285): Barbara Carroll, a young lady who believes there's room for tenderness as well as technique in progressive piano, is tooling along with her trio in an establishment that wasn't really laid out to be a listening post. Closed Sundays. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Tomorrow's music today, or anyway tonight. Terry Gibbs' quartet, the Tony Aless-Seldon Powell sextet, and Jeri Southern, a voice that goes its own sweet way, are on tap now; Tuesday, Oct. 16, George Wallington's trio will take over from the Gibbs boys. Monday nights, guest artists assemble to make jam. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): The important inhabitant of the circular bar is the trio of Joe Castro, a West Coast piano technician who is still getting his thoughts in order. No action Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (JU 6-2278): Musicians being shot out of the mouth of a cannon aimed straight at you. Ken Kersey, Red Allen, Sol Yaged, Buster Bailey, Cozy Cole, Tony Parenti, and Claude Hopkins are the principal participants in the barrage, which is just about continuous from 3:30 P.M. (1 P.M. Saturdays and Sundays) to 3 A.M. . . . **CHILDS PARAMOUNT**, Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): A weekend release for young animal spirits. The wherewithal will probably be provided on Saturday, Oct. 13, by Bobby Hackett, Buck Clayton, Coleman Hawkins, Melba Liston, Bud Freeman, Pee Wee Russell, Joe Marsala, Vic Dickenson, Sonny Greer, and Jimmy Rushing. The parade begins at nine. Dancing. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Another weekend canteen for healthy young manhood and its best girl. Among the hired hands due on Friday and Saturday, Oct. 12-13, are Conrad Janis and his tailgaters, Pee Wee Erwin, Russell Moore, Gene Sedric, Tony Parenti, Zutty Singleton, Dick Wellstood, Willie the Lion Smith, Johnny Windhurst, Danny Barker, Arvell Shaw, and Panama Francis. . . . **CAFÉ BOHEMIA**, 15 Barrow St. (CH 3-9274): Classes in advanced laboratory work, operating under primitive conditions, which are bound to produce a few misses along with the direct hits. Max Roach's quintet is leaving on Sunday, Oct. 14; the Phineas Newborn foursome is due on Friday, Oct. 12; and the Miles Davis quintet on Monday, Oct. 15. Closed Tuesdays. . . . **PICCADILLY HOTEL**, 227 W. 45th St. (CI 6-6600): Those in the mood for braving our asphalt jungle will discover in the middle of it, concealed in the Circus Lounge, Cy Coleman's modern trio, playing its heart out from seven to one every night but Sunday.

## ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

### GALLERIES

**CHARLES ADDAMS**—About fifty black-and-white drawings, all of which appeared in this magazine at one time or another. The theme is New York City, where, if Mr. Addams is to



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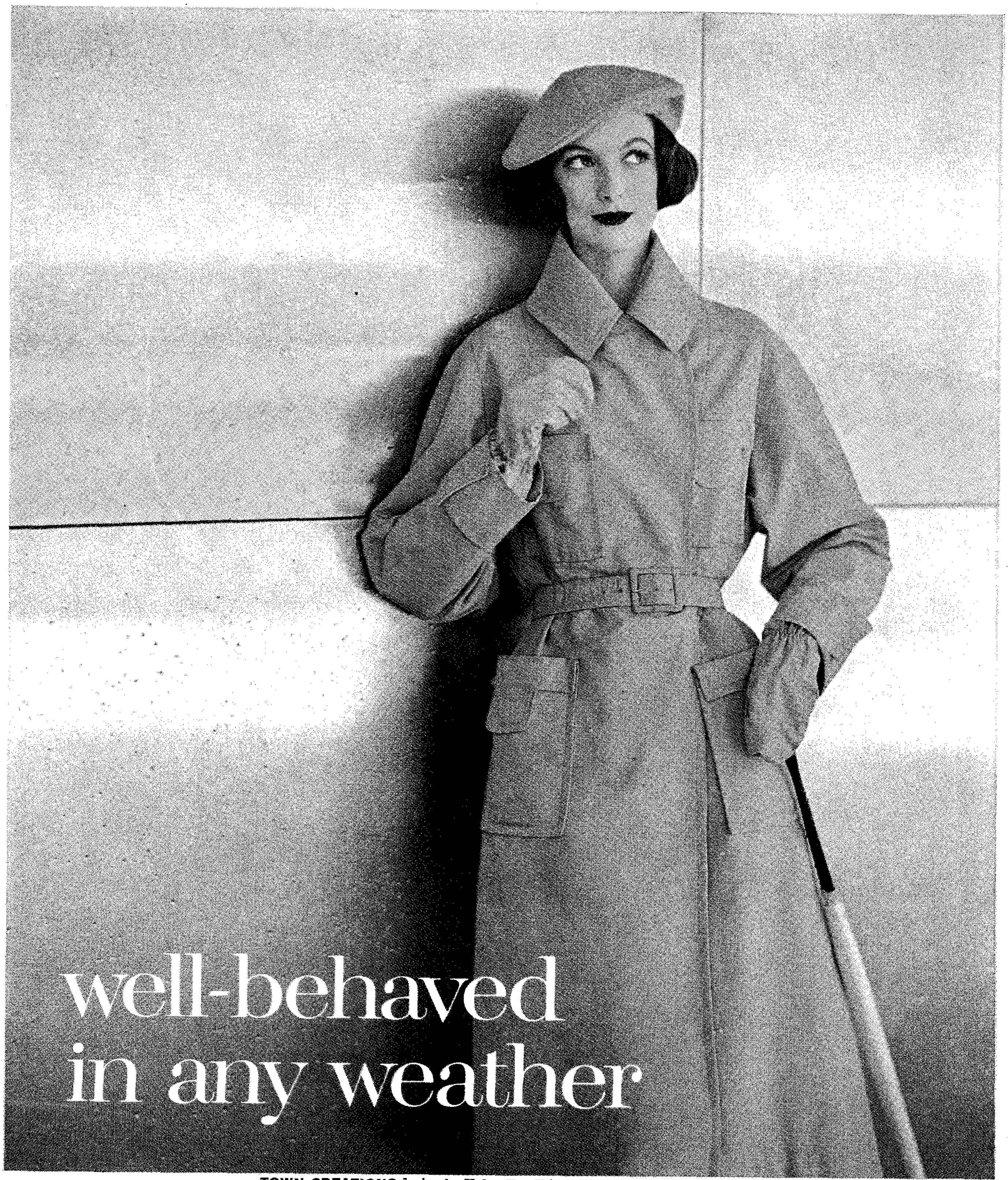

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be believed, some very odd things go on. Through Dec. 2. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Friday, Oct. 12, from 1 to 5.)

**Marc Chagall**—A set of thirteen original lithographs on the Arabian Nights, together with more than a hundred proofs showing various stages of their preparation; through Saturday, Oct. 13. (Kleemann, 11 E. 68th St.)

**Antoni Clavé**—Oils and colored lithographs by one of the younger French artists; through Oct. 27. (The Contemporaries, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Weekdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

**Nancy Dryfoos**—In an outdoor court, about two dozen small sculptures (stone, bronze, and terra cotta), most of them being shown for the first time; through Saturday, Oct. 13. (Wellons, 17 E. 64th St. Weekdays, noon to 8.)

**Frederick Franck**—This Dutch-born American painter has landscapes, figures, and still-lifes on view; through Oct. 27. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.)

**William Getman**—Delicately striated abstract paintings, done in a combination of oil and collage; through Saturday, Oct. 20. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

**Julio Girona**—Boldly patterned Abstract Expressionist paintings, by a young Cuban artist now living in this country; through Saturday, Oct. 13. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

**Henry Kallem**—Solidly conceived abstract studies, mainly based on Monhegan Island subjects; through Saturday, Oct. 13. (Heller, 63 E. 57th St.)

**William King**—Sculptures, very varied in both material and techniques, in his first showing since 1954; through Saturday, Oct. 20. (Alan, 32 E. 65th St.)

**William R. Leigh**—A ninetieth-anniversary roundup of the Indian, cowboy, and animal paintings for which this artist, who died last year, was famous; through Friday, Oct. 12. (Grand Central, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.)

**Marjorie Liebman and Elizabeth McFadden**—Recent paintings by the former and collages by the latter; through Saturday, Oct. 13. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

**Amedeo Modigliani**—Thirty-five water colors and drawings collected by the late Sydney G. Biddle, of Philadelphia; through Nov. 10. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

**Claude Monet**—Fourteen oil studies, all of them variations of the well-known water-lily panels hanging in the Orangerie; through Oct. 27. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

**Ben Nicholson**—Abstract 1955-56 oils, reliefs, and water colors; through Oct. 27. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

**Pierre Soulages**—Fourteen abstractions painted in Paris this year; through Saturday, Oct. 13. (Kootz, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

**"Salute to 'Modern Art USA' "**—A series of exhibits arranged in conjunction with the publication of Rudi Blesh's book on modern American art—At the **downtown,** 32 E. 51st St.: Eight painters, including Stuart Davis, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, and Ben Shahn; through Nov. 3. . . . **jackson,** 32 E. 69th St.: Marsden Hartley, John Hultberg, David Smith, and Sam Francis are among those showing one oil or sculpture apiece; through Oct. 27. . . . **janis,** 15 E. 57th St.: Included on the roster of seven Americans are Willem de Kooning, Arshile Gorky, and Mark Rothko; through Saturday, Oct. 20. . . . **kraushaar,** 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: William Glackens, George Luks, John Sloan, and the other painters of the group known as the Eight; through Nov. 3. . . . **willard,** 23 W. 56th St.: Works by members of the gallery, as well as by Lyonel Feininger, Morris Graves, Richard Lippold, and Mark Tobey; through Oct. 27.

**Sculptures**—At the **architectural league of new york,** 115 E. 40th St.: The eighteenth annual exhibition of the Sculptors Guild; through Thursday, Oct. 18. (Mondays through Fri-

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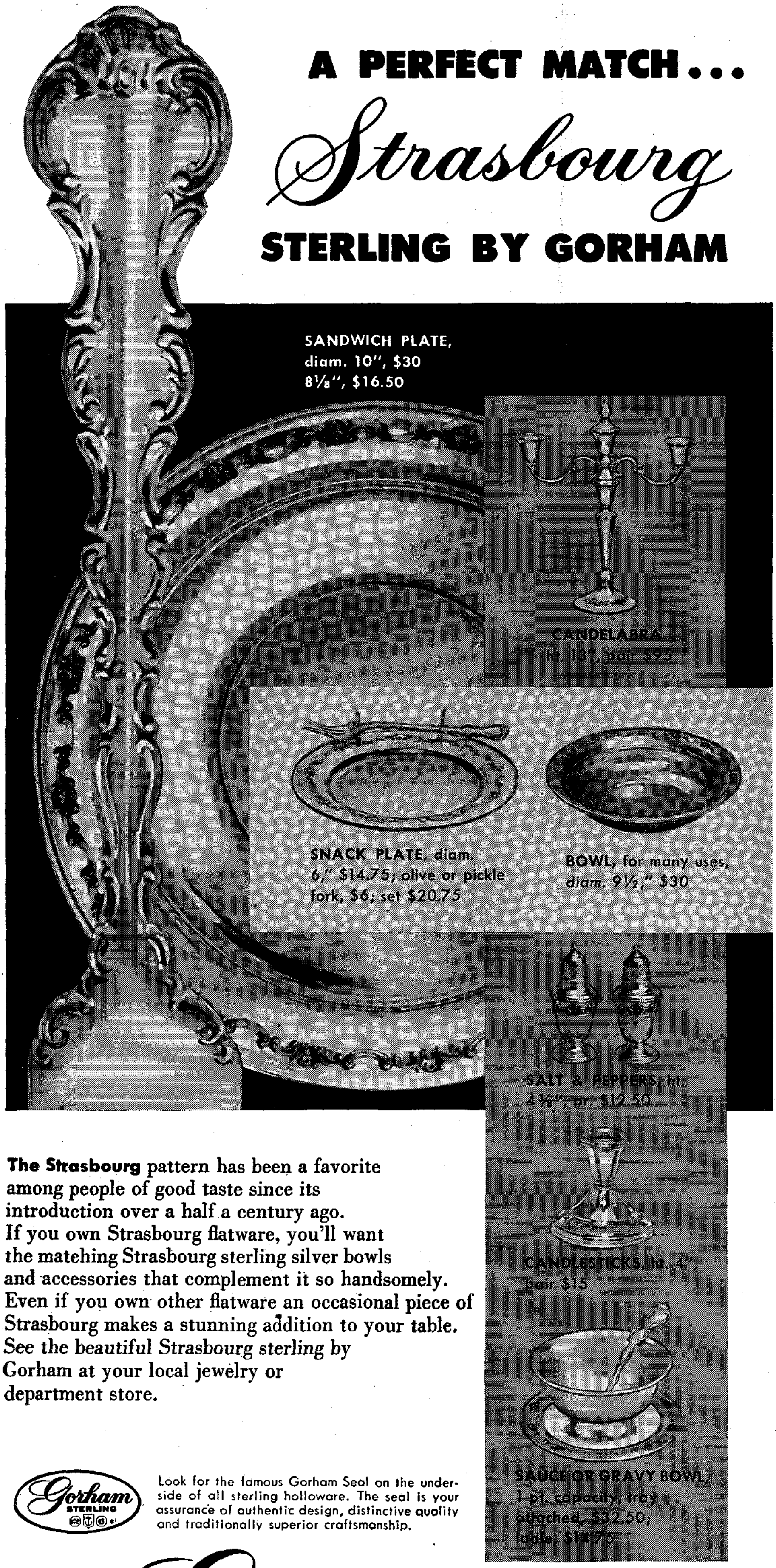

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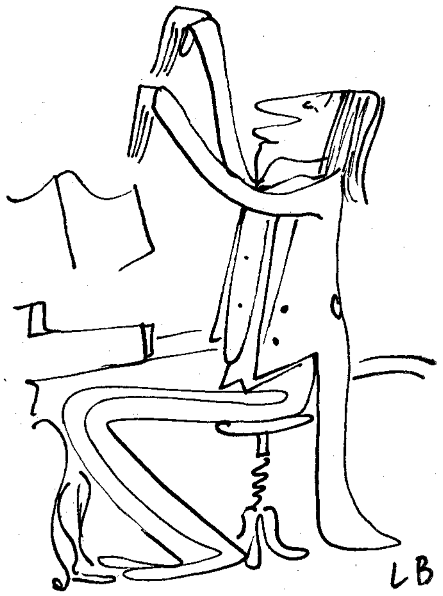
# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

days, 10 to 12 and 2 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)... FINE ARTS ASSOCIATES, 41 E. 57th St.: Part II of an exhibition of works ranging in point of time from Rodin to Lipchitz; through Nov. 3.... GALERIE CHALETTE, 45 W. 57th St.: Fifty-odd pieces by eleven modern British sculptors, many of them little known here; through Oct. 31. (Weekdays, 10:30 to 6.)

**Ars Medica**—Rembrandt, Hogarth, Toulouse-Lautrec, and others are represented in a display of eighty-five prints on medical subjects; through Oct. 31. (New York Academy of Medicine, 2 E. 103rd St. Through Saturday, Oct. 13, 9:30 to 5; starting Monday, Oct. 15, 9:30 A.M. to 10:30 P.M.)

**Americans; Group Shows**—At the A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.: Drawings by Anton Refregier, Isaac and Moses Soyer, Joseph Solman, and others; through Saturday, Oct. 20.... ARTISTS', 851 Lexington Ave., at 64th St.: In celebration of the gallery's twentieth anniversary, an exhibition of paintings and sculptures (assembled from American museums) by artists the gallery has sponsored over the years—Adolph Gottlieb, Bryon Browne, Erle Loran, and others; through Thursday, Oct. 11. (Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)... DUVEEN-GRAHAM, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings by thirty young Americans who have studied abroad since 1949 on Fulbright awards; through Saturday, Oct. 13.... HEWITT, 29 E. 65th St.: New paintings by George Tooker, John Wilde, and others, plus new sculptures by Victor Colby; through Oct. 27.... MILCH, 55 E. 57th St.: Such contemporaries as Stephen Etnier, Ogden Pleissner, and Leon Kroll; through Oct. 31.... NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.: The forty-third annual exhibition of oils and water colors by the Allied Artists of America; through Oct. 28. (Daily, 1 to 5.)... ZABRISKIE, 835 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Water colors by Robert Conover, Edmond Casarella, John Sennhauser, and other American moderns; through Saturday, Oct. 13. (Weekdays, noon to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

**Europeans; Group Shows**—At the FEIGL, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: Oils by, among others, Afro, Oskar Kokoscha, and Marino Marini, in addition to drawings by Paul Klee; through Oct. 27. (Weekdays, 10:30 to 5:30.) ... SAIDENBERG, 10 E. 77th St.: A showing of canvases by de Staël, Giacometti, Jawlensky, and others; through Oct. 27.... E. & A. SILBERMAN, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Twelve contemporary British painters and sculptors, from Francis Bacon to Graham Sutherland, in a large and interesting showing; starting Friday, Oct. 13.... WILDENSTEIN, 19 E. 64th St.: Water colors and drawings by Flemish, Dutch, French, and Italian masters, dating



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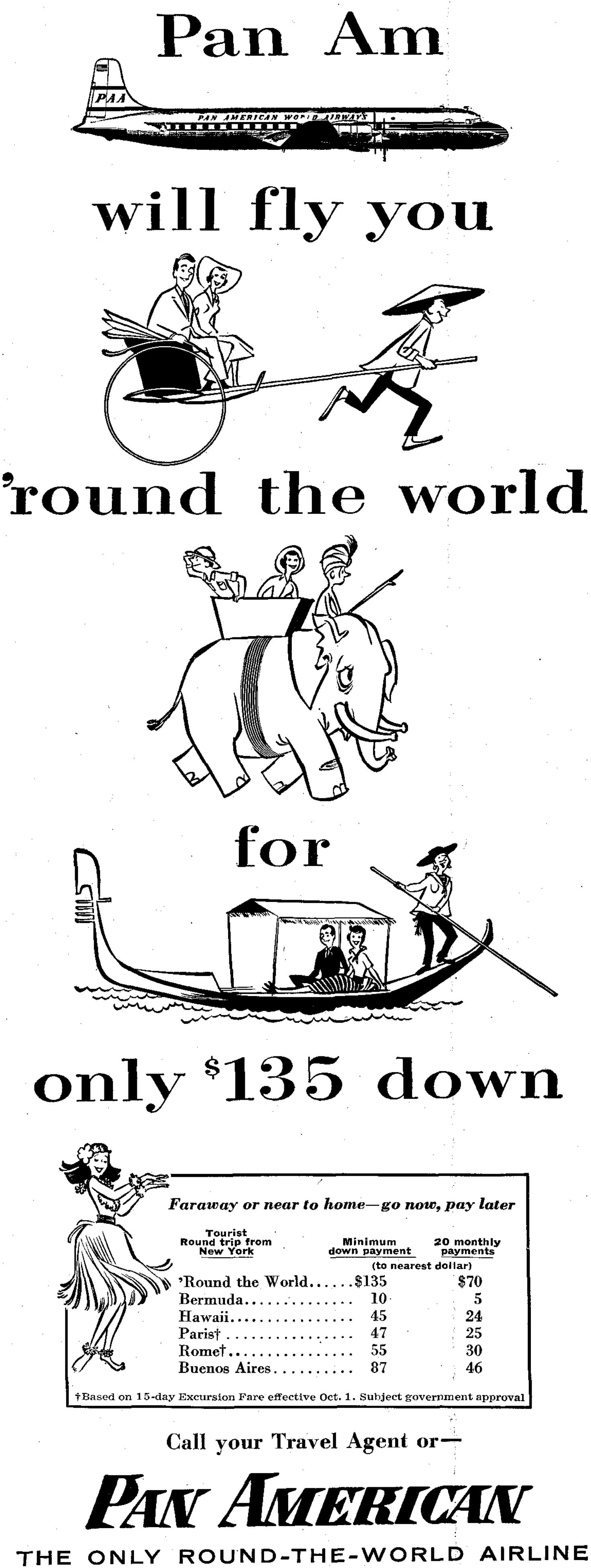

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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**French; Group Show**—Jacus, Jansem, and Marie Laurencin are three of the artists whose paintings are being exhibited; through Oct. 30. (Galerie Hervé, 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.)

**Some of Next Week's Openings**—At the **GRAND CENTRAL**, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.: Chen Chi; starting Tuesday, Oct. 16. . . . **KENNEDY**, 785 Fifth Ave., at 60th St.: George Catlin; starting Tuesday, Oct. 16. For the benefit of the American Museum of Natural History's research and education programs. . . . **KLEEMANN**, 11 E. 68th St.: Zao Wou-ki; starting Monday, Oct. 15. . . . **PARSONS**, 15 E. 57th St.: Kenzo Okada; starting Monday, Oct. 15. . . . ¶ "Salute to 'Modern Art USA'" shows at the **BORGENICHT**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.; starting Monday, Oct. 15. **DUVEEN-GRAHAM**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Stanton Macdonald-Wright; starting Tuesday, Oct. 16. **BERTHA SCHAEFER**, 32 E. 57th St.; starting Monday, Oct. 15. **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.; starting Monday, Oct. 15.

## MUSEUMS

**Metropolitan Museum**, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Fifteenth- to twentieth-century German prints and drawings from the Museum's collection, among them a series of engravings by Albrecht Dürer and Martin Schongauer; through Oct. 28. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Friday, Oct. 12, from 1 to 5.)

**Museum of Modern Art**, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Masters of British Painting, 1800-1950," some hundred paintings by thirty artists, from Turner and Constable to Graham Sutherland and Ben Nicholson; through Dec. 2. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

**Brooklyn Museum**, Eastern Parkway—A loan exhibit of religious paintings, from the fifteenth through the nineteenth centuries, by such artists as Giovanni Bellini, Titian, Rubens, and El Greco; through Nov. 13. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Friday, Oct. 12, from 1 to 5.)

**Jewish Museum**, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Fifty paintings and a selection of drawings and prints by Yehoshua Kovarsky, who was born in Vilna, lived for many years in Israel, and is now a resident of New York; through Nov. 18. (Mondays through Thursdays, 1 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

**Riverside Museum**, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—The eleventh annual show of abstract paintings and sculptures by members of the Spiral Group (fourteen painters and two sculptors, including Joseph Meert and John Sennhauser). Also a memorial exhibition of paintings by Job Goodman, one of the Group's founders. Through Oct. 25. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

**Whitney Museum**, 22 W. 54th St.—A selection of paintings, sculptures, and drawings from the Museum's permanent collection; through Nov. 11. . . . ¶ Sculptures, constructions, paintings, and drawing are included in a retrospective of the work of Theodore Roszak; through Nov. 11. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

## MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460 and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

### OPERA

**New York City Opera Company**—Thursday evening, Oct. 11: The American première of Frank Martin's musical version of Shakespeare's "The Tempest." (A benefit for the Friends of the City Center.) . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 12: "Fledermaus" (in English). . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 13: "Susannah." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 13: "Carmen." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Oct. 14: "La Bohème." (A benefit for the American Mogen Dovid for Israel.) . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Oct. 16: The American première of Carl Orff's "The Moon," in an English translation by

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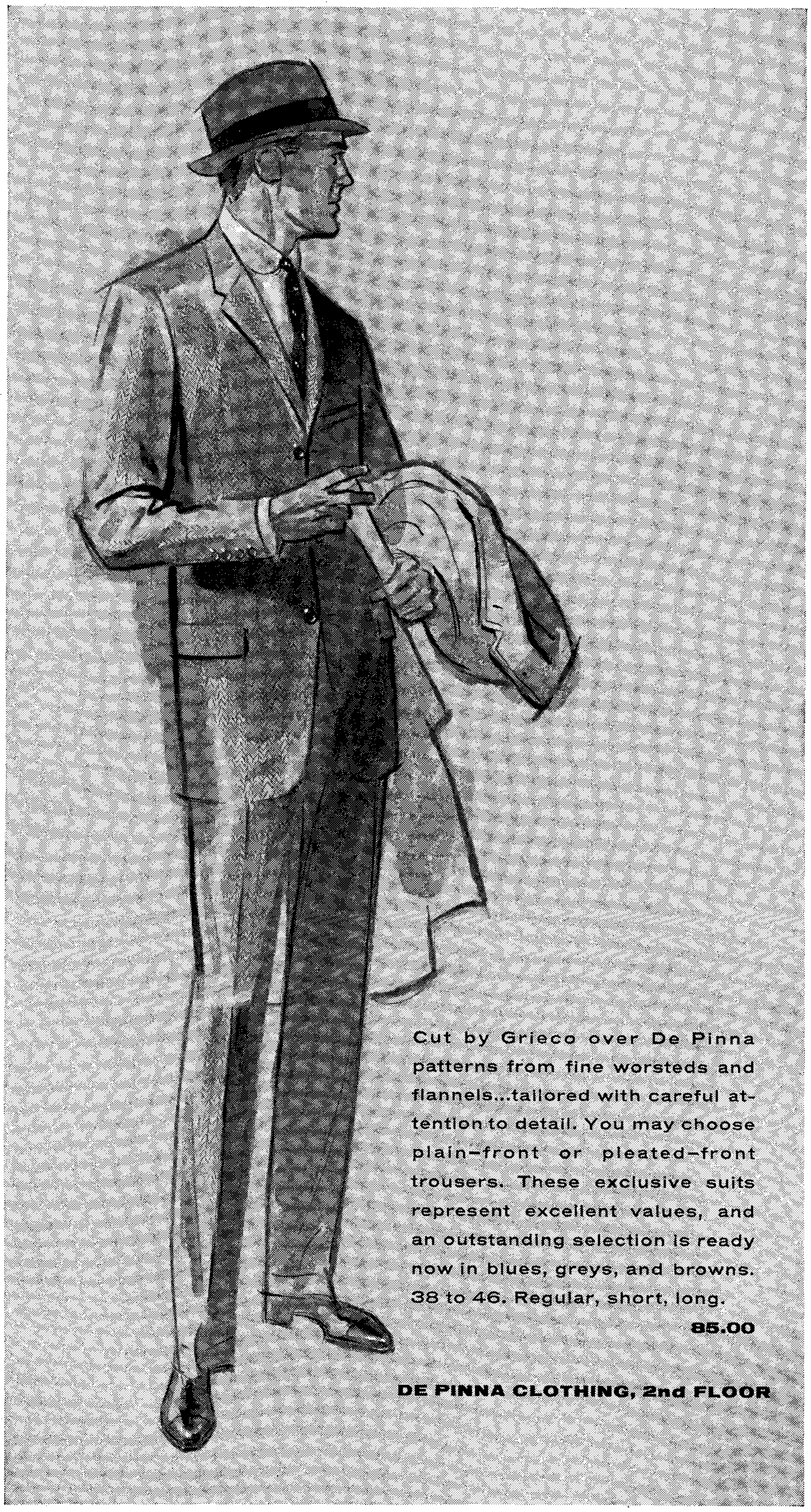

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Maria Massey; and the company's première of Igor Stravinsky's "Histoire du Soldat," narrated in English by Christopher Plummer. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Oct. 17: "The Tempest." . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 18: To be announced. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 19: "Susannah." . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 20: "The Moon" and "Histoire du Soldat" (both in English). . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 20: "La Bohème." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:30. Through Saturday, Nov. 3.)

**Fujiwara Opera Company**—Thursday, Oct. 18, at 8:30: "Madame Butterfly." . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 19, at 8:30, and Saturday, Oct. 20, at 2:30: "The Mikado." . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 20, at 8:30: "Madame Butterfly." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.)

## ORCHESTRAS

**Philharmonic-Symphony**—At Carnegie Hall, Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting the opening performances of the season, which will run through Sunday, May 12—Thursday, Oct. 18, at 8:45, and Friday, Oct. 19, at 2:30 (no soloists); and Saturday, Oct. 20, at 8:45 (with Stanley Babin, piano).

**Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra**—Herbert von Karajan conducting the second of two concerts. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 12, at 8:30.)

**I Solisti di Zagreb**—The first performance here by this Yugoslav chamber orchestra, conducted by Antonio Janigro, who will also be cello soloist. (Town Hall. Friday, Oct. 12, at 8:30.)

**Saidenberg Little Symphony**—Daniel Saidenberg conducting, with Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Saturday, Oct. 13, at 8:40.)

**Symphony of the Air**—Leopold Stokowski conducting, with Kurt Leimer playing his own Piano Concerto No. 4. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Oct. 14, at 8:30.)

**Little Orchestra Society**—Thomas Scherman conducting the opening performance of the season—Enrique Granados's opera "Goyescas," in concert form, with Pilar Lorengar, soprano; Martial Singher, baritone; and others. (Town Hall, Monday, Oct. 15, at 8:30.)

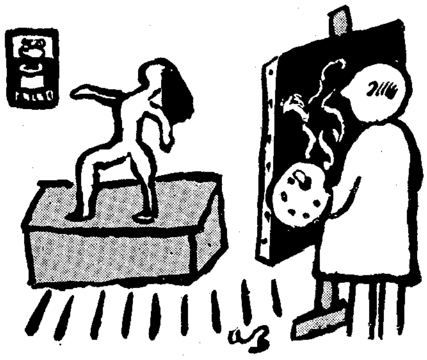
**American Symphony of New York**—Enrico Leide conducting a free all-Wagner concert. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Friday, Oct. 19, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Same program; Sculpture Court, Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway. Sunday, Oct. 21, at 2.)

**Carabinieri Band of Rome**—The first appearances in New York of this hundred-and-two-member band, conducted by Domenico Fantini. (Carnegie Hall, Saturday, Oct. 13, at 8:30, an instrumental program. . . . ¶ Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Tuesday, Oct. 16, at 8:30, a program of marching and music.)

## RECITALS

**Edmée Brandi**—Brazilian soprano. (Town Hall. Saturday, Oct. 13, at 8:30.)

**Carlos Montoya**—Flamenco guitarist. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th



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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

St. Saturday, Oct. 13, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call MU 6-9032.)

**Josh White**—Folk singer. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Sunday, Oct. 14, at 8:40.)

**Robert Goldsand**—Piano, in an all-Schumann program. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 17, at 8:30.)

**Joan Field**—Violin. (Town Hall. Thursday, Oct. 18, at 8:30.)

**Marais and Miranda**—Balladeers, in the first program in a series called "Creative Minstrelsy and the World of Folk Song." (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 5-4000, Ext. 2461. Thursday, Oct. 18, at 8:30.)

**Twilight Concerts**—Kees Cooper, Dutch violinist. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Oct. 20, at 5:30.)

**Rudolf Serkin**—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Oct. 20, at 8:30.)

## MISCELLANY

**Calypso Program**—The Trinidad Steel Band. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Every Saturday during the month of October at 8:30 and 11:30.)

## SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

**Boxing**—Joe Giambra vs. Gil Turner, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Oct. 19. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

**College Football**—SATURDAY, OCT. 13: Brown vs. Dartmouth, at Providence, at 2. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Yale, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Harvard, at Ithaca, at 2. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Princeton, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Colgate, at New Brunswick, at 2. . . . SATURDAY, OCT. 20: Columbia vs. Harvard, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Holy Cross, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Brown, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Colgate, at Princeton, at 2. . . . ¶ Syracuse vs. Army, at Syracuse, at 2. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Cornell, at New Haven, at 2.

**Hockey**—Rangers vs. Boston. (Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, Oct. 17, at 8:30.)

**Horse Show**—Farmington Hunt Club Horse Show. (Charlottesville, Va. Friday through Sunday, Oct. 12-14.)

**Hunt Racing**—Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club. (Media, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 20.)

**Polo**—At Piping Rock Club, Locust Valley: Final game of the season, Friday, Oct. 12, at 3:30.

**Racing**—At BELMONT PARK: Weekdays at 1:15; through Monday, Oct. 15. The Ladies Handicap, Friday, Oct. 12, and the Futurity and the Jockey Club Gold Cup, Saturday, Oct. 13. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.). . . UNITED HUNTS AT BELMONT PARK: Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 16-17, at 1:15. The Temple Gwathmey Steeplechase Handicap, Wednesday, Oct. 17. (The train schedule will be the same as that given above.). . . JAMAICA: Weekdays at 1:15, from Thursday, Oct. 18, through Thursday, Nov. 15. The Queens County Handicap, Saturday, Oct. 20. . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Tuesday, Nov. 6. (A train leaves Penn Station at 10 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.)

**Trapshooting**—The annual Columbus Day Tournament. (Travers Island, Pelham Manor. Friday, Oct. 12, at 9:30 and 1.)

**Trotting**—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8:30; through Friday, Nov. 30. (Buses for the track meet New York Central trains at Mount Vernon.)

## OTHER EVENTS

**United Nations**—Visitors may attend meetings of the Security Council, the Conference on

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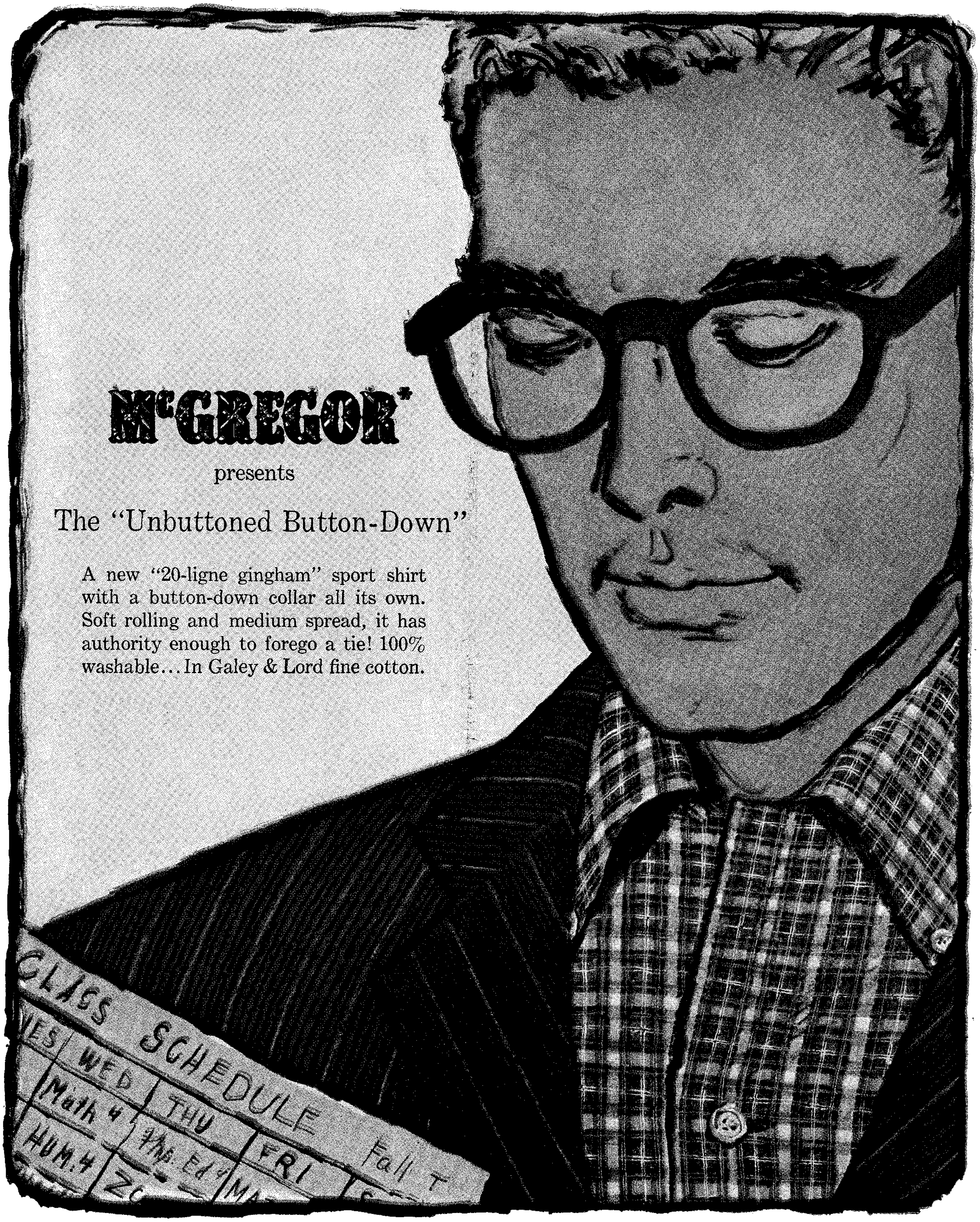
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the Statute of the International Atomic Energy Agency, and various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)...¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so, daily from 9 to around 4:30.

**Poetry Readings**—Basil Langton and Nancy Wickwire reading from the works of Dylan Thomas. (Donnell Regional Branch, New York Public Library, 20 W. 53rd St. Monday, Oct. 15, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

**International Antiques Exhibition and Sale**—Thousands of items from the past, assembled by American and European dealers, and ranging from a group of political mementos (the smallest of which are a pair of Lincoln tintype buttons, dating from the election years 1860 and 1864) to the more usual collections of furniture, glassware, china, and the like. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Saturday, Oct. 13, through Sunday, Oct. 21. Weekdays, 1 to 11; Sundays, 2 to 11.)

**Thoreau and His America**—An exhibition comprising manuscripts (among them the Thoreau journals, on view for the first time in their entirety), letters, and first editions of Thoreau, Emerson, Hawthorne, and other American authors of the nineteenth century; through Nov. 24. (Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St. Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

**Presidential Campaign Cartoons**—A display tracing the history of Presidential campaigns from the time of Jefferson and including over a hundred political caricatures, together with campaign posters, songbooks, sheet music, buttons, badges, and lithographs; through Nov. 15. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

**Hayden Planetarium,** Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The new show, "Exploring the Milky Way," deals with the stars and nebulae in this vast system. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays, except Oct. 12, at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays, Sundays, and Friday, Oct. 12, at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)...¶ Every night, except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

**Auctions**—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 11-13, at 1:45: Part I of the sale of items from the estate of John Kenneth Danby—mostly American eighteenth-century furniture, including miniature pieces, from, among other places, Philadelphia, Delaware, and Virginia; Oriental Lowestoft and other decorations; Georgian silver; and American and British paintings....¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 16-17, at 1:45: Art reference books, press publications, first editions, and other literary material; the property of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Kalman and others....¶ Wednesday, Oct. 17, at 8: Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century paintings by such artists as Turner, Reynolds, Constable, and Gainsborough, plus examples by Dutch, Flemish, and other early masters; from the collection of the New York Public Library and from various private sources. Exhibition starts Saturday, Oct. 13....¶ Thursday, Oct. 18, at 1:45: Old English silver, from Elizabeth to George III; belonging to Walter P. Chrysler, Jr. Exhibition starts Saturday, Oct. 13.

**Election Registration**—The final days and hours of the registration period for the Nov. 6 elections are Thursday and Friday, Oct. 11-12, from 3:30 to 10:30, and Saturday, Oct. 13, from 7 A.M. to 10:30 P.M.

**Note**—Columbus Day is Friday, Oct. 12, and there will be a parade up Fifth Avenue, from 44th Street to 84th Street, starting at noon.

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

**Attack!**—Since this film includes a pusillanimous captain as one of its leading figures, it is something of a relief from all the movies in which every American officer is nothing less than an embodiment of the Boy Scout Oath. Eddie Albert is capable as the cowardly captain, and Jack Palance does a good job of portraying an upright lieutenant under Mr. Albert's nervous command. (Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th, CI 5-9800.)

**The King and I**—A Hollywood version of the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical. Very pretty, melodious, and ingratiating, but also very long. Yul Brynner and Deborah Kerr are splendid as the principals. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through Oct. 16, tentative. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Oct. 17. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Oct. 17.)

**Lust for Life**—A superb account of Vincent van Gogh's career, in which excellent use is made of the Master's paintings. Kirk Douglas is most persuasive as van Gogh, and Anthony Quinn is a creditable Gauguin. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

**Moby Dick**—John Huston's interpretation of the Melville novel has the virtue of displaying the excitement of the sea but is rather handicapped by the fact that Captain Ahab, as represented by Gregory Peck, looks more like a hotel doorman than anyone who might conceivably be found chasing a white whale. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 7-9653; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Nemo, B'way at 110th, MO 6-8210; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; through Oct. 16.)

**1984**—A gloomy but engrossing English adaptation of George Orwell's novel about the future in a collective, dun-gray world. With Edmond O'Brien, Jan Sterling, and Michael Redgrave. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

**Private's Progress**—A thoroughly amusing English picture dealing with some military incompetents in the Second World War. Although the reluctant warriors are a bit cloudy as to their duties with the Army, they are ingenious at turning a fast pound or two. Ian Carmichael is highly diverting as an innocent in the midst of this crowd, and Richard Attenborough, as a conniving Cockney; Terry-Thomas, as a harassed major; and Dennis Price, as a felonious general, are all fine, too. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

**The Proud and the Beautiful**—A drunken doctor and a despondent widow finding glum but interesting romance in a seedy Veracruz suburb, which is in the grip of an epidemic of spotted fever. A French film adapted from a story by Jean-Paul Sartre and directed by Yves Allégret. Gérard Philipe and Michèle Morgan head an estimable cast, which includes a good many native Mexicans. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; Oct. 11, tentative.)

**The Silent World**—An absorbing French documentary that describes, in full color, assorted marvels encountered by Captain Jacques-Yves Cousteau in his underwater explorations. With an English narration. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

**La Strada**—An Italian film, directed by Federico Fellini, that tells the strange tale of a carnival strong man, a girl whom he has purchased from her mother to serve as his slavey, and a philosophic clown. Overlong but piquant. Anthony Quinn plays the strong man, Giulietta Masina the girl, and Richard Basehart the clown. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

**Tea and Sympathy**—Deborah Kerr, John Kerr, and Leif Erickson in a sensitive and moving film about an adolescent who is wrongfully suspected of homosexuality and a compassionate matron who helps set his mind at rest. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

**War and Peace**—Sixty thousand horses and sixty thousand men (including Napoleon) cannot put Tolstoy together again. An overblown version of the classic, with Audrey Hepburn, Henry Fonda, Mel Ferrer, VistaVision, and Technicolor. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060.)

### REVIVALS

**Annie Get Your Gun** (1950)—Betty Hutton in the Irving Berlin show. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Oct. 16-17.)

**Bad Day at Black Rock** (1955)—Spencer Tracy as a mysterious stranger who visits a California cowtown and throws the place into the jitters. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Oct. 16-17.)

**Devil in the Flesh** (1949)—The trials and cruelties of adolescent love, as explored in a French picture. With Gérard Philipe and Micheline Prelle. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Oct. 13.)

**Diabolique** (1955)—A chilling description of how the wife and mistress of a cad join forces to bring about his elimination. A French film, with Vera Clouzet, Simone Signoret, and Paul Meurisse. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Oct. 12-13.)

**Forbidden Games** (1952)—A French picture about the effect of war and death on two small children. With Brigitte Fossey and Georges Poujouly. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Oct. 13.)

**High Noon** (1952)—Cow-country stuff, with Gary Cooper taking on some malefactors. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Oct. 16-17.)

**I Am a Camera** (1955)—Julie Harris as a madcap English girl on the loose in Berlin in 1931. A British film. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; starting Oct. 17.)

**The Life of Emile Zola** (1937)—Paul Muni and the Dreyfus case. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; through Oct. 16, tentative.)

**Mädchen in Uniform** (1932)—The old German picture about a girls' boarding school. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 15.)

**Mr. Hulot's Holiday** (1954)—A romp at a seaside resort, with Jacques Tati. The dialogue is in both French and English. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; through Oct. 13.)

**The Mudlark** (1950)—The tale of an urchin who bursts into Windsor Castle and makes Victoria (Irene Dunne) stop brooding about Albert. With Andrew Ray. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; through Oct. 13.)

**Notorious** (1946)—Ingrid Bergman and Cary Grant in a Brazilian spy tale, directed by Alfred Hitchcock. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Oct. 14-16.)

**The Petrified Forest** (1936)—The Sherwood play. Leslie Howard, Bette Davis, and Humphrey Bogart. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; through Oct. 16, tentative.)

**The Sheep Has Five Legs** (1955)—Fernandel as a Gallic father and all five of the forty-year-old male quintuplets he has sired. Funny and French. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; starting Oct. 17.)

**The Shepherd of the Hills** (1941)—Betty Field and John Wayne in a reconstruction of the Harold Bell Wright novel. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Oct. 15-16. . . . ¶ Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; Oct. 16.)

**The Spiral Staircase** (1946)—Dorothy McGuire as a mute pursued by a strangler. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Oct. 16, tentative.)

**The Wages of Fear** (1955)—Two trucks full of nitroglycerin on a three-hundred-mile journey across some rough South American roads. In French and English. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Oct. 12-13.)

**The Yearling** (1947)—An adaptation of the novel about a boy and a fawn in the Florida hinterlands. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Oct. 14.)

**Museum of Modern Art Film Library**—Through Oct. 13: "The Street" (1923), directed by Karl Grune; and "Ghosts Before Breakfast" (1927), a short experimental film by Hans Richter. . . . ¶ Oct. 14-17: "The President Vanishes" (1934), with Edward Arnold and Arthur Byron. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

• • •

## THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

**Astor**, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Bad Seed," Nancy Kelly, Patty McCormack.

**Capitol**, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
**WAR AND PEACE.**

**Globe**, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
Oct. 11: "The Last Wagon," Richard Widmark, Felicia Farr.
From Oct. 12: "Pillars of the Sky," Jeff Chandler, Dorothy Malone.

**Mayfair**, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
**ATTACK!**

**Music Hall**, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
**TEA AND SYMPATHY.**

**Paramount**, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"Toward the Unknown," William Holden, Lloyd Nolan.

**Rivoli**, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
Through Oct. 16: Theatre closed.
From Oct. 17, at 8:30: "Around the World in 80 Days," David Niven, Cantinflas. (Reserved seats only.)

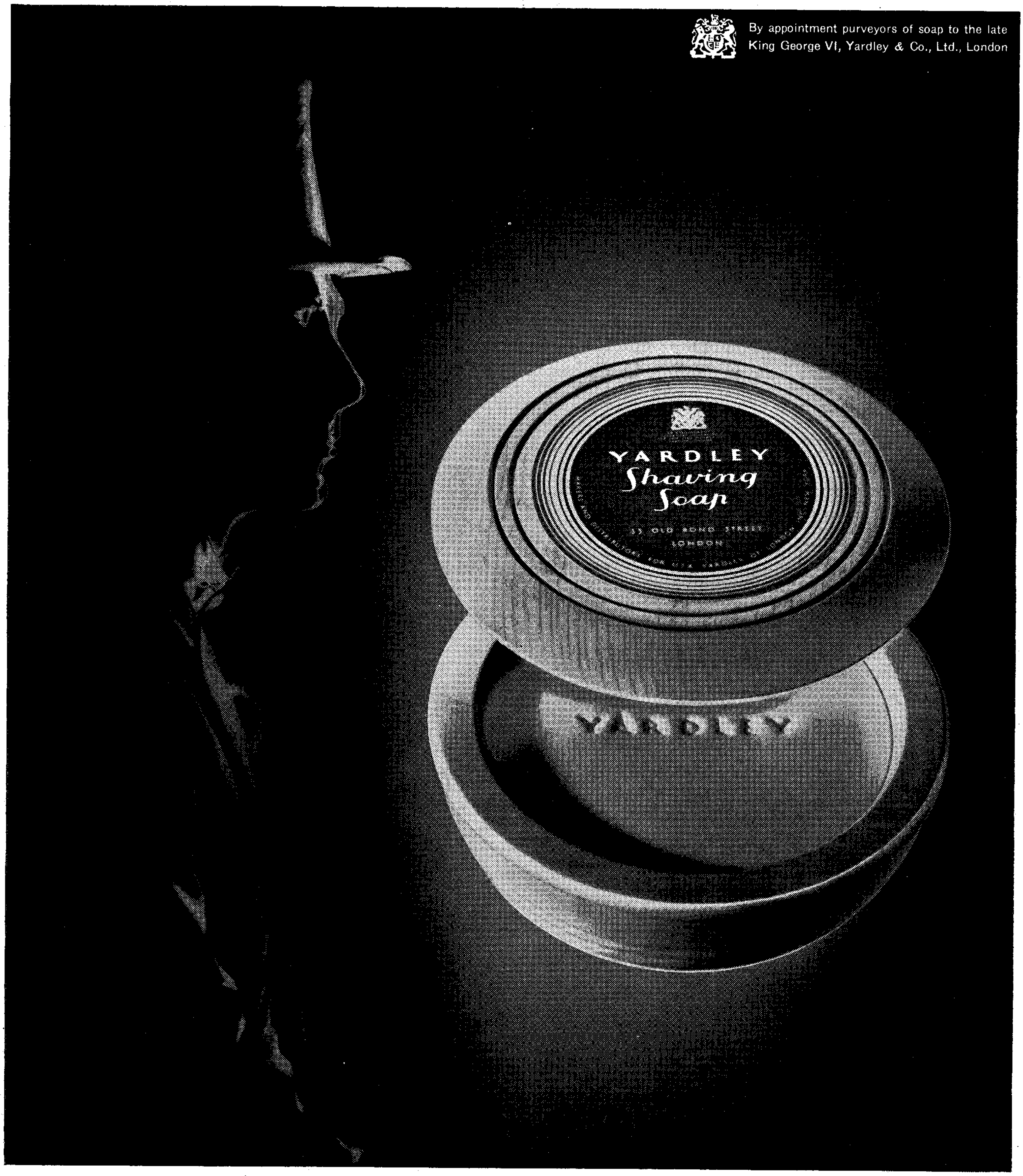
**Roxy**, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Giant," Elizabeth Taylor, Rock Hudson.

**State**, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Between Heaven and Hell," Robert Wagner, Terry Moore.

**Victoria**, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Best Things in Life Are Free," Gordon MacRae, Dan Dailey.

**Warner**, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Seven Wonders of the World," the third Cinerama production. (Mondays through Thursdays at 2:40 and 8:40; Fridays at 2:40, 7:30, and 10:30; Saturdays at 2, 5, 8:40, and 11:40; and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Special performance on Friday, Oct. 12, at 10:30 A.M. Reserved seats only.)

**World**, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
Through Oct. 17: To be announced.



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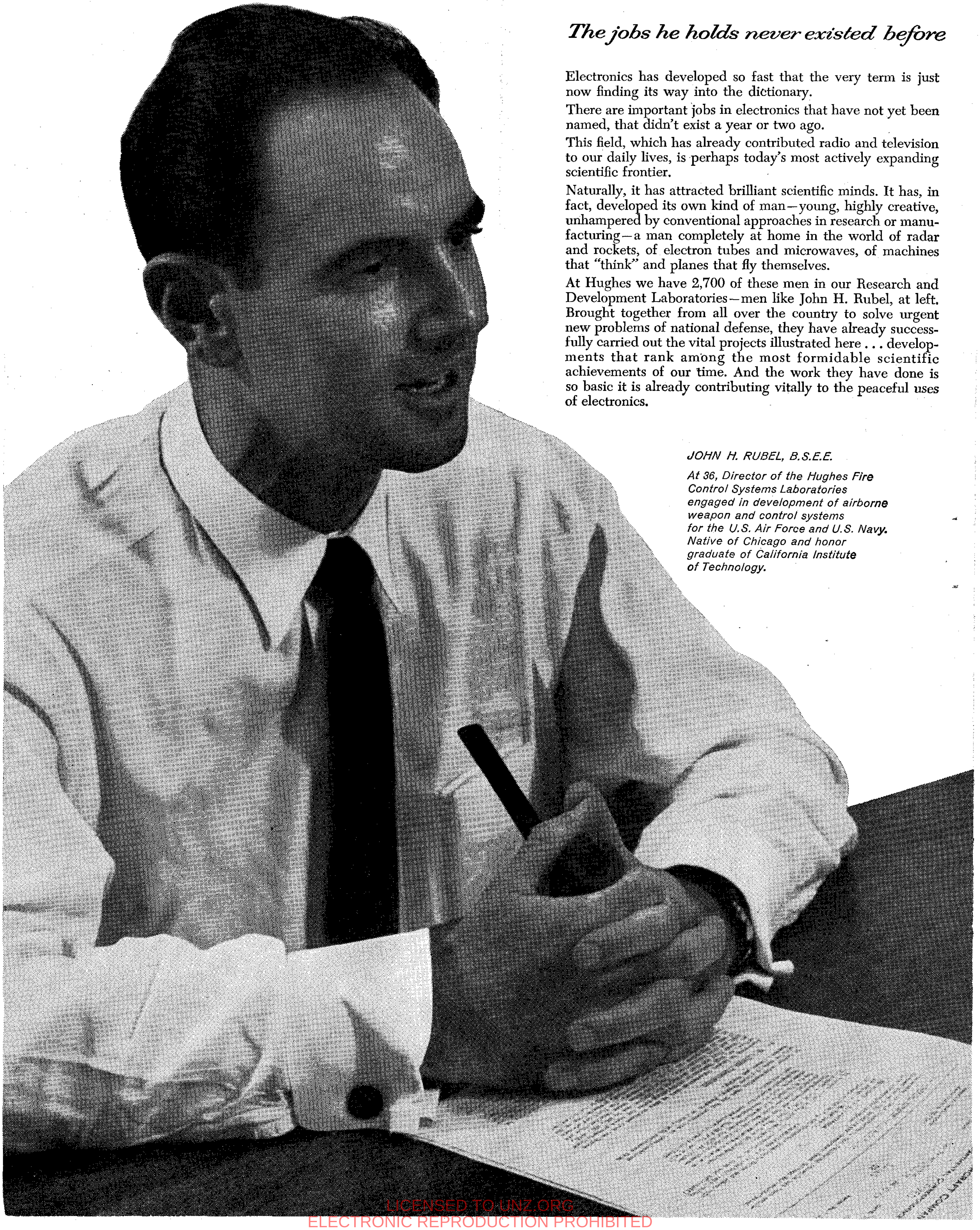
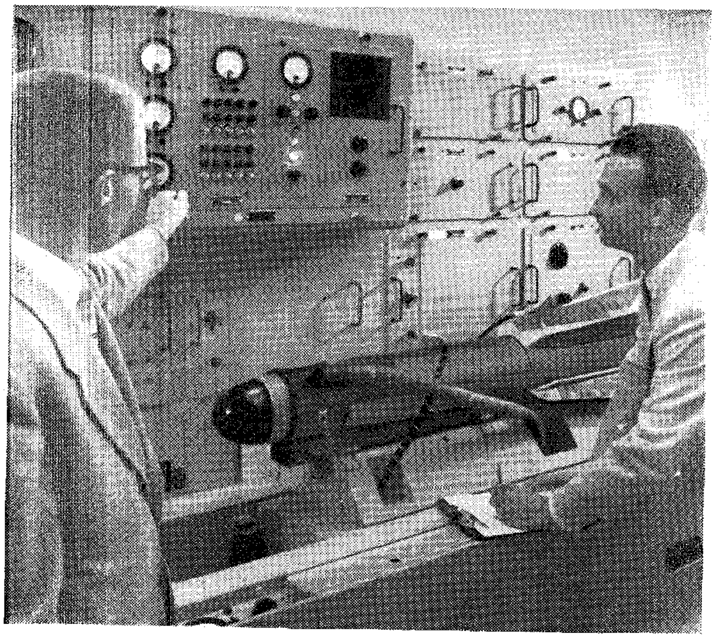
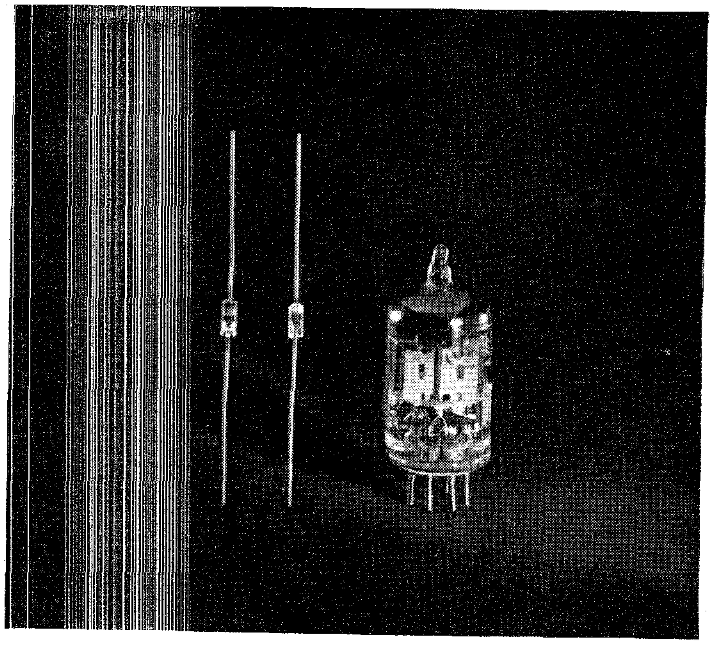


*JOHN H. RUBEL, B.S.E.E.*

*At 36, Director of the Hughes Fire Control Systems Laboratories engaged in development of airborne weapon and control systems for the U.S. Air Force and U.S. Navy. Native of Chicago and honor graduate of California Institute of Technology.*



**"Thinking missile,"** the Hughes Falcon, undergoes simulated flight test. Released from a fighter plane, the Falcon sets out on its own at supersonic speed to seek enemy bomber . . . "sees" and finds its way to target with deadly accuracy . . . explodes with force of artillery shell. The Falcon—first U.S. air-to-air guided missile with its own "brain"—was created and is manufactured solely by Hughes.



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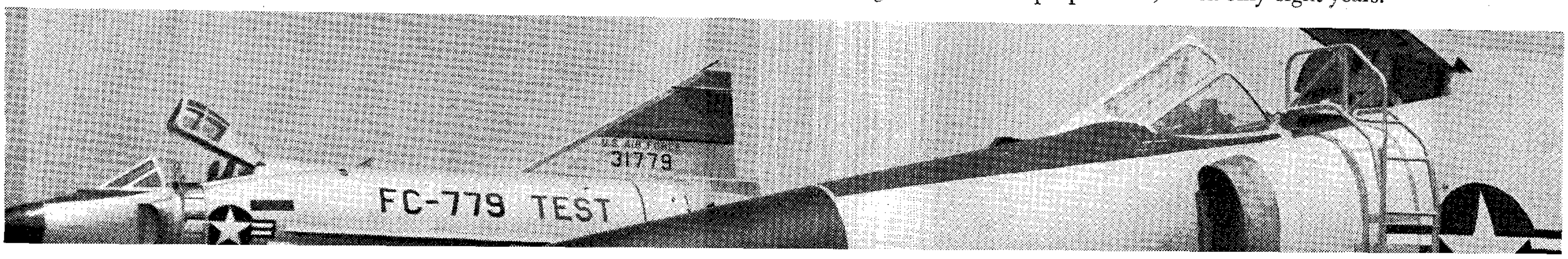

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**Varsity-Town Clothes** fashions an unaffectedly casual top coat in an easy-draping, touch-inviting fabric by Crown Woolen Mills. The rich-textured blend is markedly better for the presence of V*icara* fiber, the wonderful fiber that always improves the blend.

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A new "dimension" for men's ties—four designs applied in tufts of velvet on pure silk surface fabric—the touch, the look, the colorings are all Charvet.

the man from Charvet... suggests these stores for your touch of velvet...

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| ALBANY, N. Y. | McManus & Riley |
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| DAYTON, OHIO | Forbes-Mundary |
| DETROIT, MICH. | Harpur's Inc. |
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| GARDEN CITY, N. Y. | Streets Men's Shop |
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| HARRISBURG, PA. | 212 Man's Shop—Mary Sachs |
| HOBOKEN, N. J. | Geismar's |
| HOUSTON, TEXAS | Norton-Ditto |
| HUNTINGTON, N. Y. | Marsh's |
| INDIANAPOLIS, IND. | Jules Medias |
| KANSAS CITY, MO. | D. & J. Wilkinson, Inc. |
| LOS ANGELES, CALIF. | Barbara Williams |
| LOUISVILLE, KY. | Martin's |
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| NEW HAVEN, CONN. | Arthur M. Rosenberg |
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| PHILADELPHIA, PA. | John Wanamaker |
| PHILADELPHIA, PA. | L. R. Ermilio & Co. |
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| SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF. | Robert Kirk Ltd. |
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| ST. LOUIS, MO. | Vandervoort's |
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| SYRACUSE, N. Y. | Hotel Syracuse Men's Shop |
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**CERULEAN** brand, Emba* natural blue mutation mink, by **SOPHIE of SAKS FIFTH AVENUE,** New York

*Trademarks Mutation Mink Breeders Association

Accessories—Saks Fifth Avenue Wm. Ward

Precious jewel...the petite shawl-collared bolero, so elegant with evening wear, exquisitely fashioned of CERULEAN* brand Emba*, the world's finest natural blue mutation mink.

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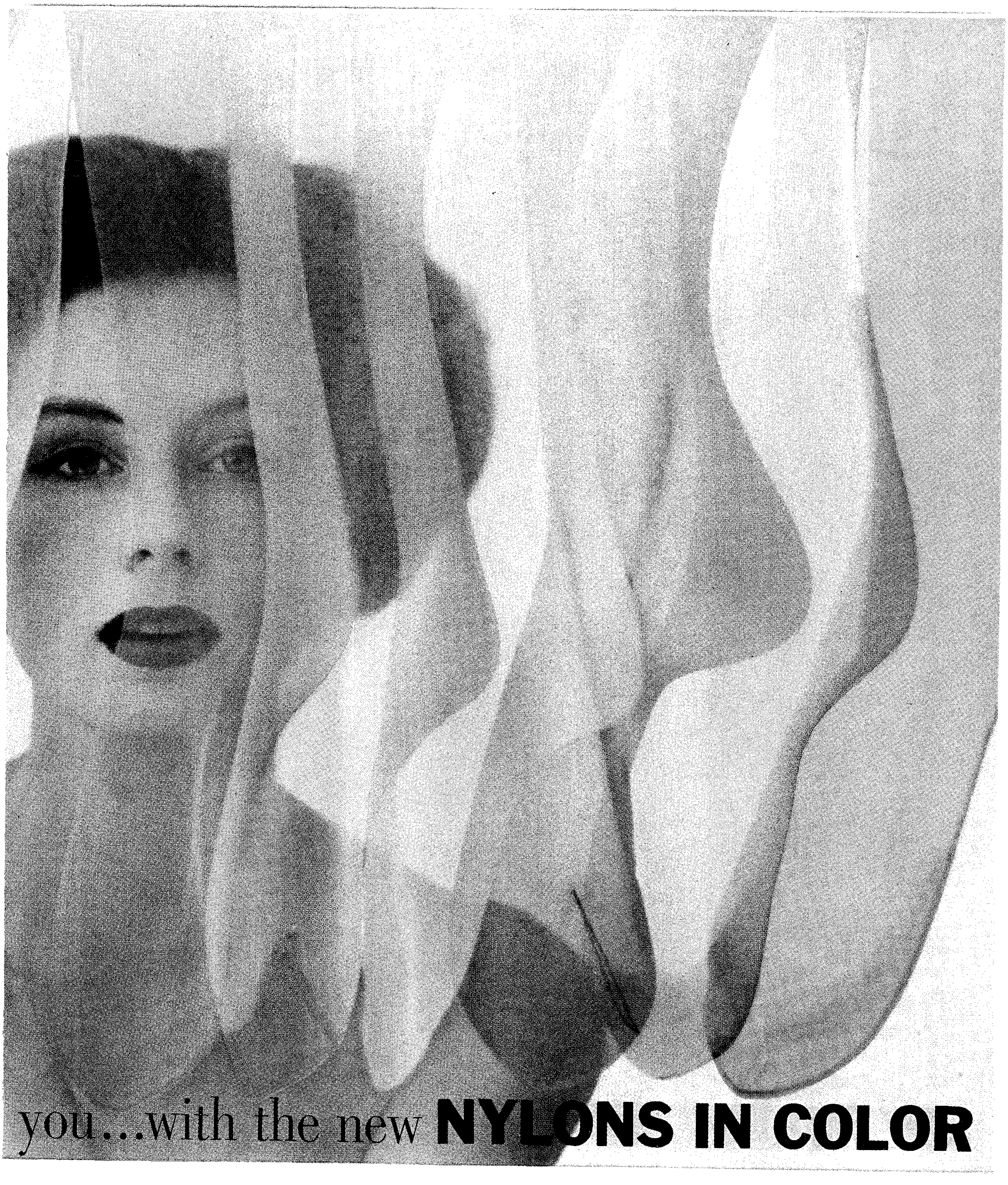
fashion says: discover an intriguing new



# you...with the new **NYLONS IN COLOR**

Now—a new *fashion in nylons that can reveal new beauty in you! Now* use color for your legs as you do for your face: to look dashing by day, wickedly pretty by night. For instance? For day: never-before neutrals; playful reds, loden greens, sapphire blues. For evening: misty pastels, jewel-y glitter, nylons of winking iridescence. Color, pale or deep but *always* hauntingly lovely, makes brilliant use of today's finer nylon yarn. Right now, a good share of that yarn is the product of a new maker, a new standard of perfection, a new and completely integrated plant. The new brand: *Chemstrand nylon.*

## CHEMSTRAND® NYLON

*Chemstrand makes only the yarn; America's finest mills and manufacturers do the rest.*

THE CHEMSTRAND CORPORATION, 350 Fifth Ave., New York 1 • Plants: CHEMSTRAND® NYLON—Pensacola, Florida • ACRILAN® ACRYLIC FIBER—Decatur, Alabama

# Jaguar Owners

## *they have rediscovered an almost forgotten dimension in driving—pleasure in performance—*

25 YEARS AGO, the appreciation of the most fundamental aspect of an automobile—its road performance—was, like an interest in Babe Ruth, very much a part of our national attitude.

But as the automobile became more and more part of our standard "household equipment," the pleasures of driving "just for the fun of it" were almost forgotten in America. In England and on the Continent, however, the concept and development of cars that were designed not merely to be *ridden in* but to be stimulating and rewarding *to drive* continued to flourish. It is these cars, for so long known only to a few enthusiasts, that have created in the United States the ever-broadening "sports car" revival of today.

### Just What is a Sports Car?

A true "sports car" is generally regarded as a car that can be driven effectively either in competition or on the highway. *Specifically* the sports car is more and more falling into *three* categories—the all-out competition car—the dual-purpose car and the sports-touring car. It is in these last two categories that the Jaguars illustrated belong.*

The ownership of a sports car is a ticket of admission to a large and companionable fellowship. And, while relatively few sports car owners ever take part in competition events, *many* share a sense of participation beyond mere spectatorship in the skill of the competition driver and the performance of his car. In a very natural way—through observation, conversation, and personal experience with his own car—the sports car owner comes to practise *good driving* as a conscious art. To make this art as practical and pleasant as possible is the objective of all sports car design. How well Jaguar has achieved this objective is revealed in a quotation from a respected automotive publication: "The Jaguar . . . is in fact one of the easiest and safest automobiles to drive being built today . . . has been and remains the standard of the world in the sports car category."

### Jaguar Performance

The performance flexibility of the Jaguar is amazing. A consistent winner in competition, incomparable on the highways, completely docile in traffic, it is responsive to the style and demands of every kind of driving.

Jaguar steering is sure and light; together with superb suspension, it gives the Jaguar driver complete control of his car on every kind of surface, curve and corner. Jaguar brakes are designed to match in stopping power the speed of which the car is capable. The driver of a Jaguar travels in the comfort of knowing as fact, not fiction, that his car is master of the road—capable of giving him performance up to—and far beyond—his every need.

### The Five Jaguar Models

The Jaguar line includes the famous XK-140 Sports Roadster, with concealable all-weather top . . . the luxurious XK-140 convertible with fully lined top . . . and what has been referred to as a "jewel box on a sports car chassis," the impeccable XK-140 hardtop coupe.

In sedans, Jaguar offers the new «Two-Point-Four». This sports-touring car brings to the comfort of a four-door, five-passenger family sedan the exciting performance of a true sports car. Finally there is the ultimate in four-door sedan luxury and elegance . . . the new Mark VIII (available soon, but unfortunately not at the time this advertisement was prepared. Shown is the Mark VII). While the sports car purist will prefer the practical pleasures of the famous Jaguar four-speed manual shift, automatic transmission is available on all Jaguars with the exception of the XK-140 sports roadster and delivers truly remarkable performance by any standards. Each of these cars is made in the enduring traditions of British craftsmanship, from the heavyweight steel of the bodies to the hand-fitted glove leather upholstery within. Yet Jaguar prices remain well within the range of the medium-priced domestic car.

### Buying a Jaguar

To best appreciate Jaguar performance, we urge you to *drive* a Jaguar, heeding this word from the editors of Road & Track: "The buyer who tests a prospective new car by taking a demonstration run around the block is an unwise buyer, and in the case of Jaguar its true riding qualities are best demonstrated by making an extended test over all types of roads."

Jaguar dealers are located throughout the U.S.A. and Canada. Through them you will receive expert Jaguar service from factory-trained personnel (a complete factory inventory of parts is maintained in the U. S. A.). For the location of your nearest Jaguar dealer or further details, write Jaguar Cars North American Corporation, 32 East 57th St., New York 22, N. Y., Dept. E.

* Of course, Jaguar also makes a competition car—the "D" type. Recent winner of the 1956 Le Mans 24-hour Grand Prix of Endurance, this car is virtually a "proving ground" for innovations of safety and performance. From its predecessor, the "C" type Jaguar, came the basic engineering characteristics of the "XK" models shown here.

---

**JAGUARS AND THEIR OWNERS, FROM THE BOTTOM:**

**Specialist in motion**—*Senior Airline Pilot Capt. G. lives Relativity, feels earth-bound in a lesser car. His pride in his Jaguar XK-140 Sports Roadster is compounded of the engineering excellence he respects and the responsiveness he has come to demand of a vehicle in motion.*

**Responsible professional**—*Dr. D's mileage, mostly on country roads, averages 5,000 a month. He drives a Jaguar for the same reasons that determine his choice of a suture or a surgical instrument . . . unfailing performance. His XK-140 Hardtop Coupe gives him the same sense of security his presence brings to a patient.*

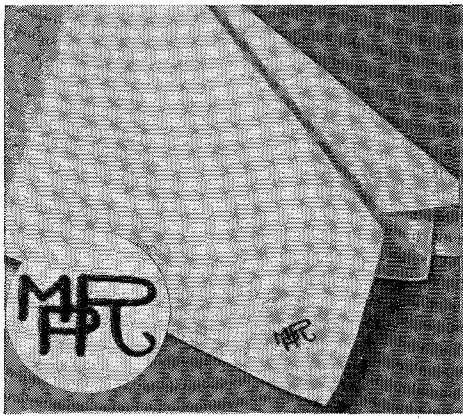
**Adroit PA**—*As Purchasing Agent for a going . . . and growing . . . suburban family, Mrs R. found the Jaguar offered heavier body metal, sure-footed roadability and a price that invited comparison. Her choice, a Jaguar «Two-Point-Four» reflects her eye for value, her concern for the safety of precious passengers.*

**Natural Fans**—*Perhaps the J's are "the Jaguar type." (He's an art director.) All their possessions reflect an eclectic choice, a quiet preference for steel vs. chrome. Actually, their pride in driving well makes their Jaguar XK-140 Convertible almost a necessity.*

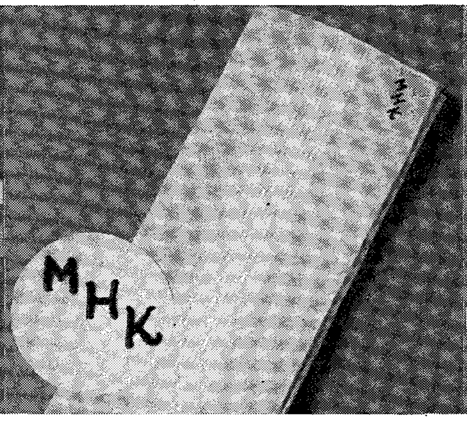
**Senior Sybarites**—*For the Banking L's, the Jaguar Mark VII's faultless balance in motion, its custom air, are a continuing source of comfort and pleasure. Their Jaguar is a symptom—of a lively, youthful approach to gracious living.*

**B. Altman & Co.**

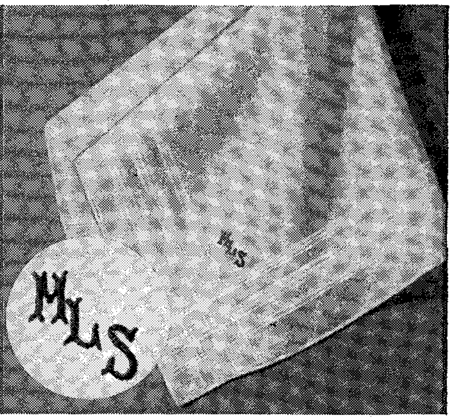
## Now is the time to order your Christmas gifts.. our fine linen handkerchiefs with these beautiful hand-embroidered monograms for men and women.



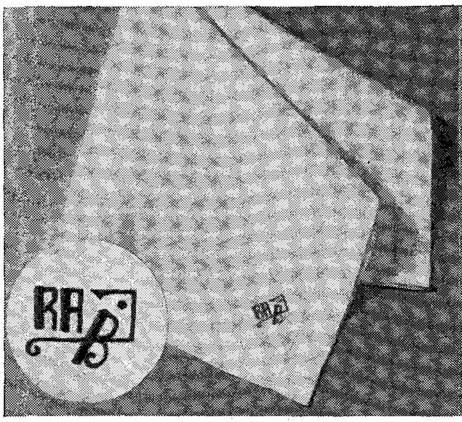
Cosmopolitan — men's monogram on sheer white linen with tape border, hand-rolled edges. Monogram in white or assorted colors. set of **4, 12.95**



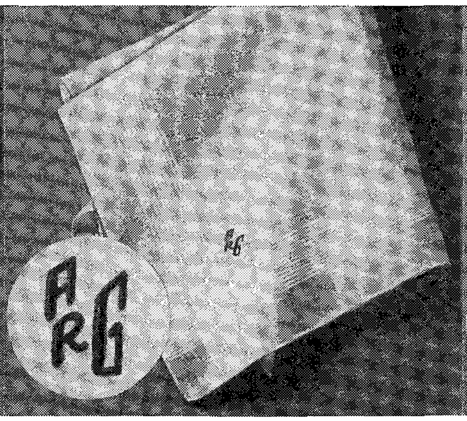
Collegiate—men's small, casual monogram on white Irish linen cord, hand-rolled edges. Monogram in white or assorted colors. set of **6, 9.95**



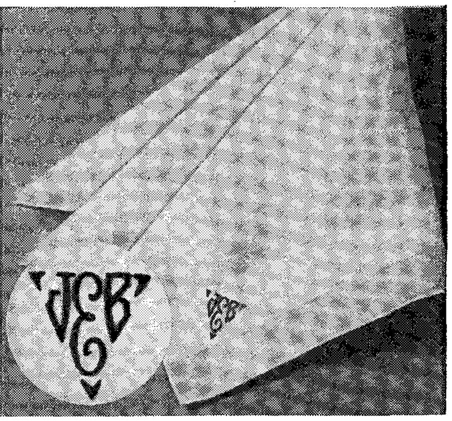
Aristocrat—men's dignified letters on Irish linen cord, hand-rolled edges. Monogram in white or assorted colors. set of **6, 9.00**



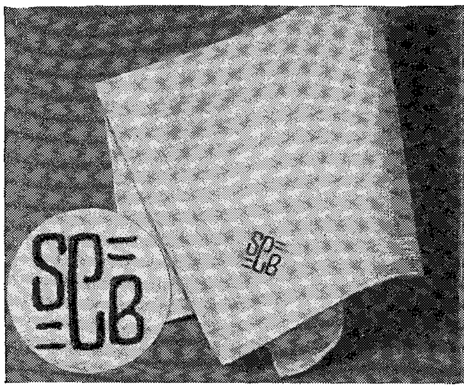
Mayfair — men's elegantly simple monogram on fine hemstitched linen. Monogram in white or assorted colors. set of **4, 10.95**



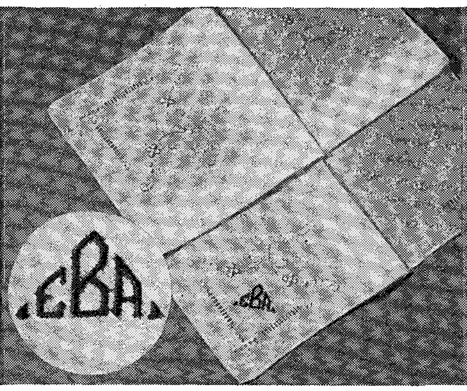
Ascot — men's conventional 3-letter monogram on white linen cord, hand-rolled edges. Monogram in white or assorted colors. set of **6, 11.50**



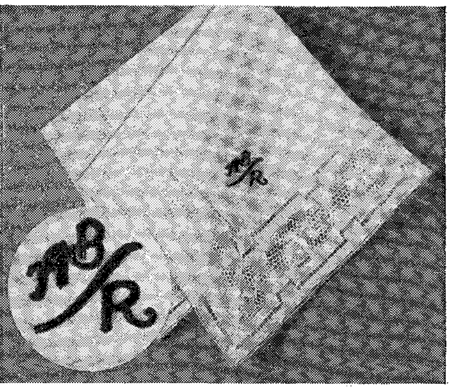
Savoir Faire—men's dashingly styled monogram on white linen tape, hand-rolled edges. Monogram in white or assorted colors. set of **6, 17.95**



Tailored look — ladies' especially designed monogram on white linen cord, hand-rolled edges. Monogram in white or assorted colors. set of **3, 6.50**



Party-Time—ladies' hand-embroidered white Irish linen, delicately monogrammed in white. set of **2, 3.75**



Linen-'n-lace — ladies' graceful monogram on white Irish linen with dainty lace border. Monogram in white, pink or blue. set of **2, 5.00**

An additional charge for the addition of Jr., Sr., Mc, or III after the monogram. Handkerchiefs sold in sets only as indicated ... one style monogram as shown per set. Underline last name initial. Allow three weeks for delivery. Come in, or write... no telephone orders... no C.O.D.'s... beyond motor delivery area add 10¢ for each set of handkerchiefs.

**Altman handkerchiefs, main floor**
**MUrrayhill 9-7000—Fifth Avenue at 34th Street... and at White Plains, Manhasset and Short Hills**

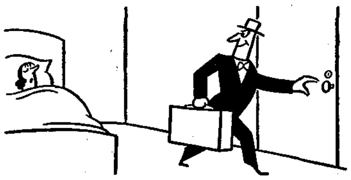
THE NEW YORKER

# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## *Notes and Comment*

IF you don't think our government is serious about practicing economy these days, you haven't been reading the printed decisions of the Comptroller General of the United States. Page 555 of Volume XXXV relates the case of a naval officer (Decision No. B-125923) who was sent to North Carolina, on temporary duty, for one of those survival experiments. He had to parachute into some desolate spot and stay there for a week, grubbing for whatever food and shelter the region offered. The officer made out all right, and at the week's end he filed a voucher for a per-diem allowance, as temporary-duty personnel have been doing since long before the Pentagon began to sink on its foundations. The Comptroller disallowed the claim, ruling that "such rations and quarters as are appropriate for the duty enjoined are to be regarded as available."

IN Monroe County, a predominantly Republican section of the state that takes in Rochester, a survey has revealed that husbands are deserting their wives in greater numbers than ever before. The main reason seems to be that the fickle men have more money, and can thus afford to flee, if not beyond the point of no return, at least beyond the point of ready apprehension. We haven't yet heard what Monroe's reaction was to Mr. Nixon's dream of a future with two cars in every garage, but we bet some of the wives upstate are fit to be tied.



## *Griffons for Delight*

LAST spring, the Municipal Art Society and the New York Chapter of the Society of Architectural Historians sponsored a walking tour of the rich cluster of buildings of assorted ages and styles that are to be found in the neighborhood of Madison Square. We say "to be found" advisedly, because we went on the walk and were astonished to discover that, often as we had wandered through those streets, we had been blind to much of their interest and beauty. The interest of many of the buildings lay in their history, on which our guide had done his homework well (and we hadn't done any); the beauty of others—especially of buildings that were erected in the nineteenth century and have since gone down in the world—would have been hard to distinguish if our guide, armed with knowledge of what they had been, had not lifted the veil of their forlornness and let us meet them truly face to face. Sunday before last, the two societies sponsored a second walking tour, this one from the old Subtreasury Building, on Wall Street, to Battery Park, and again we were astonished by the extent to which our eyes are at the mercy of our ignorance. For on Wall Street, too, we saw as if for the first time buildings we have looked at all our life.

The hundred or so people making the tour gathered on the steps of the Subtreasury Building at two-thirty and were divided into four groups, each with a guide. The group to which we were assigned was led by the architectural historian Henry Hope Reed, Jr., who, though comparatively young in years and, unlike most members of his profession, beardless, proved a veritable patriarch in his architectural convictions. We hadn't reached the bottom step of the Subtreasury before it became evident that Mr. Reed considers nearly every building that has gone up here since about 1930—when traditional architecture began to give way to "modern"—a mere bathroom-like abomination, worthy only of being pulled down and, if possible, stamped on. Mr. Reed is especially fond of the Wall Street district, because it was there that the great exponents of the Beaux-Arts method of architectural training—since supplanted by the Bauhaus and other methods—reached their finest flower. "Nothing like this superb complex of buildings can be seen anywhere on earth!" Mr. Reed exclaimed, seeking to embrace with both arms the vista of towers that soared in majestic disarray all round us. "Only the Acropolis and the Campidoglio in Rome deserve to be compared to it. One should judge these buildings from a wholly aesthetic point of view; it's an accident of culture that they house financiers instead of priests or statesmen. At that, isn't it to the credit of American bankers that they should have chosen to raise such nobly classical monuments to themselves? No European bankers—not even the richest Rothschilds—would have dreamed of it. In the light of the destruction now being carried out in this city in the name of 'modern' "—Mr. Reed's voice shook with eloquent contempt—"one ought to feel something approaching reverence for these examples of the American Renaissance."

Off we sauntered into the middle of Wall Street, for on Sunday the district is practically empty of people and cars. Our first stop was the House of Morgan. "Designed by Trowbridge & Livingston, 1914," Mr. Reed said. "Bronzework by the William H. Jackson Company. Exterior and interior of pink Tennessee marble. Note exquisite carving of cornice." Silently, with something approaching reverence, we all noted the exquisite carving of the cornice. Next, we proceeded to the pillared portico of the Stock Exchange, designed by George B. Post and erected between 1900 and 1903 ("Behind the pillars is a solid wall of glass," Mr. Reed said. "It wasn't that they couldn't make glass walls in those days, it was just that they didn't find them very interesting"); from there to the former United States Assay Office, designed by York & Sawyer, and now preserved in the façade of the Seamen's Bank for Savings; and along Wall to Pearl and from Pearl into bosky Hanover Square. On and on we tramped, among the high towers and the resounding names: McKim, Mead & White; Delano & Aldrich; Warren & Wetmore; Cross & Cross. Mr. Reed has wit and learning as well as an unfashionable theory of architecture, and everything he showed us seemed, for the moment, almost as beautiful as he said it was. We were back in the Golden Age and we had never dared to suppose that it was golden.

Approaching the Battery, Mr. Reed asked us to admire two monumental groups of stone horses prancing on the battlements atop the nineteenth floor of the Cunard Building. Someone in the group made bold to ask Mr. Reed what possible excuse there could be for stone horses at that strange height. Mr. Reed whirled with relish on his questioner. "Why do you wear a hat?" he demanded. "Ornament is to a building what clothes are to a man. Only the gods are allowed to go naked, and then only a few of the younger ones. Must we lose all our splendor to attain the poverty of a bare surface? Our gilt lanterns and pyramids, our bronze balconies, our doorways bordered with acanthus leaves? A modern building can be taken in at a glance; a classical building is a series of discoveries, like a symphony by Beethoven. Let those horses be seen not the first time you examine the building but the fiftieth. All the stone horses, griffons, serpents, masks, and lions' heads in this city exist for a single reason—to give us delight. We city dwellers need these riches. Let those who like plain buildings move to the country and live in barns. Any more questions?"

Not a one.

•

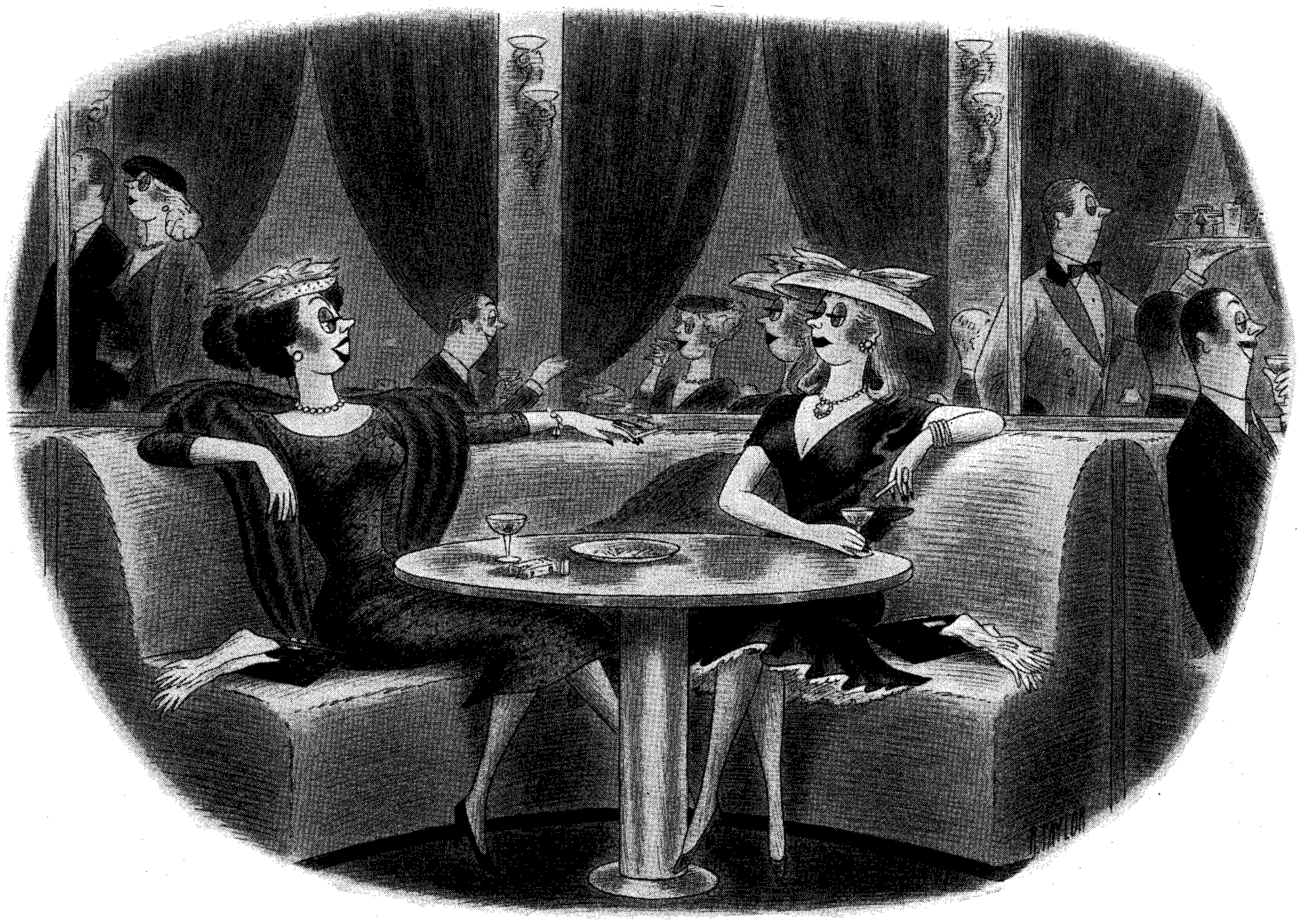
INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: Geritol, a tonic for elderly people, has done so well that the manufacturers have now brought out a tonic for children. It is called Geritol, Jr.

## *Soccer V.P.*

THE man who will act as impartial international soccer chairman at the Olympic Games in Melbourne next month is James P. McGuire, an assistant vice-president in the building-management department of the local real-estate firm of Cushman & Wakefield, and we went over to the C. & W. offices, at 281 Madison Avenue, the other day to have a chat with him about sublets and soccer. The chat turned out to be more soccer than sublets. We found Mr. McGuire, a ruddy-faced, silver-haired man in a checked suit, puffing comfortably on a pipe at his desk on a little balcony overlooking the main floor, and he told us in a light Scotch burr that his duties as Olympic soccer chairman include appointing all referees and adjudicating all disputes, that he is the first American ever to have held the post, and that he considers this not a personal honor but a recognition of the progress the game has made in this country. Then, at our urging, he launched into an account of his two oddly assorted careers and how they came about. "I was born in Edinburgh in 1910, and, like practically all Scottish boys, I played football, as soccer is called there, from an early age," he said. "I played at Holy Cross Academy, in Edinburgh, and then at Northampton College of Technology, in Northamptonshire. At Northampton in 1935, I made a bad tackle, got my leg interlocked with an opponent's, and as a result lost two cartilages in one knee. In a soccer tackle, of course, you don't use your hands; it's an attempt to rob your opponent of the ball with your foot." By way of demonstration, Mr. McGuire got up from his chair and swung a well-shod foot at our shin, politely missing.

"It looked for a while as if I were going to have a permanently stiff leg," Mr. McGuire resumed, sitting down again. "But it finally mended. I came to America to live in 1938, and joined Cushman & Wakefield in 1940. Been here ever since, devoting nearly all my spare time to soccer, first as a player and then as an executive. I captained a United States team against Scotland in 1939, and against Mexico in 1940. From 1940 to 1946, I managed and played for the Brooklyn Wanderers, now defunct; our home field was the Brooklyn Oval, also now defunct. Torn down to make way for a new apartment development. *Not* a Cushman & Wakefield project. I gave up playing in 1946 and became president of the American Soccer League. In 1952, I became president of the U. S. Soccer Football Association, a more august body, and in 1954 I was elected to the executive committee of the International Football Association, parent body of the game, which had eighty-five member nations then and has eighty-nine now, including all the Iron Curtain countries. It buckles down to sport and keeps politics out. My soccer activities have taken me on an average of four or five trips abroad a year, for conferences and the like—Africa, Sweden, Portugal, Switzerland, Belgium, Mexico, Denmark, and so on. I've come to think nothing of hopping on a plane for Europe on Friday and being back here on Monday. I've also become a bug on the subject of soccer as a promoter of international amity; after all, it's the only outdoor game played in all countries. It's particularly effective in places that are diplomatically sticky, like Iceland. The great moment for American soccer, up to now, came in the 1950 World Cup matches at Rio, when the United States beat England, 1–0. Biggest upset since 1776, as I remarked to Sir Stanley Rous, secretary of the English Football Association. He couldn't say a word."

Mr. McGuire lives in North Floral Park, Long Island, with his wife and two teen-age daughters, none of whom play soccer. "That doesn't disappoint me," he told us. "There are only a few sports that girls can play gracefully, and soccer isn't one." We asked him how well soccer jibes with real-estate management, and he said that apart from having to put up with jokes about how it's usually the tenant rather than the landlord's representative who does the kicking, there is no problem. "The firm is very generous about condoning my trips," he said. "Cushman & Wakefield is gradually getting soccer-conscious, I'm happy to say. Mr. Cushman's son, who's at school in Montclair, is taking the game up. So are thousands of boys. And no wonder! After all, American football is an offshoot of rugby football, and there was no rugby



*“This season I think I’ll just tell everyone to go to hell.”*

• •

football until some bloody fellow at Rugby School picked up a soccer football, in flagrant violation of the rules, and ran with it.”

•

SIGN on a roadhouse near Saranac, New York: “Long-Expected Restaurant.”

### *Covers*

WE attended our first, and perhaps our last, convention of matchbook-cover collectors recently in a parlor at the Henry Hudson Hotel. Everything we know about this esoteric clique we owe to the rapid-fire talk of Mr. Harold Kaye, a tall, mustached, eager man, who was awaiting our arrival at the hotel, and who not only was in charge of public relations for the convention but represented the Matchbook Cover Album Company of America. Mr. Kaye seemed stunned at our ignorance of the subject. “Good Lord, man!” he said. “It’s easy! It’s economical! It’s educational! It’s everlasting! Look about you at all those tables covered with collections. The finest collection of matchbook covers in the land!” We looked about. Tables *were* covered with collections of matchbook covers, and at one end of the room was a twelve-foot model of the Brooklyn Bridge, constructed entirely of m---hb--k c----s. “There are many little subtleties to collecting these things,” said Mr. Kaye. “One must proceed cautiously with a matchbook. The true collector carefully removes the metal staples from his matchbook, and then—oh, so carefully—removes the matches themselves. Then he flattens out the cover, always being careful not to touch or mar the striking surface. *The striking surface must not be touched! There must be no marks on the striking surface!*”

A group of people wearing shirts and ties imprinted with reproductions of matchbook covers wandered through the parlor admiring the exhibits. “Collectors,” said Mr. Kaye in a hushed tone. “They come from all over and exchange covers. This is our sixteenth annual convention, but our first in New York. The ladies often carry handbags with reproductions of covers. That gentleman over there”—he pointed to a middle-aged man intently examining an exhibit—“he collects funeral parlors and bowling alleys. There’s a doctor in Wilkes-Barre, who isn’t at the convention, who has two and a half million covers stored in two garages and employs a full-time librarian. The categories are endless. My ten-year-old son is in animals—Princeton has a tiger, the Republicans have an elephant, the Seabees a bee, Borden’s a cow. It’s endless and it’s educational. Fifteen billion matchbook covers, of three hundred thousand varieties, are produced in these United States each and every year. Endless. Over a hundred million dollars is spent annually in the match industry. Why, a man interested in tropical fish, butterflies, birds, or flowers can go into his supermarket today and buy a box of fifty matchbooks with the most beautiful and intricate designs of tropical fish, butterflies, birds, or flowers. Most collectors like to have twenty of one kind to start with. Then they begin to exchange with other collectors. Endless, and second only to stamps in collecting interest. Chinese restaurants are a great and colorful set—Lum Fong, Sun Wah, Ruby Foo, each more exotic in

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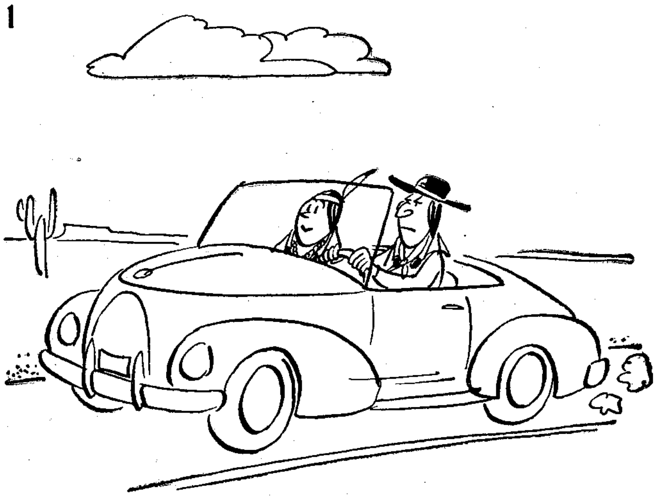

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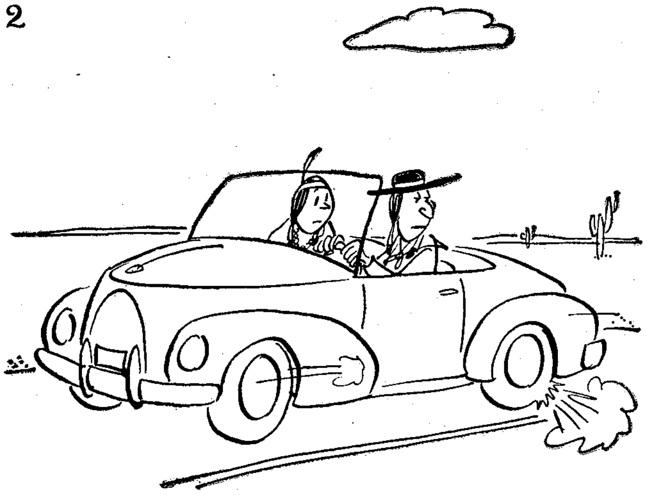

its Oriental design than the next. Composers. Mozart, Beethoven, Chopin—name a composer, you'll find him on matchbooks. And V.I.P.s—a tremendous category. Cabinet officers, officials of the Pentagon, people in and around the White House. Ike himself has a matchbook with the Presidential seal and another with five stars, signifying his rank in the Army. A treasured item is a book from the Columbine, the Presidential plane. Want other categories?" We nodded dazedly. "One of the famous firsts was put out by the New York City Tunnel Authority in 1940 and '41, when they were beating the drums for the Lincoln Tunnel. Who ever heard of the Lincoln Tunnel then? It was the Holland Tunnel every time. The covers read, 'Daddy Knows the Answer—Lincoln Tunnel,' or showed Mother saying, 'Makes My Shopping Easy—Lincoln Tunnel,' and now, and now," said Mr. Kaye, who looked as though he might be getting the bends, "*there's a third tube!* Categories? Endless—TV stations, banks, state flowers, hillbilly covers, and girlie covers. Some types go for girlie covers."

Mr. Kaye paused for breath, then said, "Take a family that's going on a trip. The kiddies collect matchbooks all along the way, flatten them out, and put them in their albums, and they have a memento of the journey for all time. They go to Annapolis—point of historical interest. Matchbook. They go to the Astor. Matchbook. They eat at Jack Dempsey's. *What* a matchbook! Jack is knocking out Jess Willard! They go to the Stork. They go to Ausable Chasm. They take the New York Central. Matchbooks! Vincent Lopez collects them. Lowell Thomas and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., collect them. Jayne Mansfield collects them—categories of entertainment and travel."

We lighted a cigarette, handed Mr. Kaye the matchbook—Black Pussy Cat Café & Snack Bar—and departed.

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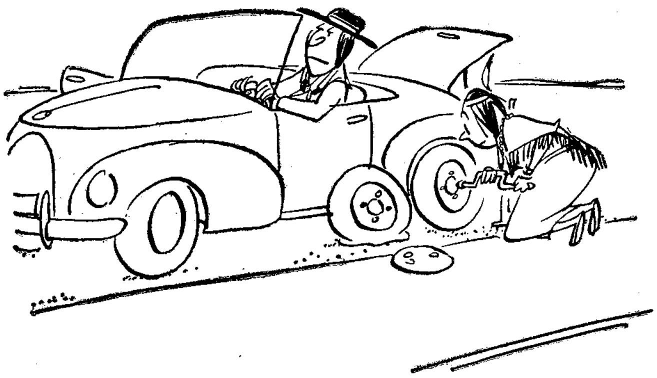

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OVERHEARD outside the Phoenix Theatre, subject of discussion "Saint Joan": "I thought it was all wonderful, even when I was bored."

## *The Duchess*

WE went over to the Waldorf Towers one afternoon last week and called on the Duchess of Windsor, whose "The Heart Has Its Reasons" has just been published here and in England. We found her a cheerful and animated lady author, wearing a black dress, two white carnations on her left shoulder, a choker of enormous pearls, large pearl-and-diamond earrings, a diamond bracelet on each wrist, and a pleased expression.

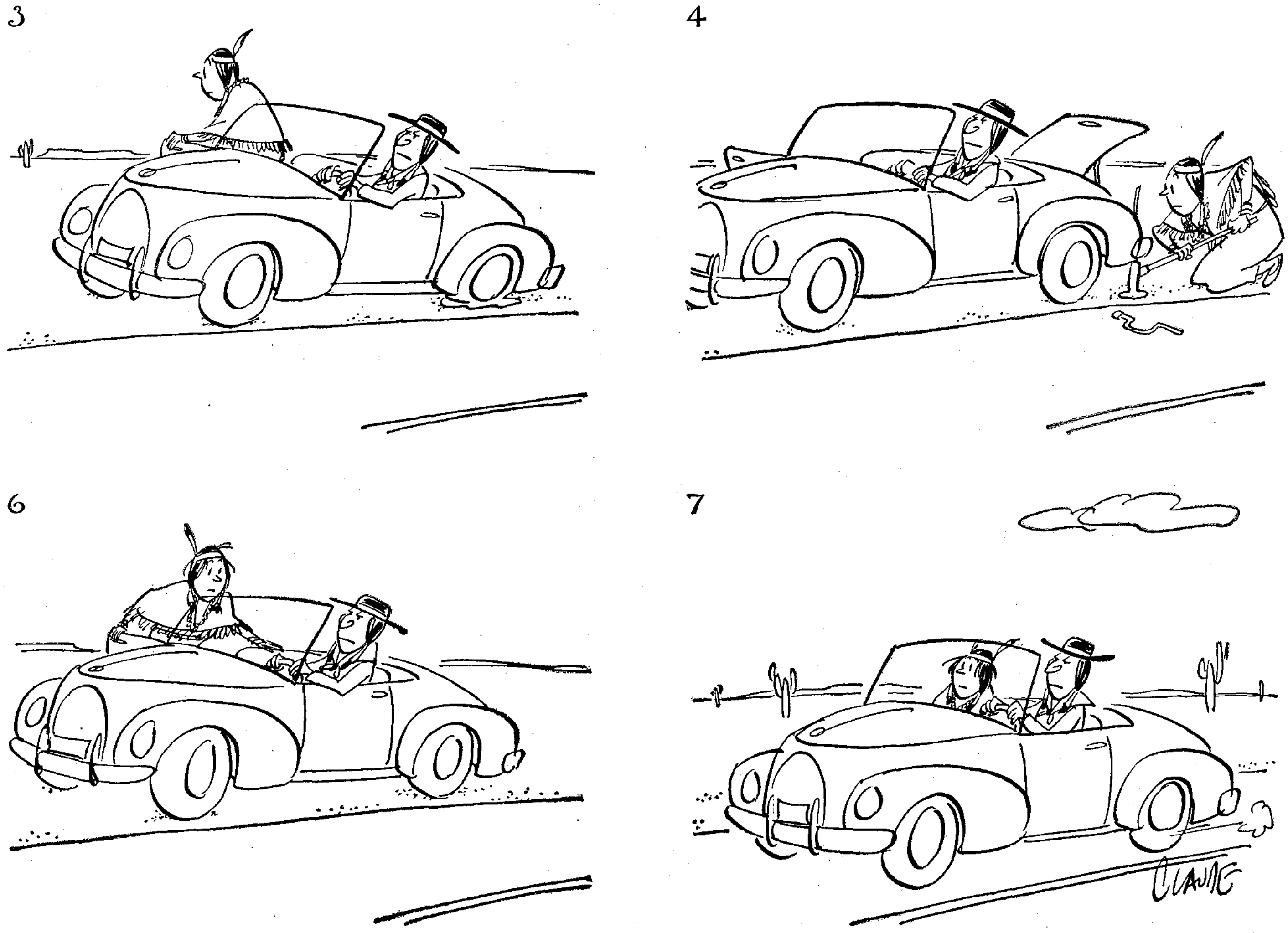
"Parts of the book were serialized not only in *McCall's* here but in *Elle*, in France, and in the *Sunday Express*, in England," she said. "I've had some quite nice reviews of the book in England. I was surprised how good they were. I was very pleased, because I never know where I stand in England. We're going back to our house in France in two weeks. We came here just now partly on account of the book—we were on Ed Murrow's television program the other night—and partly to set up the Windsor Awards, which will provide for exchange fellowships for French and American painters. The fellowships will be financed with part of the proceeds from the book and will start in a small way. We're planning to ask Mr. Rousseau, of the Metropolitan Museum, to choose the artists. The Duke tries his hand at painting occasionally, and I collect a little for our houses in Paris and at Chevreuse, in the country. The Duke was brought up on Old Masters. I have a hard time convincing him that the nineteenth century can mix with the eighteenth."

The Duchess said she was looking forward to the French countryside, because October is a nice time for the trees.

"I'm not an actual gardener, but the Duke is," she said. "He favors an irregular mass of color, like his room, which is always very untidy. I love cut flowers. I'm a destroyer of his garden. We always take back a lot of seeds from here. I can't tell you where we get them. No plugs. You can't get rock plants in France—alpine flowers, and so on. Our television interview with Mr. Murrow was very difficult for me. The Duke says that I never stop talking sitting down but that once up I'm speechless."

The bracelet on the Duchess's left wrist was of diamond hearts and the one on her right wrist of diamond crosses, and we asked her how about these.

"The crosses are crosses I've had to bear," she said. "Each one stands for something, and so do the hearts, for pleasanter events. Rather sentimen-



tal in this hardboiled world, isn't it?"

She told us that she and the Duke had recently made a sentimental trip to Austria, the scene of their honeymoon. "Vienna shows the marks of bombing but is spotless," she said. "The people are gay and charming. We stopped at the famous Sacher Hotel and had a round of sightseeing. The Empress Elizabeth is my heroine. They keep all her little personal things around in the palace. We ended up in Venice, which I love. There's a nice golf course, nice swimming, and beautiful houses to go and see. It's not like a resort. I don't like resorts, particularly. In France, no one pays the slightest attention to us. The French are very live-and-let-live. People are quite used to us in New York. On the whole, we have a very private life now. Winters when we're here, the Duke often goes downtown to talk business with friends at lunch. He has learned to take care of his own investments. He spends every morning on his affairs. He has the greatest admiration for this country, because it's so go-ahead. We always have something to do. There is so much to see in the museums here, as well as lunches with friends and the theatre. I can get what I want in French, but I have difficulty following the French theatre. The days are never long enough for us."

Mindful of our female readers, we asked the Duchess just what she was wearing.

"Black cloth dress, with a small bow and a pleat in the front," she said obligingly. "High-waisted. Very severe. High Empire line. I have most of my dresses made in Paris, but I like getting ready-to-wear things here. They're marvellous. I get most of our household gadgets here—iceboxes, washing machines, electric ice-cream freezers, frying pans, kitchen aids. I used to cook myself, but our French chef likes me to stay out of the kitchen. He's only twenty-nine. The boy who let you in came to us in Nassau quite a few years ago, when he was seventeen. We took him to France in 1945. Now he speaks French and has become an excellent cook himself. I'll never forget his expression the first time he saw snow, here at the Waldorf."

The Duke came in and said that he had just had lunch at the Racquet Club. He was dressed in brown. Mindful of our male readers, we asked who his tailor was.

"No plugs," said the Duchess.

"Well, I can tell you that I have my coats made in London and my trousers made in New York," the Duke said. "I have the coat made, and then I bring enough of the same material over here for the pants. I have always had my coats and pants made in different places. I find my London tailor does the best job on coats and my New York tailor does the best job on trousers."

"Pants across the sea," said the Duchess.

"Both my shoes come from the same place," said the Duke, with a wink.

We shook hands all round and left.

## *Orientation*

A Tobacco-Company executive who has just brought his family back to his home in Washington after a three-year sojourn in Turkey was surprised and gratified the other day, he tells us, when his six-year-old son, in the course of a drive around the city, pointed to the White House and said, "That's where the President lives." Patting the little fellow on the head, the father asked, "And what is the President's name?" "Ataturk," he was told.

# REUNION

A FEW weeks ago—bemused, I suppose, by early fall, which I came across this year in the form of a geranium leaf curled by a light frost at night—I began to be attracted backward. My college class has by now attained a certain age, and its secretary had been pelting me with letters. "Come to Reunion," he kept saying. "Homecoming game. Relive your memories. Make reservations." But so far I had failed to answer him. The geranium is on a window sill of my apartment. The reunion will be eight or nine hundred miles to the west. But the leaf and a whiff of wood smoke drifting up from the basement in the chilly morning closed the gap between them, and suddenly clichés swarmed in my head. Bright-yellow elms and scarlet maples, standing among Georgian buildings draped with ivy, rustled and dropped their leaves. Girls of an extraordinary bloom strolled past me wearing out-of-date party dresses. Old friends in raccoon coats crowded up to me—a little anonymously, perhaps; I could not quite fit all their faces to their names, but I was so glad to see them that, at least for the moment, discrepancies were trifles. I thought that I must of course make reservations. Why not?

I could hardly wait. I telephoned the one classmate I see these days—the only one I know who lives in New York—and made a date for lunch. I meant to persuade him to go along with me to the reunion, but then, even before I saw him, a circle of gray doubts began to close in on me. There were, it appeared, a number of reasons why not. What if, under the elms and maples (I was walking, at the moment, up Fifth Avenue under the flags), I found only staid elderly men—well, men the next thing to elderly—no older than I, to be sure, but older than they once were? What if the eyes of all the girls had now become incurious? What do you talk about to a man grown important in varnish, and stricken in years, who once tethered a sheep in your room? The sheep? Yes, but not for long.

*"Of course, what I really want to do is direct."*

I left the Avenue, shuffling, and met my classmate in a restaurant on Fifty-first Street. His name (I will say) is Owen Plummer. In college he longed to be a hedonist, but it was not really in his nature to become one, though he tried for a while and the effort left him with a small bouquet of memories and a tendency to worry and read Freud. He said he wanted no part of any reunion. I said, with a sigh, that everyone would surely have changed. Owen shook his head. "Probably nobody will have," he said. "That would be worse."

I thought it certainly would be. What if they should all feel obliged to dance the black bottom? What if the varnish king should show up with another sheep? "Would you want to reunite with Howard Bomash?" Owen asked.

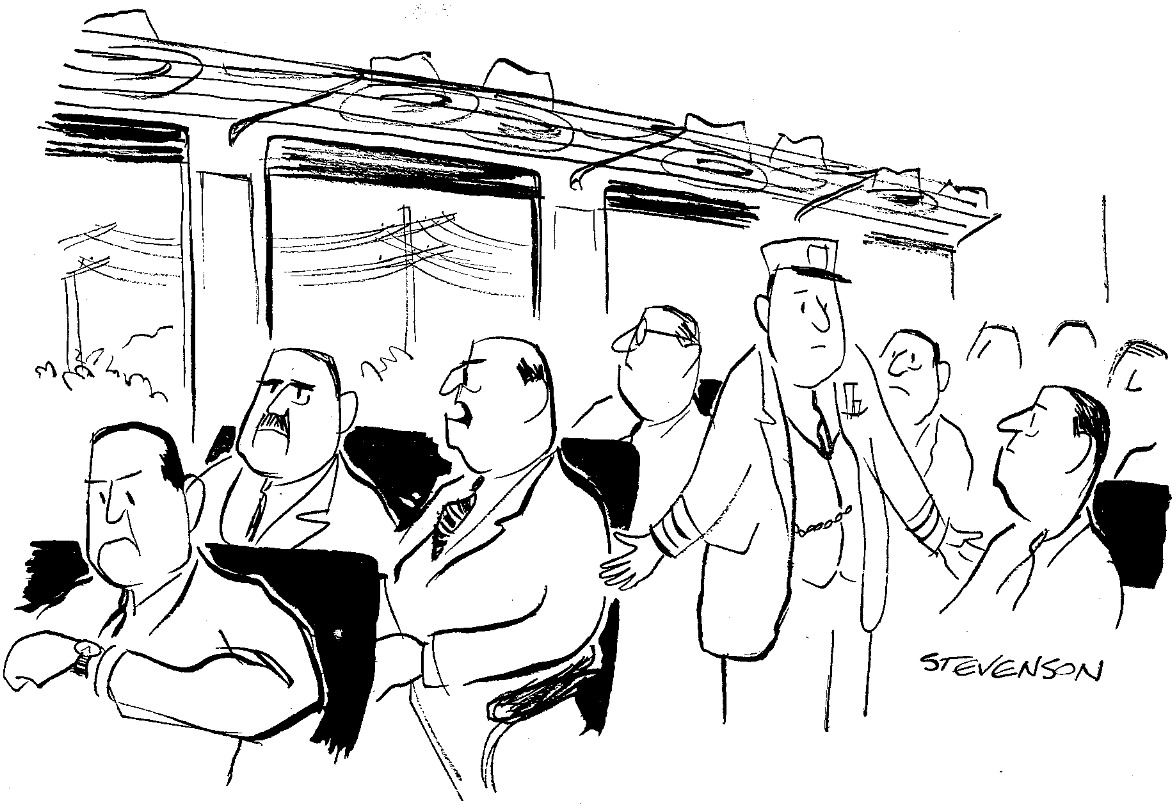
I couldn't honestly say that I would. I had forgotten Howard. He had been a cheerful sort, but I was not sure I would want to have him crack his knuckles for me now, or make his Chinese face. Still, I wasn't willing to abandon nostalgia so quickly. "I find I don't remember many of them," I said. "Maybe it would be fun."

"You're having self-protective memory gaps, and you ought to be grateful," Owen said.

During the next week or so, faces of classmates drifted in and out of my head, eluding me more often than they let themselves be caught. On the street, I would hear a man speak or see a woman gesture, and wonder what it was I knew, or almost knew, about him or her. And finally I began to wonder with just whom or what, when I came down to it, I did want to reunite.

I GOT an answer of a sort one night not long ago. I am fortunate, or was that evening, in the kind of apartment I live in. It is big and old and doomed; soon it will be torn down and replaced by an air-conditioned cliff. But in the meantime its crannies are full of things that I have thought might come in handy, and from among some of these—a collection of mementos I once put away on the shelf of a small broom closet—I got out my Commencement program.

I took it to the living room, and sat down and began to leaf through it. October rain blew against the windows. There, on one page, were the events of Class Day; there, on another, were those of Baccalaureate Sunday; and on still another was the list of Candidates for the Degree of Bachelor of Arts. With a queer tightening of the scalp and a sensation of something like disembodiment, I skimmed the "A"s. Names half-remembered peeped at me and darted off like children playing in shrubbery. I came to the "B"s. There was Howard Bomash. (He was accomplished in a number of ways, I remembered now. He could make a sound like an infant with the croup, and one like a rooster crowing far away, and if a girl was not dazzled by that time, he considered her impervious to wit, and changed his tactics.) But it was not Howard I was looking for.



*"By God, we should form a Users' Association!"*

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Beneath his name was Floyd Bunting's. I hadn't thought of Floyd in a long time. He was a tall, frowzy boy who once got both his feet caught in a railing. He wanted to be an actor, but he was diffident. He haunted the university theatre for a couple of years, hoping for parts and not getting them, but always preparing himself for the electric event and for the future. (Of the future he had no doubt; he was shy only in the present.) He had a notion that if he did a sort of goose step he had invented as an exercise, he would fall naturally into walking with grace, and he used to practice the step in corridors and on obscure campus paths whenever he thought nobody was watching. Finally, someone let him play a part in the first act of "As You Like It," and after rehearsals began, though he remained quite shy, he allowed himself to wear his topcoat slung across his shoulders like a cape. Early on the night of the single performance of the play, he sat down to worry on a railing back of the theatre, put his feet between the metal palings, and couldn't get them out. He stayed there writhing in the stocks for half an hour or so, and then the janitor found a crowbar and pried him loose. Floyd made his entrance only a little late, but by that time the other actors were badly shaken, and the scene was a disaster. I don't recall that Floyd himself was much upset. I suppose he just went back to the future, afterward, as he always did.

Farther along, I came to the name of Lyman Drake. There were people in between whom I couldn't remember much about—someone with a loose-jointed walk, someone with a querulous voice. I did remember Lyman, though. I recalled him with a rush—he was always headlong—and I supposed, now that I thought of it, that he, too, must have been off in the future a good deal. At least, wherever he spent his time, it was seldom in the present; he thought of the present as jammed to the doors with Philistines. He was a short, intense boy, immensely agile and a trifle bald, who played ferocious tennis and worshipped Dostoevski. He used to roam the dark streets of the town on spring nights, wearing carpet slippers for rebellious reasons of his own (though he affected a great scorn of affectation), weaving his brooding way among wandering couples in love, and eventually dropping in on one or another of his friends to disclose his thoughts. He had one astonishing trick: he could fall in all sorts of hair-raising ways—say, down a dozen steps or more—without hurting himself. Once, when he was a freshman, he did just that. A fraternity brother, an upperclassman, had sent him upstairs to fetch some phonograph records. They were harmless—dance tunes, football songs, perhaps even a light classical or two, the Philistine kind of thing. Lyman brought the stack to the head of the stairs, smiled, and pitched himself down the whole flight, breaking most of the records. For a moment, he lay at the bottom, inert among the black shards, possibly dead, and then, as the records' owner ran aghast to see, he rose nimbly, released a fierce cultural glower, which managed to suggest that the low quality of the records had caused his fall, and padded off into the evening. I have forgotten whatever commonplaces were in his life, though I suppose he must have eaten, and gone to classes, and occasionally, if the nights were damp, caught colds.

DOWN the hall, a pane rattled admonitions in the wind. There seemed to be sleet in the rain. The room had grown chilly. I lit a fire in my small fireplace, put on a dressing gown, and returned to my chair and the Commencement program. I went on down the list, and soon I was finding that what I remembered best about the people I remembered at all was the way they had so seldom stayed in the present, where the casual observer would have supposed they were. Leon McConnell was certainly elsewhere, except in those commonplace, disregarded ways, and Edward Everett Rich, and, of course, Owen himself—Owen the Hedonist. (Owen never cared for drinking, but he had a strong sense of social fitness. He carried a small cylindrical pill bottle filled with gin—I guess it held two ounces at the most—and whenever he went to dances or other functions where there were girls, he washed the gin around in his mouth and swallowed it just before he arrived, thus sustaining a modest reputation for worldliness as a man who was forever drinking but carried it well. He got to believing this legend himself, and it gave him pleasure, which is what a hedonist seeks.) I suppose it would be fair enough to say that all those people were figments of their own imaginations—and of each other's, too, for most of them were friends, and each courteously subscribed to everyone else's notion of himself. I know I always took it on faith that Lyman was already a true free soul, and that Leon McConnell was well on his way to making himself the Whole Man.

It was all he wanted; it was his promised land. For most of his last year, he was tense and exultant about it. He was poor and he was a grind, though I don't suppose he ever thought of himself as having been one until the day he decided to departmentalize his life. He had a dusty look, and a tired sort of animation that obliged him to laugh a good deal in a high-pitched, nervous way, but his eyes never went along with the laugh; they were always full of doubt. One autumn night, he asked me to go on a double date with him. I guessed it was the first date he had ever had, but perhaps I was wrong. I didn't know him too well. Nobody did. I don't remember the girl, except that she wasn't much taken with Leon. For an hour or so, he couldn't quit talking about the fallacies of empiricism; then he switched to the verse forms of Wyatt and Surrey. Afterward, he was miserable because the girl wouldn't see him again. I ran into him a few days later, and the misery was gone. He was full of hope. He had thought through to the root of the trouble. He had always tended to be one-sided, he said, and he quoted Aristotle to show how wrong that was. Now, he said tensely, happily, he would departmentalize his life. He would allot time for enjoyment, time for exercise, time for what he spoke of as "widely varied interests." In the end, all these were to flow together into a balanced—I gathered even a Grecian—whole.

After that, whenever I saw him, I got inferential bulletins on his progress. He never mentioned the scheme itself again, but he always tried to demonstrate how well it was working. We talked for the last time one afternoon just before final exams. We had met accidentally, and Leon insisted that we have coffee; apparently I had come upon him in a department allotted to leisure. He talked about big-league baseball with businesslike dispatch, one eye on the coffee-shop clock, and he told a few jokes in rapid succession and conscientiously laughed at them, as I did. And when the end of the stipulated time, whatever it was, came around, he excused himself politely, shook hands, and hurried away into the next department.

I MADE myself a mild drink and sat watching the fire, now seeing Edward Everett Rich, in an extremity of love, hauling his monstrous old hand-wind phonograph into the cramped bathroom of his flat, then helping his girl, who must have been more than a little in love herself, onto boards laid crosswise of the bathtub, and hoisting her up and out through a window in the low ceiling that slanted above it. Outside was an eastward-sloping, moonlit roof that had a view of several chimneys, and he climbed out and joined her there. He was a good-sized, solid boy with short black hair and a voice that was a deep monotone and his cross. He desired beyond words to be a singer. He also desired to be an expatriate—he already was one, in all but fact—and had vowed to live nowhere but in Paris. And so, that evening, he arranged his own tableau of Paris on his own roof, and he climbed in and out across the tub, again and again and again, to change the records of a complete, forty-six-side

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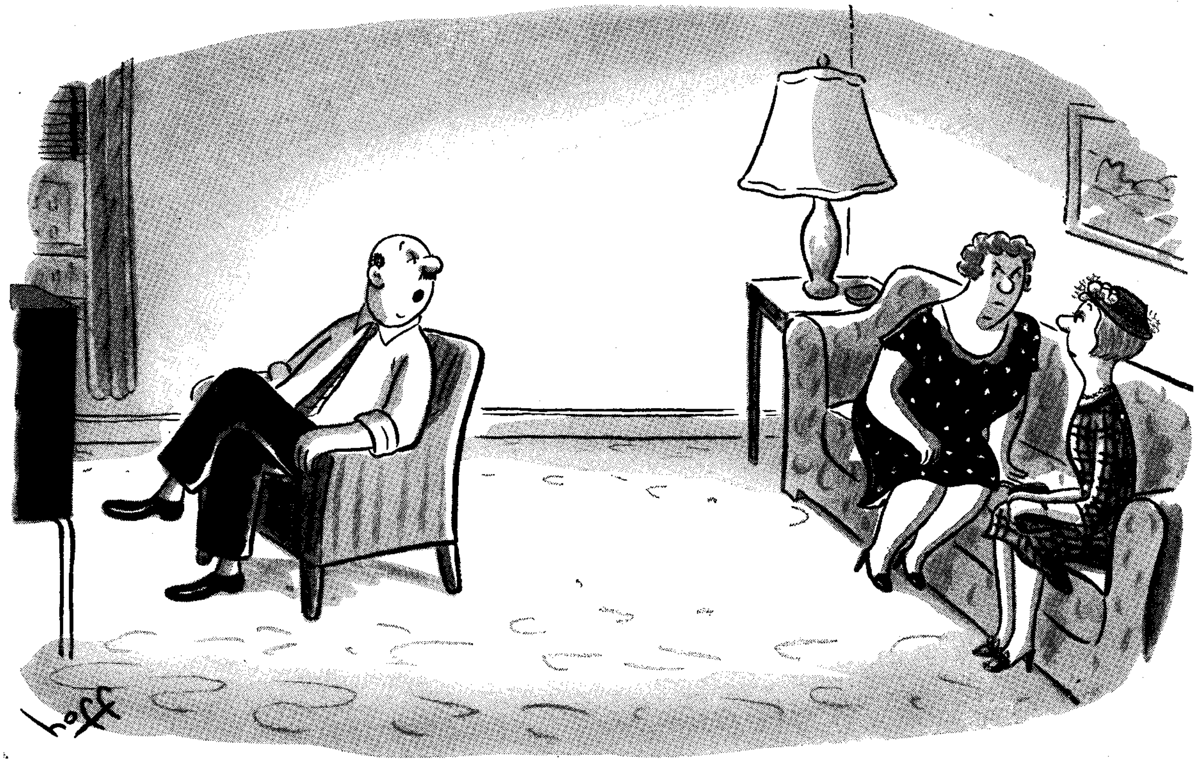
## THE STRANGE CASE OF THE BLIGHT THAT FAILED

### OR, NEVER UNDERESTIMATE THE POWER OF A GREAT-AUNT

If anybody is listening,
I want to talk about the happy outcome of a disastrous christening.
The parents not only named the baby Hieronymus,
They also forgot to invite his malevolent great-aunt, Mrs. Spuyten Duyvil Verplanck, who in this narrative shall remain anonymous,
And she vented her wrath on the child, poor lambie,
And he grew up under the burden of a multiple whammy.
He always ordered pineapple juice, which he detested, because he was afraid to say tomahto juice to waitresses,
*Because they would have corrected his pronunciation because all waitresses are tomaitresses.*
At sight of his luxurious wall-to-wall carpeting, his friends would vociferously enthuse,
And then leave their puppies with him when they went on a Caribbean cruise.
If a telephoned order for a dozen hamburgers with relish and a ham-and-cheese on rye interrupted his slumber,
He apologized for being the wrong number.
His apartment was at ground level, although into a penthouse he would have loved to soar,
Because he couldn't sustain a conversation with elevator operators beyond the second floor.
Thanks to his wicked great-aunt, Hieronymus was a meek and diffident mouse, which the whole world had its foot upon.
He was wasting away from being constantly put upon,
But when he was down to ninety-eight pounds his *good* great-aunt sent him a case of wet, heavy beer and now he is over two hundred and headwaiters and beautiful women are to him but toys,
And all because of his belated weighty presence, or overdue poise.

—OGDEN NASH

set of "La Bohème." I guess he was simply borrowing on the future—or, rather, accepting a down payment from it. In his hallway, near the bathroom, was a window, three feet from the floor, that opened onto the same roof, but his longing for a journey was too great to let him think of this until the moon was down and he had returned from Paris.



"When you've finished telling Mrs. Robbins about me, I expect equal time for reply."

• •

I stood up, glass in hand and back to the fire, looking at the fire's reflections on the wall and wondering what my own future had been at the time. As far as I could recall, it had been comparatively modest. I wanted to live in New York, not on account of any abstract romantic passion for the city but simply because of the blindingly uncommonplace people I would know there and the varied—the widely varied—interests I would have. I expected to take pleasure in them all. I don't say I dismissed the city itself. I read about it steadfastly, and, having once paid it a brief visit, talked about it whenever I possibly could, just to hear the chiming of its names as I pronounced them: West Forties; Bowling Green; East Fifties; Coogan's Bluff; Delancey or Bleecker or Little West Twelfth; John Wanamaker; the Met (Verdi or Vermeer); the Interborough.

Well, I thought, I do live in New York. The wind had fallen, and I could hear the ferries grunting and grieving on the river—the East River. They were guarantors of the fact that here I was. And now crossing my mind's eye were the visions that had gone with the names, and I once more saw myself, as I used to, strolling in the elegant lobby of a theatre, encountering a foremost architect. I had an awe of architects. In another moment, I saw myself (as I used to) lunching with a world traveller, an urbane and grizzled man, in a little Italian restaurant he knew. Next, I was dining with an actor other than Floyd, worldliness enveloping the table like a vapor, in a little French restaurant *he* knew. There I went, up Fifth Avenue on a brilliant October noon, greeting unusual friends on every side. (Fifth Avenue itself was the most golden name of all—I had actually seen it and its flags—and the prospect of walking and nodding on it always left me breathless.) And, finally, another picture I once had, of a future beyond these futures, began to return to me. In it, I was standing before a grate fire, wearing a dressing gown, glass in hand, on an inclement night, in an old house—a ruminant figure among flickering shadows, lost in reverie, reliving my past.

So there I stood, perfectly recognizable, there—here—in the future. At least, if it wasn't the future, it had all the earmarks. I was in front of a fire. I was wearing a dressing gown. The house was old. I reflected that I did, in fact, know an architect; Owen is one, though he seldom mentions it. He complains about politics or his rosebushes, depending on the season. (I don't remember running into him in any theatre lobbies.) I *have* met a widely travelled man, though I have never had a chance to get to know him well; he is always travelling. The only actor I am acquainted with eats at home with his wife. I see people I know on Fifth Avenue once in a while, though I seldom stop to think how uncommonplace they are when we say hello. Still, I do go there. I do pay taxes at the place called Bowling Green. I do hear ferries at night on the East River.

The ferries seemed to be hooting now, not grieving—but hooting affably. Apparently the trouble with the future is the way it behaves when it becomes the present. I find myself breathing normally as I turn in to Fifth Avenue these days, October or no October, flags or no flags—though I must say I sometimes regret it. Nevertheless, the present is a companionable place to be. For all its faults, it is where I am, and it seems like home, and (putting the Commencement program back on the shelf) I thought I would just stay in it. I would not make reservations. I had already relived. Because, how do you go about reuniting with figments, I wondered. How are you going to return from the present to a past made out of the whole cloth of the future?

—Robert Henderson

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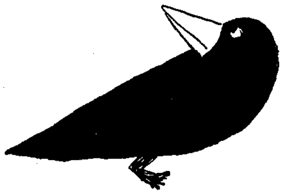
The curator says his new star attraction is the only whale in captivity in this country, if not the world.

"We haven't fed it yet, but it should eat squid and mackerel," he said. "Since it beached itself we thought it may have been sick so we gave it a massive dose of penicillin, plus some vitamins to try to induce it to feed."—*Trenton Times.*

Better follow up quick with Thorazine, or one of the other new tranquillizers.

# FURTHER FABLES FOR OUR TIME

## THE CROW AND THE SCARECROW



ONCE upon a farm an armada of crows descended like the wolf on the fold. They were after the seeds in the garden and the corn in the field. The crows posted sentinels, who warned them of the approach of the farmer, and they even had an undercover crow or two, who mingled with the chickens in the barnyard and the pigeons on the roof, and found out the farmer's plans in advance. Thus they were able to raid the garden and the field when he was away, and they stayed hidden when he was at home. The farmer decided to build a scarecrow so terrifying it would scare the hateful crows to death when they got a good look at it. But the scarecrow, for all the work the farmer put in on it, didn't frighten even the youngest and most fluttery female. The marauders knew that the scarecrow was a suit of old clothes stuffed with straw and that what it held in its wooden hand was not a rifle but only a curtain rod.

As more and more corn and more and more seeds disappeared, the farmer became more and more eager for vengeance. One night he made himself up to look like a scarecrow and in the dark, for it was a moonless night, his son helped him to take the place of the scarecrow. This time, however, the hand that held the gun was not made of wood and the gun was not an unloaded curtain rod but a double-barrelled twelve-gauge Winchester.

Dawn broke that morning with a sound like a thousand tin pans falling. This was the rebel yell of the crows coming down on field and garden like Jeb Stuart's cavalry. Now one of the young crows who had been out all night, drinking corn instead of eating it, suddenly went into a tailspin, plunged into a bucket of red paint that was standing near the barn, and burst into flames.

The farmer was just about to blaze away at the squadron of crows with both barrels when the one that was on fire headed straight for him. The sight of a red crow, dripping what seemed to be blood and flaring like a Halloween torch, gave the living scarecrow such a shock that he dropped dead in one beat less than the tick of a watch (which is the way we all want to go, *mutatis*, it need scarcely be said, *mutandis*).

The next Sunday the parson preached a disconsolate sermon, denouncing drink, carryings on, adult delinquency, front-page marriages, golf on Sunday, adultery, careless handling of firearms, and cruelty to our feathered friends. After the sermon, the dead farmer's wife explained to the preacher what had really happened, but he only shook his head and murmured skeptically "Confused indeed would be the time in which the crow scares the scarecrow and becomes the scarescarecrow."

*Moral: All men kill the thing they hate, too—unless, of course, it kills them first.*

## IVORY, APES, AND PEOPLE

A BAND of ambitious apes in Africa once called upon a herd of elephants with a business proposition. "We can sell your tusks to people for a fortune in peanuts and oranges," said the leader of the apes. "Tusks are tusks to you and us, but to people they are merchandise—billiard balls and piano keys and other things that people buy and sell." The elephants said they would think it over. "Be here tomorrow at this time and we will swing the deal," said the leader of the apes, and the apes went away to call on some people who were hunting for merchandise in the region.

"It's the very best ivory," the leader of the apes told the leader of the people. "One hundred elephants, two hundred tusks. All yours for oranges and peanuts."

"That's enough ivory for a small ivory tower," said the leader of the people, "or four hundred billiard balls and a thousand piano keys. I will cable my agent to ship your nuts and oranges, and to sell the billiard balls and piano keys. The business of business is business, and the heart of the matter is speed."

"We will close the deal," said the leader of the apes.

"Where is the merchandise now?" inquired the leader of the people.

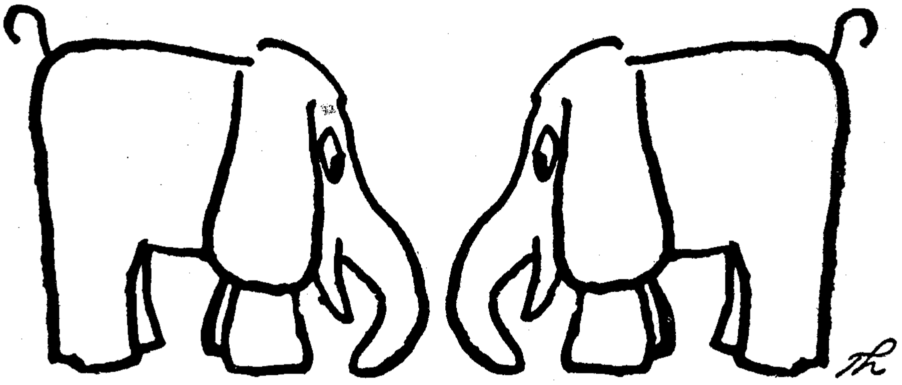
"It's eating, or mating, but it will be at the appointed place at the appointed hour," replied the chief ape. But it wasn't. The elephants had thought it over, and reconsidered, and they forgot to show up the following day, for elephants are good at forgetting when forgetting is good. There was a great to-do in the marts of world trade when the deal fell through, and everybody, except the elephants, got into the litigation that followed: the Better Business Bureau, the Monkey Business Bureau, the Interspecies Commerce Commission, the federal courts, the National Association of Merchandisers, the African Bureau of Investigation, the International Association for the Advancement of Animals, and the American Legion. Opinions were handed down, rules were promulgated, subpoenas were issued, injunctions were granted and denied, and objections were sustained and overruled. The Patriotic League of American Women Against Subversion took an active part until it was denounced as subversive by a man who later withdrew his accusation and made a fortune on the sale of two books, "I Made My Bed" and "I Lie in My Teeth."

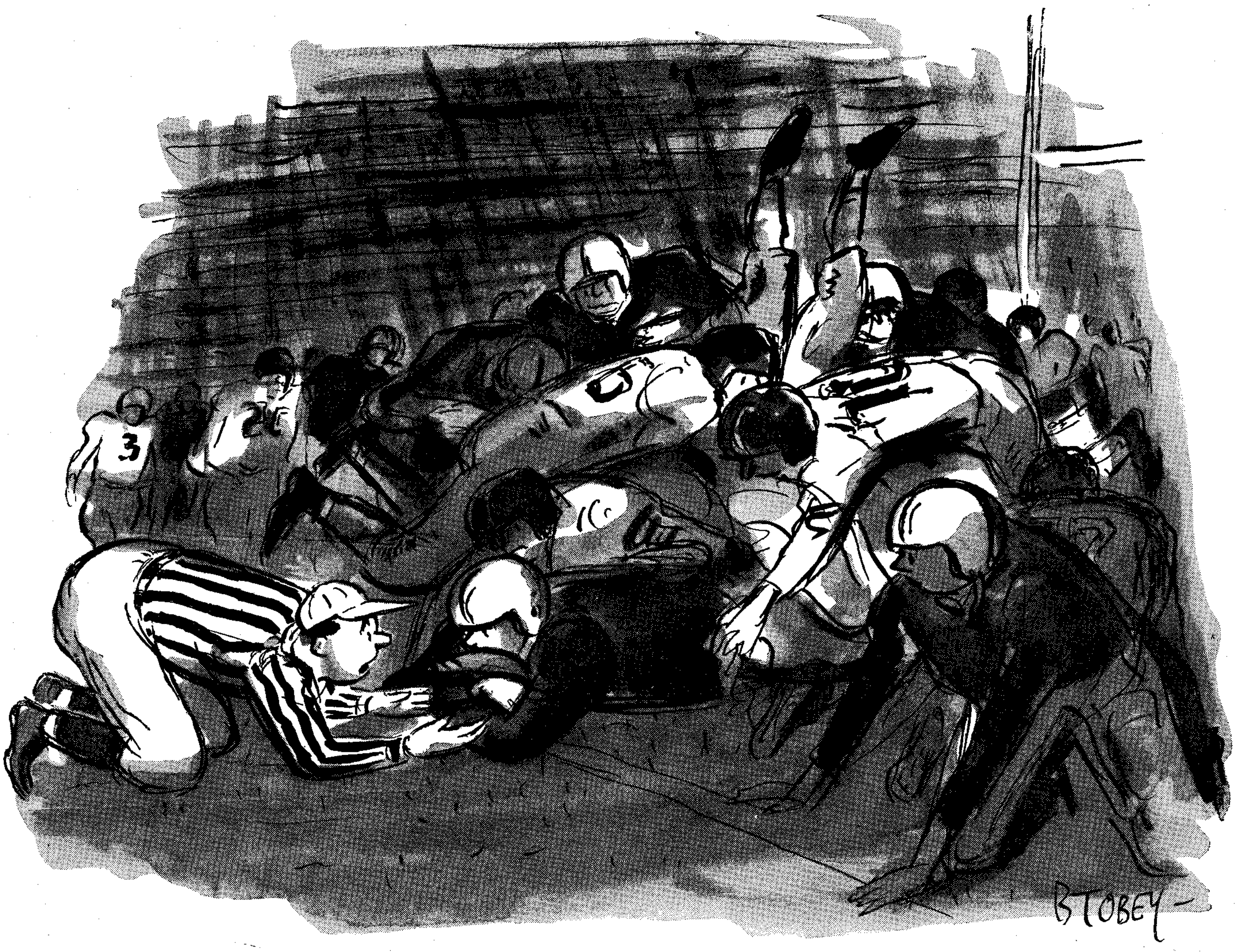
The elephants kept their ivory, and nobody got any billiard balls or piano keys, or a single nut or an orange.

*Moral: Men of all degrees should form this prudent habit: Never serve a rabbit stew before you catch the rabbit.*

## OLIVER AND THE OTHER OSTRICHES

AN austere ostrich of awesome authority was lecturing younger ostriches one day on the superiority of their species to all other species. "We





*"It's me, Colby, the referee. It's all right to give me the ball."*

* *

were known to the Romans—or, rather, the Romans were known to us," he said. "They called us *avis struthio*, and we called them Romans. The Greeks called us *strouthion*, which means 'truthful one,' or, if it doesn't, it should. We are the biggest birds, and therefore the best. Anything any bird can do, we can do better."

All his listeners cried "Hear! Hear!" except a thoughtful one named Oliver. "We can't fly backward like the hummingbird," he said aloud.

"The hummingbird is losing ground," said the old ostrich. "We are going places, we are moving forward."

"Hear! Hear!" cried all the other ostriches except Oliver.

"We lay the biggest eggs and therefore the best eggs," continued the old lecturer.

"The robin's eggs are prettier," said Oliver.

"Robins' eggs produce nothing but robins," said the old ostrich. "Robins are lawn-bound worm addicts."

"Hear! Hear!" cried all the other ostriches except Oliver.

"We get along on four toes, whereas Man needs ten," the elderly instructor reminded his class.

"But Man can fly sitting down, and we can't fly at all," commented Oliver.

The old ostrich glared at him severely, first with one eye and then the other. "Man is flying too fast for a world that is round," he said. "Soon he will catch up with himself, in a great rear-end collision, and Man will never know that what hit Man from behind was Man."

"Hear! Hear!" cried all the other ostriches except Oliver.

"We can make ourselves invisible in time of peril by sticking our heads in the sand," ranted the lecturer. "Nobody else can do that."

"How do we know we can't be seen if we can't see?" demanded Oliver.

"Sophistry!" cried the old ostrich, and all the other ostriches except Oliver cried "Sophistry!," not knowing what it meant.

Just then the master and the class heard a strange alarming sound, a sound like thunder growing close and growing closer. It was not the thunder of weather, though, but the thunder of a vast herd of rogue elephants in full stampede, frightened by nothing, fleeing nowhere. The old ostrich and all the other ostriches except Oliver quickly stuck their heads in the sand. Oliver took refuge behind a large nearby rock until the storm of beasts had passed, and when he came out he beheld a sea of sand and bones and feathers—all that was left of the old teacher and his disciples. Just to be sure, however, Oliver called the roll, but there was no answer until he came to his own name. "Oliver," he said.

"Here! Here!" said Oliver, and that was the only sound there was on the desert except for a faint, final rumble of thunder on the horizon.

*Moral: Thou shalt not build thy house, nor yet thy faith, upon the sand.*

—James Thurber

# SUNDAY TEASING

SUNDAY morning: waking, he felt long as a galaxy, and just lacked the will to get up, to unfurl the great sleepy length beneath the covers and go be disillusioned in the ministry by some servile, peace-of-mind-peddling preacher. If it wasn't peace of mind, it was the integrated individual, and if it wasn't the integrated individual, it was the power hidden within each one of us. Never a stern old commodity like sin or remorse, never an open-faced superstition. So he decided, without pretending that it was the preferable course as well as the easier, to stay home and read Saint Paul.

His wife fussed around the apartment with a too determined silence; whenever he read the Bible, she acted as if he were playing solitaire without having first invited her to play rummy, or as if he were delivering an oblique attack on Jane Austen and Henry Green, whom she mostly read. Trying to bring her into the Sunday-morning club, he said, "Here's my grandfather's favorite passage, First Corinthians eleven, verse three. 'But I would have you know, that the head of every man is Christ; and the head of the woman is the man; and the head of Christ is God.' He loved reading that to my mother. It infuriated her."

A mulish perplexity occupied Macy's usually bland features. "*What?* The head? The head of every man. What does 'the head' mean, exactly? I'm sorry, I just don't understand."

If he had been able to answer her immediately, he would have done so with a smile, but, though the sense of "head" in the text was perfectly clear, he couldn't find a synonym. After a silence he said, "It's so obvious."

"Read me the passage again. I really didn't hear it."

"No," he said.

"Come on, please. 'The head of the man is God . . .' "

"No."

She turned abruptly and went into the kitchen. "All you do is tease," she said, from in there. "You think it's so funny." He hadn't been teasing her at all, but her saying it put the idea into his head.

THEY were having a friend to the midday meal that Sunday—Leonard Byrne, a Jewish friend who, no matter what the discussion was about, turned it to matters of the heart and body. "Do you realize," he said, halfway through the lamb chops, and after a round of remarks concerning the movie "Camille" had unexpectedly died, "that in our home it was nothing for my father to kiss me? When I'd come home from summer camp, he'd actually em*brace* me—physically embrace me. No inhibitions about it at all. In my home, it was *nothing* for men physically to show affection for one another. I remember my uncle when he came to visit had *no* inhibitions about warmly embracing my father. One thing I find repugnant, personally re*pug*nant, about the American home is that there is none of that. It's evident that the American male has some innate fear of being mistaken for a homosexual. But *why*, that's the interesting thing—*why* should he be so protective of his virility? Why shouldn't the American father kiss the American son, when it's done in Italy, in Russia, in France?"

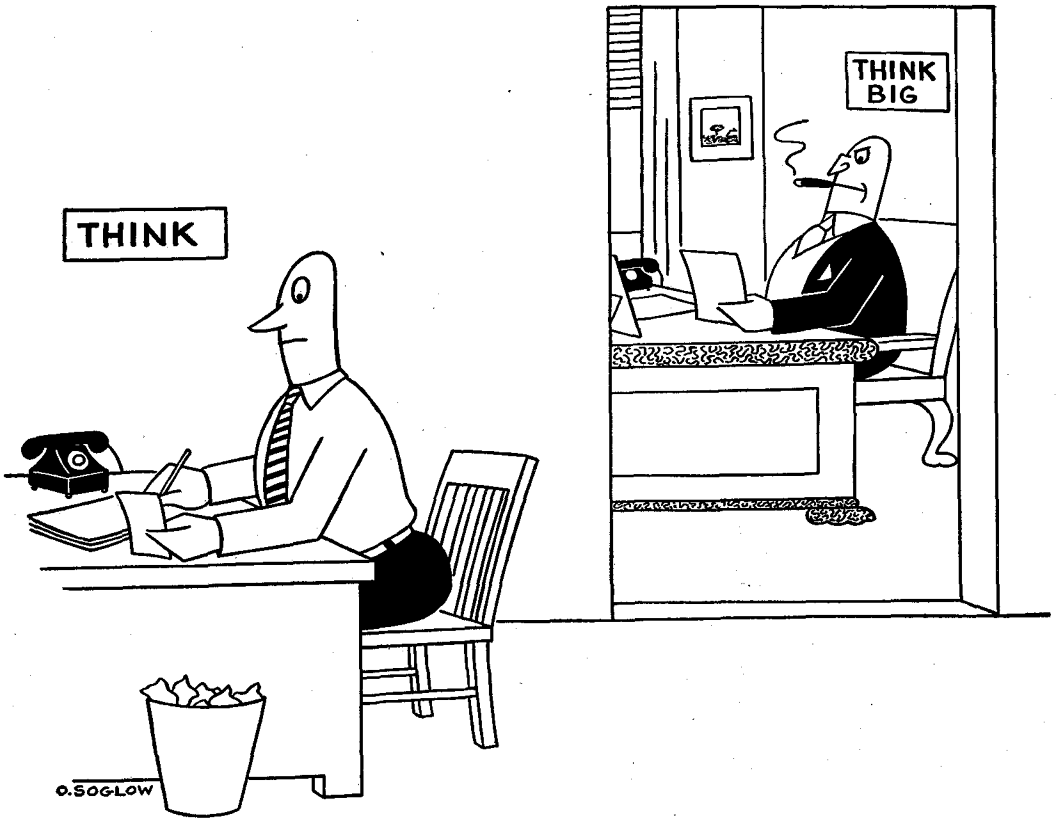
"It's the pioneer," Macy said. She seldom volunteered her opinions, and in this case, Arthur felt, did it only to keep Leonard from running on and on and eventually embarrassing himself. Now she was stuck with the words "It's the pioneer," which, to judge from her face, were beginning to seem idiotic to her. "Those men *had* to be virile," she gamely continued. "They were out there alone."

"By the way," Leonard said, resting his elbow on the very edge of the table and tilting his head toward her, for suaveness. "Do you know—it has been established beyond all doubt—that the American pioneer was a drunkard? But that's not the point. Yes, people say 'the pioneer,' but I can't quite see how that affects me, as a second-generation American."

"But that's it," Arthur told him. "It doesn't. You just said yourself that your family wasn't American. They kissed each other. Now take me. *I'm* an American. Eleventh-generation German. White, Protestant, Gentile, small-town, middle-class. I am *pure* American. And do you know, I have never seen my father kiss my mother. Never."

Leonard, of course, was outraged ("That's shocking," he said. "That is truly shocking"), but it was Macy's reaction Arthur was angling for. It was hard to separate her perturbation at the announcement from the perturbation caused by her not knowing if he was lying or not. "That's not true," she told Leonard, but then asked Arthur, "Is it?"

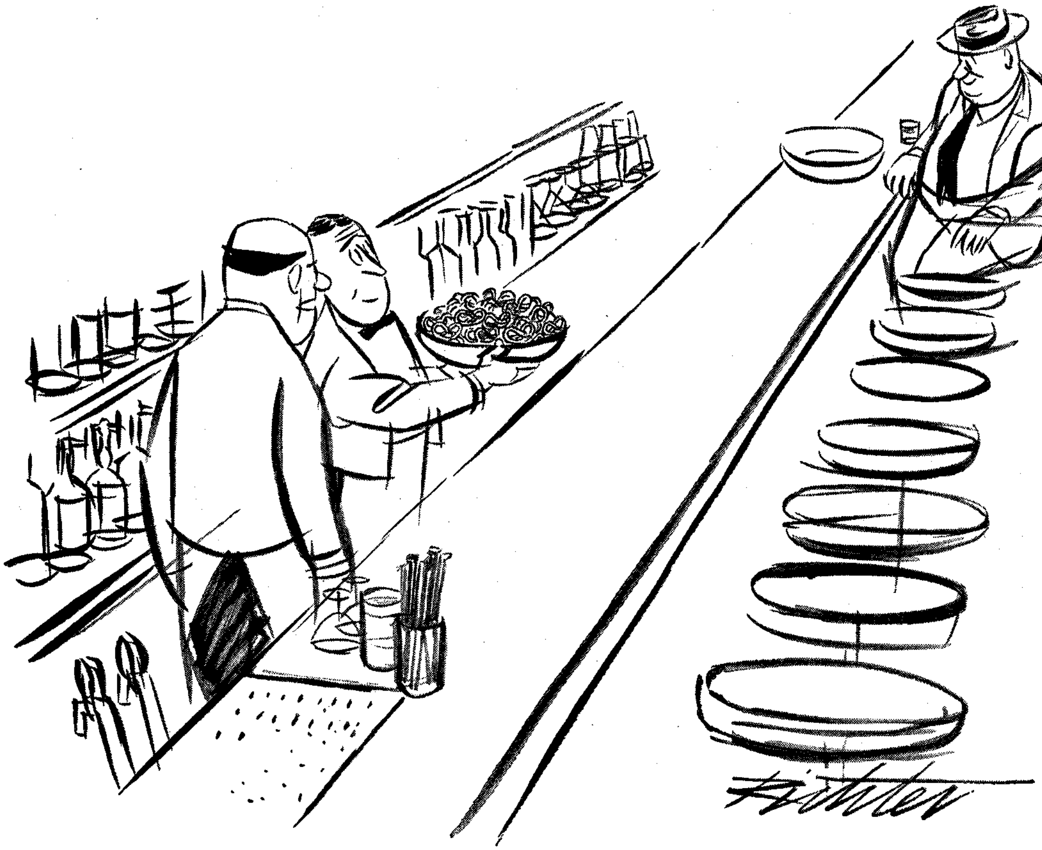
"Of course it's true," he said, talking more to Leonard than to Macy. "Our family dreaded body contact. Years went by without my touching my mother. When I went to college, she got into the habit of hugging me goodbye, and



now does it whenever we go home. But in my teens, when she was younger, there was nothing of the sort."

"You know, Arthur, that really frightens me," Leonard said.

"Why? Why should it? It never occurred to my father to manhandle me. He used to carry me when I was little, but when I got too heavy, he stopped. Just like my mother stopped dressing me when I could do it myself." Arthur decided to push the proposition farther, since nothing he had said since "I have never seen my father kiss my mother" had aroused as much interest. "After a certain age, the normal American boy is raised by casual people who just see in him a source of income—movie-house managers, garage attendants, people in luncheonettes. The man who ran the luncheonette where I ate did nothing but cheat us out of our money and crab about the noise we made, but I loved that man like a father."



*"No more for him. He's had enough."*

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"That's *ter*rible, Arthur," Leonard said. "In my family we didn't really trust anybody outside the family. Not that we didn't have friends. We had lots of friends. But it wasn't quite the *same*. Macy, your mother kissed you, didn't she?"

"Oh, yes. All the time. And my father."

"Ah, but Macy's parents are humanists," Arthur said. "Now to go back to your *why* this should be so. What do we know about the United States other than the fact that it was settled by pioneers? It is a Protestant country, perhaps the only one. What is Protestantism? It is a vision of attaining God with nothing but the mind. Nothing but the mind alone on a mountaintop."

"Yes, yes, of course. We know that," Leonard said, though in fact Arthur had just stated (he now remembered) not a definition of Protestantism but Chesterton's definition of Puritanism.

"In place of the bureaucratic, interceding Church," Arthur went on, trying to correct himself, flushing because his argument had urged him into the sacred groves of his mind, "Luther's notion of Christ is substituted. The reason why in Catholic countries everybody kisses each other is that it's a huge family—God is a family, the Church is a family, even heretics are kind of black sheep of the family, linked to the hearth by defiance. The Protestant knows no links. Man *should* be lonely. Why should the father pester the son?"

"Yes, yes," Leonard said, puzzling Arthur; he had meant the statements to be debatable.

Arthur felt his audience was bored, because they were eating again, so he said, as a punch, "I know when we have kids I'm certainly not going to kiss Macy in front of them."

It was too harsh a thing to say, too bold; he was too excited. Macy said nothing, did not even look up, but her face was tense with an accusatory meekness.

"No, I don't mean that," Arthur said. "It's all lies, lies, lies, lies. My family was very close."

Macy said to Leonard softly, "Don't you believe it. He's been telling the truth."

"I know it," Leonard said. "I've always felt that about Arthur's home ever since I met him. I really have."

And though Leonard could console himself with this supposed insight, something uncongenial had been injected into the gathering, and he became depressed; his mood clouded the room, weighed on their temples like smog, and when, three hours later, he left, both Arthur and Macy were unwilling to let him go because he had not had a good time. In a guilty spurt of hospitality, they chattered to him of future arrangements. Leonard walked down the stairs with his hat at an angle less jaunty than when he had come up those stairs—a somehow damp angle, as if he had confused his inner drizzle with a state of outer weather.

IT was five o'clock. Macy mentioned that she didn't feel well and couldn't eat a bite. Arthur put Benny Goodman's 1938 Carnegie Hall Concert on the record-player and, rousing his wife from the Sunday *Times*, insisted that she, who had been raised on Scarlatti and Purcell, take notice of Jess Stacy's classic piano solo on "Sing, Sing, Sing," which he played twice, for her benefit. He prepared some chicken-with-rice soup for himself, mixing the can with just half a can of water, since it would be for only one person and need not be too much thinned. The soup, heated to a simmer, looked so flavorful that he asked Macy if she really didn't want any. She looked up and thought. "Just a cupful," she said, which left him enough to fill a large bowl—plenty, though not a luxurious plenitude.

"Mm. That was so good," she said after finishing it.

"Feel better?"

"Slightly."

Macy was reading through a collection of short stories, and Arthur brought the rocking chair from the bedroom and joined her by the lamp, with his paperback copy of "The Tragic Sense of Life." Here again she misunderstood him; he knew that his reading Unamuno depressed her, and he was reading the book not to depress her but to get the book finished and depress her no longer. She knew nothing of the contents except for his remark one time that according to the author the source of religion is the unwillingness to die, yet she was suspicious.

"Why don't you ever read anything except scary philosophy?" she asked him.

"It isn't scary," he said. "The man's a Christian, sort of."

"You should read some fiction."

"I will, I will as soon as I finish this."

Perhaps an hour passed. "Oh," Macy said, dropping her book to the floor. "That's *so* terrible, it's so *awful*."

He looked at her inquiringly. She was close to tears. "There's a story in here," she explained. "It just makes you sick. I don't want to think about it."

"See, if you'd read Kierkegaard instead of squalid fiction—"

"No, really. I don't even think it's a good story, it's so awful."

He read the story himself, and Macy moved into the sling chair facing him. He was conscious of her body as clouds of pale color beyond the edge of the page, stirring with gentle unease, like a dawn. "Very good," Arthur said when he was done. "Quite moving."

"It's so horrible," Macy said. "Why was he so awful to his wife?"

"It's all explained. He was out of his caste. He was trapped. A perfectly nice man, corrupted by bad luck."

"How can you *say* that? That's so ridiculous."

"Ridiculous! Why Macy, the whole pathos of the story lies in the fact that the man, for all his selfishness and cruelty, loves the woman. After all, *he's* telling the story, and if the wife emerges as a sympathetic character, it's because that's the way he sees her. The description of her at the train—here. 'As the train glided away she turned toward me her face, calm and so sweet and which, in the instant before it vanished, appeared a radiant white heart.' " The story, clumsily translated from the French, was titled "Un Cœur Blanc." "And then later, remembering—'It gladdens me that I was able then to simulate a depth of affection that I did not at that time feel. She too generously repaid me, and in that zealous response was there not her sort of victory?' That's absolutely sympathetic, you see. It's a terrific image—this perceptive man caged in his own weak character."

To his surprise, Macy had begun to cry. Tears mounted from the lower lids of eyes still looking at him. "Macy," he said, kneeling by her chair and touching his forehead to hers. He earnestly wished her well at that moment, yet his actions seemed hurried and morbid. "What is it? Of course I feel sorry for the woman."

"You said he was a *nice* man."

"I didn't."

"Yes, you did. 'He's a wonderfully nice man.' "

"I didn't mean it. I meant that the horror of the story lies in the fact that the man *does* understand, that he does love the woman."

"It just shows, it shows how *different* we are."

"No we're not. We're exactly alike. Our noses"—he touched hers, then his—"are alike as two peas, our mouths like two turnips, our chins like two hamsters." She laughed sobbingly, but the silliness of his refutation proved the truth of her remark.

He held her as long as her crying remained strenuous, and when it relented, she moved to the sofa and lay down, saying, "It's awful when you have an ache and don't know if it's your head or your ear or your tooth."

He put the palm of his hand on her forehead. He could never tell about fevers. Her skin felt warm, but then human beings were warm things. "Have you taken your temperature?"

"I don't know where the thermometer is. Broken, probably." She lay in a forsaken attitude, with one arm, the bluish underside uppermost, extended outward, supported in midair by the limits of its flexure. "Oog," she said, sticking out her tongue. "This room is a mess." The Bible had never been replaced in the row of books; it lay on its side, spanning four secular volumes. Several glasses, drained after dinner, stood like castle sentries on the window sill, the mantel, and the lowest shelf of the bookcase. Leonard had left his rubbers under the table. The jacket of the Goodman record lay on the rug, and the Sunday *Times*, that manifold summation of a week's confusion, was oppressively everywhere. Arthur's soup bowl was still on the table; Macy's cup, cockeyed in the saucer, rested by her chair, along with Unamuno and the collection of short stories. "It's always so awful," she said. "Why don't you ever help to keep the room neat?"

"I will, I will. Now you go to bed." He guided her into the other room and took her temperature. She kept the thermometer in her mouth as she undressed and got into her nightgown. He read her temperature as 98.8°. "Very very slight," he told her. "I prescribe sleep."

"I look so pale," she said in front of the bathroom mirror.

"We never should have discussed 'Camille.' " When she was in bed, her face pink against the white pillow and the rest of her covered, he said, "You and Garbo. Tell me how Garbo says, 'You're fooling me.' "

"You're fooling me," she said in a fragile Swedish whisper.

Back in the living room, Arthur returned the books to the shelves, tearing even strips from the *Times* real-estate section as bookmarks. He assembled the newspaper and laid it on a window sill. He stood holding Leonard's rubbers for ten seconds, then dropped them in a corner. He took the record off of the phonograph, slipped it into its envelope, and hid it in the closet with the others.

Lastly, he collected the dishes and glasses and washed them. As he stood at the sink, his hands in water that, where the suds thinned and broke, showed a silvery gray, the Sunday's events repeated themselves in his mind, bending like nacreous flakes around a central infrangible irritant, becoming the perfect and luminous thought: *You don't know anything.*

—John Updike

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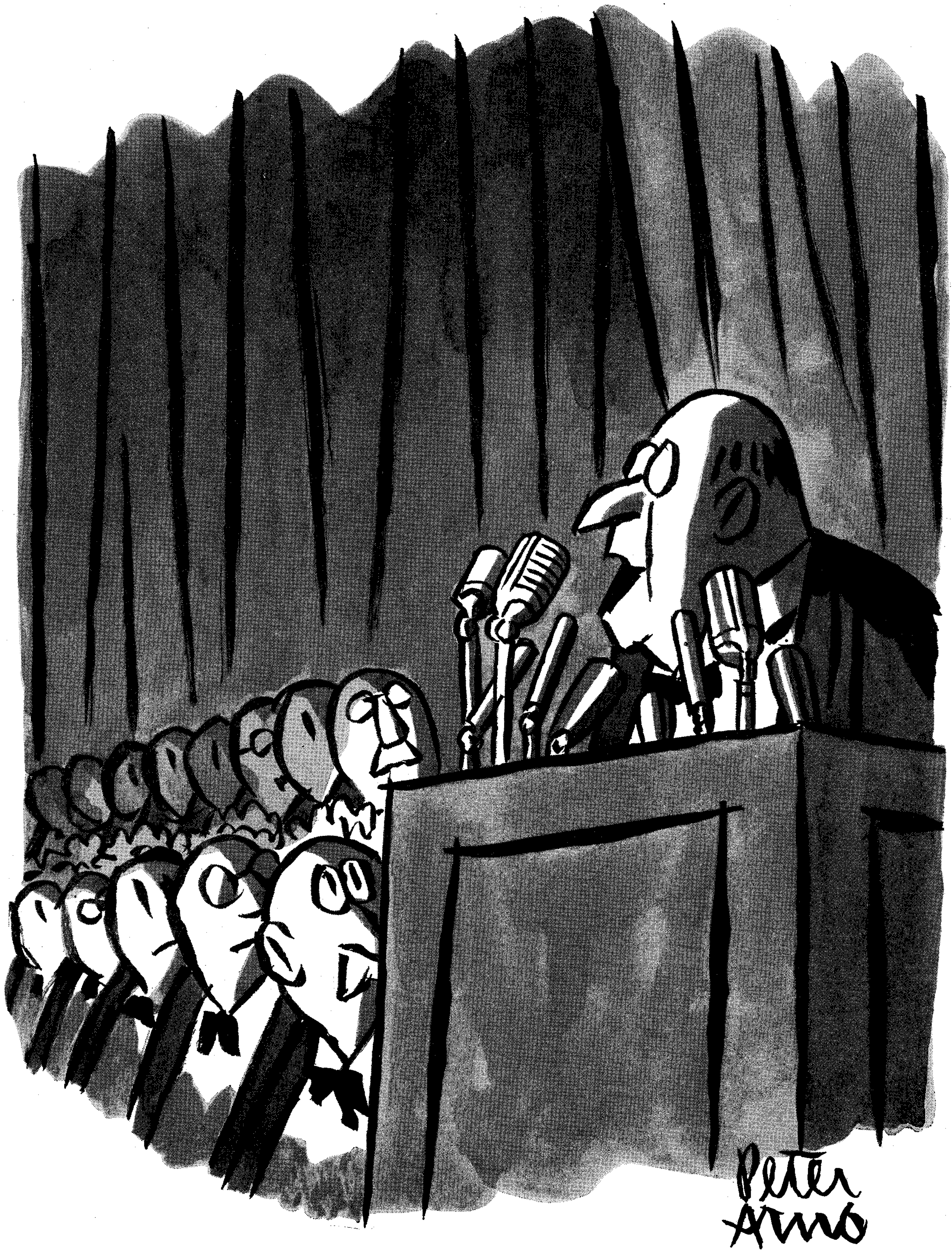
## HARVEST

Even after sunshine rang the crop
Of harvest bells so that the seeds like little
Clappers chimed the bins and barns and carts,
The licit gleaning wove the ground to make
A fourth season, and the year a measure.

The barley eyes dissolve to gold perception,
The sun stares back as night observes the blind,
And, in the liquefaction of the glass,
Where, grain by grain, decays the hour, one
By one, the reapers row across the chaff.

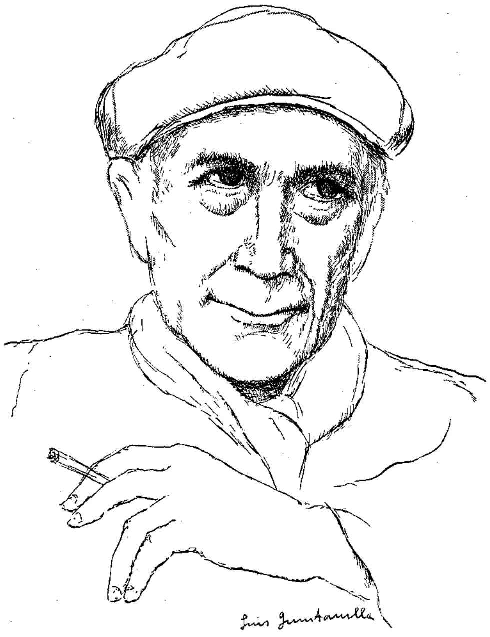
—Andrew Oerke



*"Mr. Chairman . . . ladies and gentlemen . . . fellow-microphones . . ."*

# PROFILES

## MASTER—II

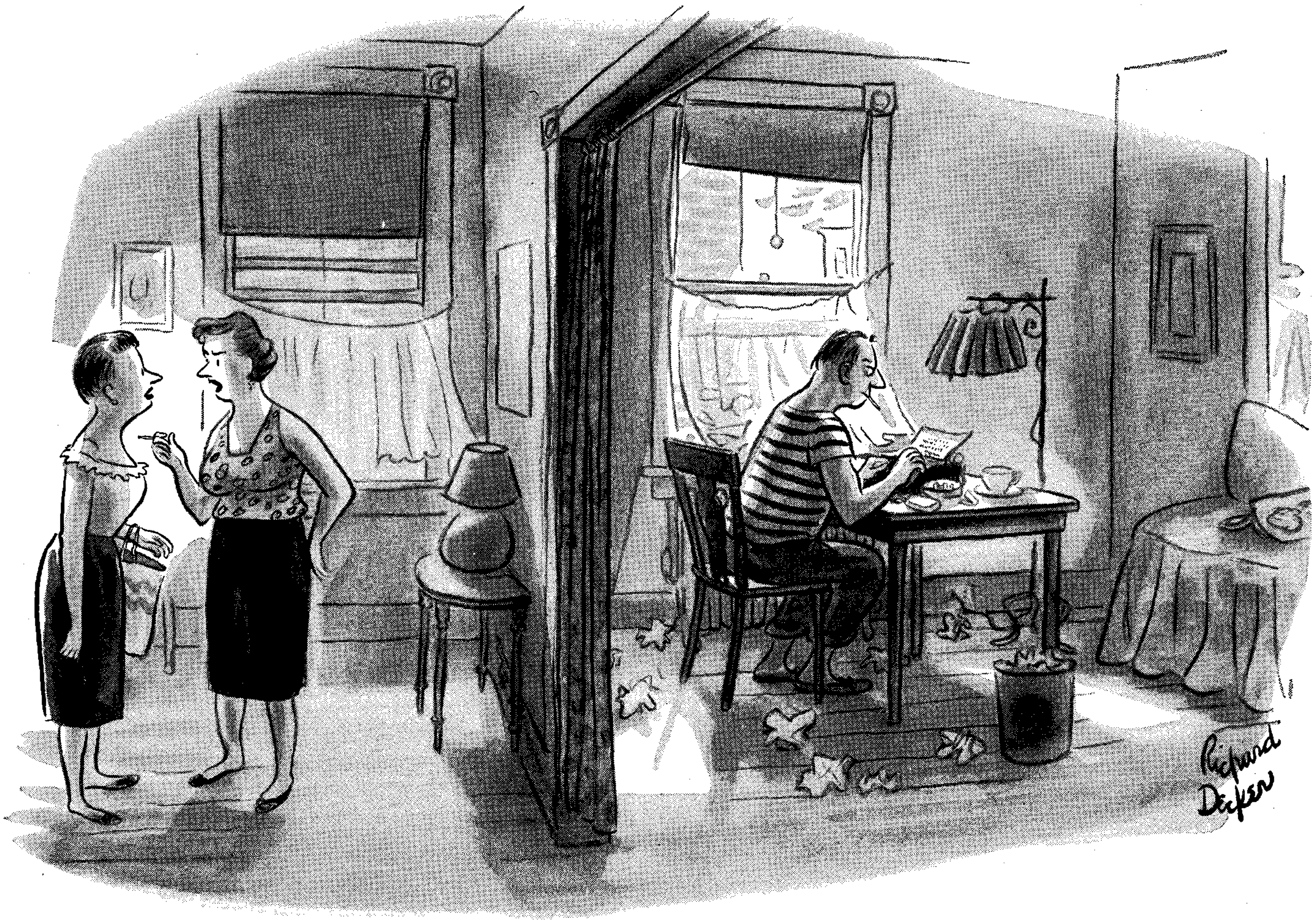


*Georges Braque*

AS a Cubist painter in the spring of 1911, Georges Braque, the son and grandson of house painters, suddenly made the first use in his art of his early training in the family trade. Cubism, which he and Pablo Picasso had separately invented and which they dominated as young Paris masters working in parallel, had started as an analytical art-geometry of space, taking art out of the hands of nature, which no longer directed, inspired, or was imitated. Analytical Cubism's non-naturalism and its fundamental new way of treating volume and of disdaining perspective were to have a force of the greatest and, so far, the most lasting importance. Cubism is still regarded in the Western world as having been the most influential new technique of modern art. It gave the modern look to the surface of our lives. For twenty years, on both sides of the Atlantic, it imposed its mark on typography, advertising, designing, decoration, housefurnishing, textiles, stage sets, and the visual arts generally, and it especially affected architecture, where its vigor is still visible. But in those pivotal spring months of 1911 it had entered so esoteric a stage that it was called "hermetic" Cubism, and it was well named. Few people except the painters knew what their paintings signified. Braque, during his teens, when he was an apprentice with house-painting firms in Le Havre and Paris, had learned to draw letters and numbers, in case one of his firm's customers might want something as simple as a sign painted. He now started putting the alphabet and numerals into his art—with Picasso following suit—and these became an identifying characteristic of early Cubism, second only to its original cubes. The picture in which Braque first used letters and numbers, that spring of 1911, was "The Portuguese" (now in the Basel Kunstmuseum). It was named for a Portuguese guitar player he had heard in a Marseille bar the summer before. The picture displays an impressive pyramidal composition, presumably the guitarist, and in an upper corner, in capital letters, appears the word "BAL," clearly taken by the painter from some printed advertisement for a local public dance; beneath it is an ampersand, which must have been included because Braque liked its shape, and below that are the figures "10, 40," which doubtless stand for ten francs forty centimes, a memorably high price for drinks at that time in a Mediterranean bar.

The innovation put random items of reality back into a way of painting that had become dehumanized. As obvious symbols of memory associations, these legible items also introduced an unexpected anecdotal quality into Cubism, from which any such reports on life had been ruthlessly removed. In using painted words, or parts of them, Cubism took on a local, communicative tone, with many of Braque's and Picasso's canvases giving a kind of detached shorthand account of what the two painters had been seeing and where, and, in a way, on how they lived. They lived inexpensive bohemian lives in Montmartre, taking their relaxation in corner cafés. Their subject matter now turned increasingly to café still-lifes, featuring bottles with the names of the drinks spelled out or indicated by enough letters to identify them. One of Braque's café still-lifes, now in the New York Museum of Modern Art, has the word "SODA" printed on it. Another, titled "Rum Bottle," and now in the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pulitzer, Jr., of St. Louis, has the word "RHUM" in its center. At one time or another, Braque and Picasso painted pictures containing the words "ALE," "BASS," and "VIEUX MARC," the last being one of their specialties, sometimes appearing only as "MARC," or even as "VIEUX," and occasionally as "MARC DE BOURG[OGNE]." Picasso did a picture called "Still-Life with a Guitar," displaying at its top the letters "ENNES," possibly to be read as "[H]ENNES[SY]," the cognac, but perhaps standing for "[R]ENNES," a street cater-corner from the Café des Deux Magots, on which a well-known curio dealer had his shop; it was at this shop that both Braque and Picasso had bought Negro masks from the Congo. The extravagant Picasso, who painted letters much less well than Braque, never having been trained as a house painter, used far more of them. In a rather prolix picture called "Scallop Shells," he used twenty. He also painted one picture with Russian letters on it. In their lettered canvases, both men repeatedly used *Le Journal*, their favorite newspaper—pictorially, anyhow. At first they inserted its name in full, and then in abbreviations, such as "JOURN," "JOUR," "JOU," or even "LE JO," all of which made it the Paris daily with the most artistic unpaid publicity in newspaper history. Around 1912, they featured varied smaller café iconography, such as playing cards, drinking glasses, pipes, cigarettes, and packages of cigarette papers or matches, with occasional dice—Cubism having taken what Fernande Olivier, Picasso's model and mistress of the time, observantly called "a more material form." The young Spanish Cubist Juan Gris, who in following their system of painting had included its paraphernalia, did a masterly café still-life called "The Siphon," perfectly recognizable by its beak-shaped metal head, with glasses of wine floating over and beside it. What Toulouse-Lautrec, with his romanticism and veracity, had done for the Montmartre dance halls, Braque and Picasso, with their reportorial Cubist neo-realism, did in a new way for the corner cafés, including trivia and truths that no serious European artists had ever included before. These Cubist still-lifes were painted in a modern vulgate, rather than in the literary tradition that had influenced the previous French painters of the same scenes.

The use of musical instruments had become another Cubist trademark. It was Braque, a music lover, who had introduced them; Juan Gris said that guitars were for Braque what Madonnas had been for Italian primitive painters. Over the years, Braque and Picasso painted an evocative repertory of musical Cubist still-lifes, with guitars, mandolins, violins, clarinets, and lutes. (Braque even painted metronomes.) They painted sheet music, clefs, music



*"He could write a mystery, he could write a historical novel, and he'd make a fortune. But no, he's got to write about what a crummy childhood he had."*

• •

bars, notes, and violin scrolls and pegs, and they painted the words "DUO," "POLKA," "CONCERT," "RONDO," "SONATE," and "VALSE." Rameau, Couperin, and Bach were Braque's favorite composers then, and he played a very passable Bach on his accordion. One of his most renowned Cubist paintings is his 1912 "Homage to J. S. Bach," a monumental architectural composition suggesting the pipes of an organ with the outlines of a recumbent violin and bearing the name "BACH, J.S." Around 1930, after figuring in various collections, this canvas came on the market again in Paris. The dealer and collector Henri-Pierre Roché, an old friend of Braque's, took it on loan to the painter's studio and said to him, "I want to buy a Braque that pleases me, but I want to buy one that pleases you, too." Braque unwrapped the picture, balanced it across a chair, drew up another chair a few paces away, sat down with his hands on his knees, and said, "It's been a long time since I saw this one." He sat silent and immobile for about ten minutes, with his eyes travelling back and forth across the canvas, stopping in concentration and then ranging again while he steadily observed, explored, remembered, and revalued. Then he said calmly, "*Ça va.* It's all right. Buy it."

BY 1911, Cubism had become a Paris movement among avant-garde artists whose names were to be well known in the future, though not necessarily as permanent Cubists. "One way or the other, either for or against, they were all agitated by it," Braque said many years later, with satisfaction, adding, "All except Matisse, who was fifteen years older than we were, who had found his own truth for himself, and who altogether missed out on what we were doing." Even by 1910, the list of talented Paris artists practicing some kind of Cubism included Robert Delaunay, the first to paint it highly colored; Fernand Léger, whose Cubism soon became pipe-shaped and was inevitably called Tubism; André Derain; André Lhote; Francis Picabia; Marie Laurencin; Roger de la Fresnaye; Henri le Fauconnier; Jean Metzinger and Albert Gleizes, who became professional Cubists and were soon teaching the style; the Polish engraver Louis Marcoussis; the Russian sculptor Alexander Archipenko; and, to a degree, the Rumanian sculptor Constantin Brancusi. Three brothers of the talented Duchamp family joined up: the painter Gaston, known and finally famous under the pseudonym of Jacques Villon; the sculptor Raymond, who called himself Duchamp-Villon; and the celebrated Marcel Duchamp himself, whose "Nude Descending a Staircase" was to be the Cubist scandal of the 1913 New York Armory Show. In the spring of 1911, these new followers of Cubism—but without the two originators, Picasso and Braque—held the first big, spectacular exhibition of the new art, in a special room in the Salon des Indépendants. Three years before, Braque had been given a private showing by the perspicacious young German art dealer Daniel-Henry Kahnweiler—the first Cubist exhibition ever held. Then the Paris press had been bewildered. Now it was ferocious, the art critics being surer than ever that they knew more about art than the artists. The critic of

I LIKE IKE, BUT I RESPECT ADLAI
Kraus

• •

*Le Journal*, which Braque and Picasso had been immortalizing, was especially violent, saying that Cubism's so-called novelty was nothing but a "return to primitive barbarism . . . to a degradation of the beauties of nature and life." After the 1911 Salon d'Automne, crowded with further Cubist works as proof of the movement's popularity, he fell back on prophecy in his review, writing, "May I avow that I do not believe in the future of Cubism? . . . It has said its last word, the swan song of pretentious impotence and self-satisfied ignorance."

But Cubism was much more potent than he thought; it was already penetrating other countries. In 1910, a pair of Picassos had been shown at the Grafton Gallery, in London, where the critic Roger Fry was their champion; an English Cubist movement, called Vorticism, was soon fully under way. In 1911, Delaunay showed in Munich with the Blue Rider group, led by Kandinsky, on whom he had a big influence. In New York in the same year, the first Cubism—again by Picasso—was shown by Stieglitz, in his Photo Secession Gallery. (One of the first New York references to Cubism appeared in a Paris note in the *Times* by Gelett Burgess, the humorist who invented the Goops. He reported on Braque's "weird productions," including "a woman with a balloon-shaped stomach.") In Italy, the year before, Umberto Boccioni had launched Cubism with the Futurism group. By 1912, pictures by Braque and Picasso were also being shown in Munich with the Kandinsky Blue Riders, and other Paris Cubism was on exhibition with the Sonderbund coterie in Cologne and with the Moderne Kunst painters in Amsterdam. Also by 1912, the Dutchman Piet Mondrian and the Mexican Diego Rivera, both living in Paris, had become Cubists. There was such a flood of Cubism in that year's Salon d'Automne, in the Grand Palais, that an uncouth city councillor wrote to the Under-Secretary of State for Beaux-Arts, telling him to go look, "and, Minister though you are, I hope you are as sick at your stomach on leaving as lots of people I know." Cubism was denounced in Parliament by a deputy, who declared that it was intolerable for a national exhibition hall to display an art "so inartistic and anti-national," and that if such odious sights were repeated, the Salon d'Automne's concession at the Grand Palais should be revoked.

Looking back, years later, on this mushroom spread of the style he had helped create, Braque was not very sympathetic, either. "Neither Picasso nor I had anything to do with Gleizes and Metzinger and the others," he said. "Their idea was to systematize Cubism. They started to lay down the law about how Cubism is like this and not like that and so on. I was hardly the man to start painting Braques in accordance with their rules. It was all intellectualism. They merely cubified what they painted. To my mind, the only one of them who conscientiously pursued his Cubist research was Juan Gris." Gris, Picasso, Léger, and Braque were members of what became known as the Kahnweiler quartet of Cubists. They were in a privileged position. As a customary thing, their paintings could be seen only in Kahnweiler's gallery and they did not exhibit in the Salons—always a public risk in Paris for any new art form. The flower of the flock of avant-garde painters, they had Kahnweiler behind them, and behind him he had a few collectors who were regular buyers. One was the Swiss Hermann Rupf, whom Kahnweiler had known when they were both young bank clerks in Germany and who still has his magnificent modern-art collection in Bern. The first Frenchman to buy was the well-to-do young Paris financier Roger Dutilleul, who liked only small Cubist pictures, because he chose to live in a small flat. Another buyer was Vincenc Kramar, the Czech art historian. In 1908, the Russian millionaire merchant Sergei Shchukin began buying from Kahnweiler for his enormous collection, which by the First World War had become the world's largest and finest private or public assemblage of French art of the début of the twentieth century; it was taken over intact by the Soviet government after the Revolution, and is now invisible in the attic of the Hermitage Museum, in Leningrad. Miss Gertrude Stein's friend Miss Alice Toklas, who knew Shchukin, recently said of him, "He was a rich Moscow gentleman who loved modern Paris art but didn't like it too modern. He preferred it to be a little stale—about three years old, by which time he'd grown used to it. Every year when he came to Paris and saw Picasso's latest work, he would moan, 'What a loss to France!,' because every year he thought that Pablo was going too far and that the pictures were terrifying and unsalable. Then he would buy pictures he had thought a loss to France three years before, which made him and Pablo both very happy." He bought fifty pictures by Picasso, thirty-seven by Matisse, and only one by Braque, whom he did not fancy—an omission that unbalanced his collection as representative of the epoch.

In the summer of 1911, Picasso and his model, Fernande Olivier, and Braque and Braque's model, the pretty Marcelle Lapré, went for holiday painting to the village of Céret, down by the Pyrenees. Braque took his accordion

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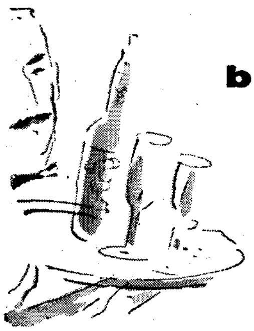

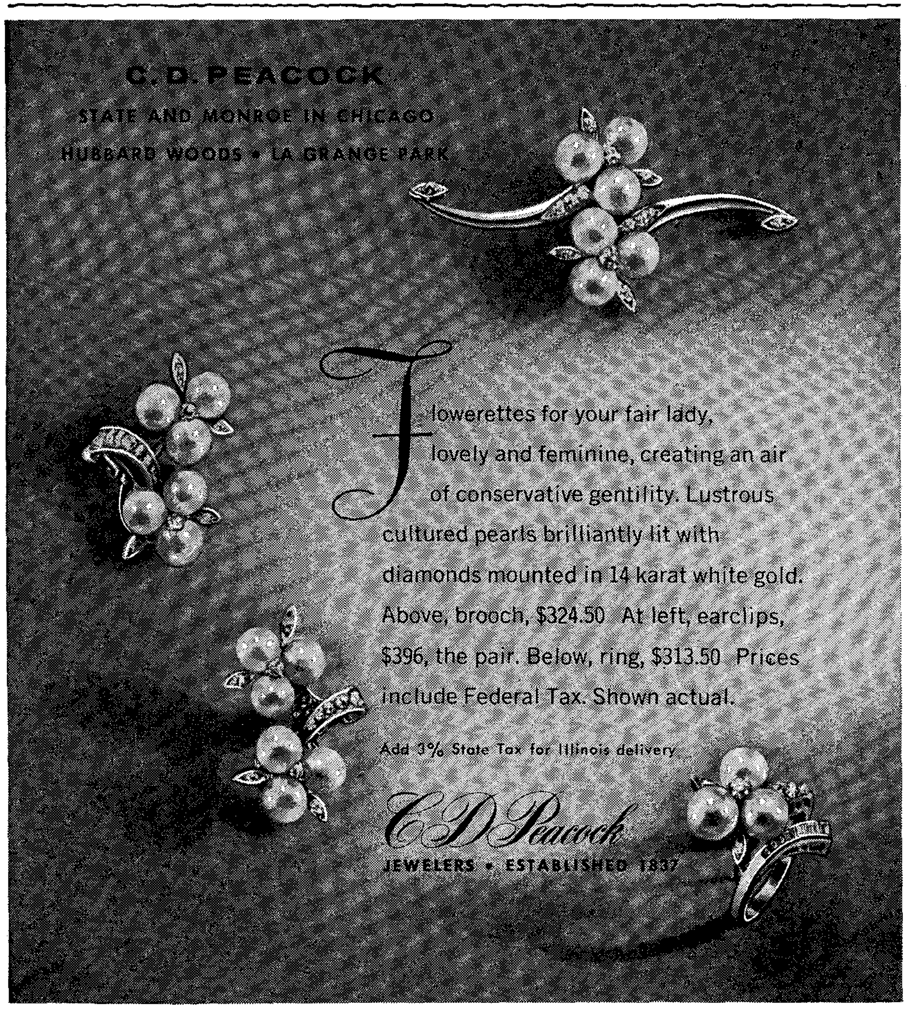

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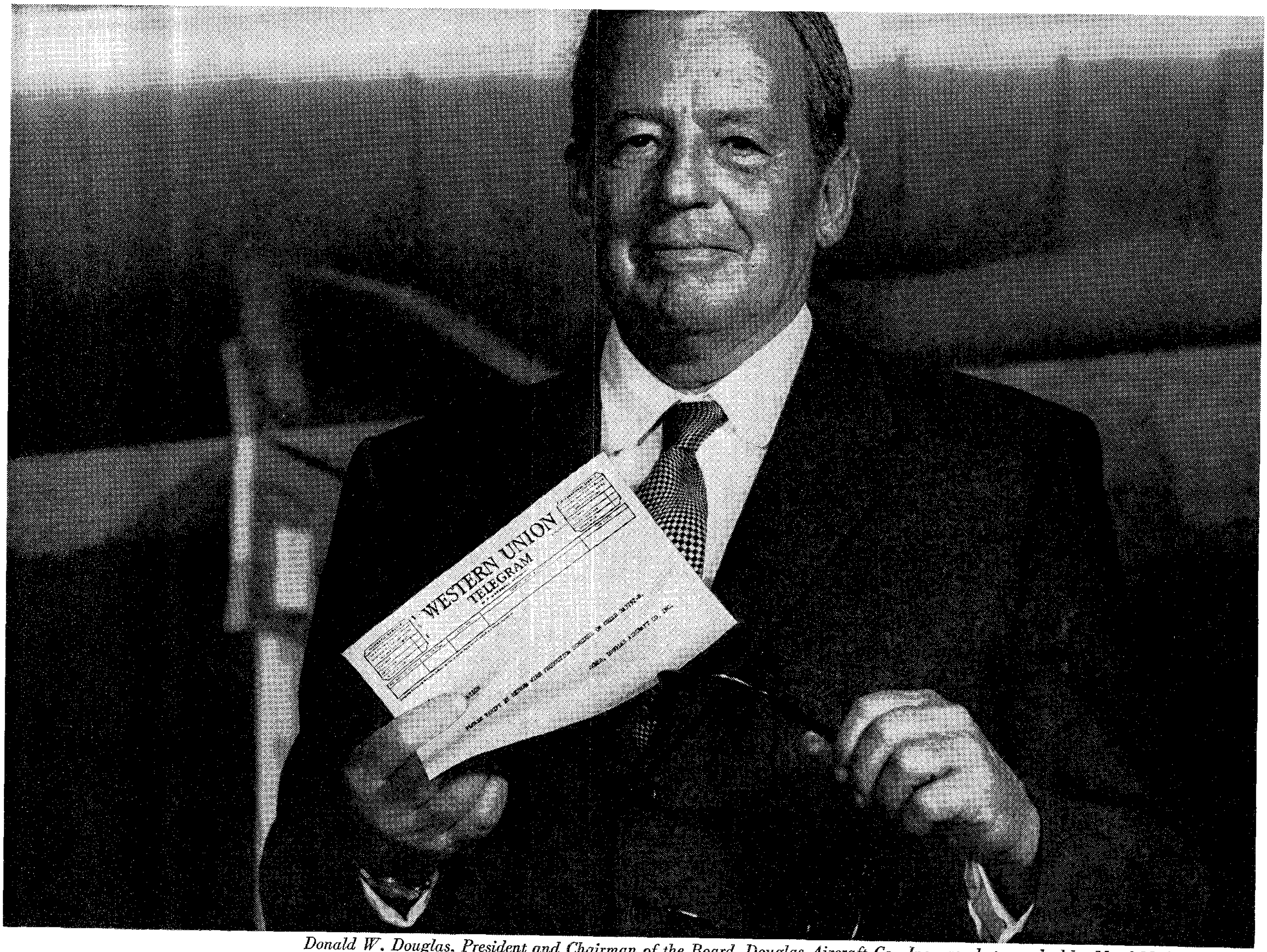
along, and Picasso painted a hermetic portrait of him that he called "Accordionist." (Instead of inscribing the title on the back of the picture, Picasso, as he often did, merely wrote the name of the town, and for years a subsequent owner of the picture enjoyed it as a Cubist landscape from around Céret.) The next summer, Picasso discovered the village of Sorgues, near Avignon, as a new place to paint, and urged Braque to join him there. Braque took a little house, called Villa Bel Air, with an attic big enough to use as a studio. In that year, he and Mlle. Lapré were married, and for the next sixteen years, except during his military service in the war, he and his wife returned to the villa for at least part of his annual summer painting. Once, he even rode down to Sorgues from Paris on his bicycle.

That first summer at Sorgues, he and Picasso were both coming to the end of their analytical Cubism, with its severities and sublimities. It had lasted only about three years. The stupid and prophetic art critic of *Le Journal* had been right, in a way, though he had been wrong about Cubism's impotence. In that brief time, it had profoundly affected the future of modern art. As a belated obituary of analytical and hermetic Cubism, the final, definitive explanatory words on it were appropriately spoken by Kahnweiler in a remarkable tape-recorded interview published in the first number of the new Paris art review *L'Œil*, in January, 1955. He said that it had obviously been revolutionary, "a profound break with the accepted habits of painting, in that what was being represented was not only one view of an object—of a bottle, for example—but a view from the side, from above, and from inside as well. In other words, an object was described in terms of what was known about it, and not only in terms of what could be seen of it." Furthermore, the artist painted several aspects of the object simultaneously—the theory of the space-time continuum—according to several angles of vision, and even projected onto it his own personal vision. Analytical Cubism entered the realms of psychology, and mnemonics, too, for, as Kahnweiler said, the artist "was also trying to represent his memory of the many different aspects that the object had assumed for him." It was an attempt that, in complexity, had no precedent in the history of painting, and, in intention, incorporated many of the interests that society was later going to specialize in as the new spirit of our half century.

Braque and Picasso were generally



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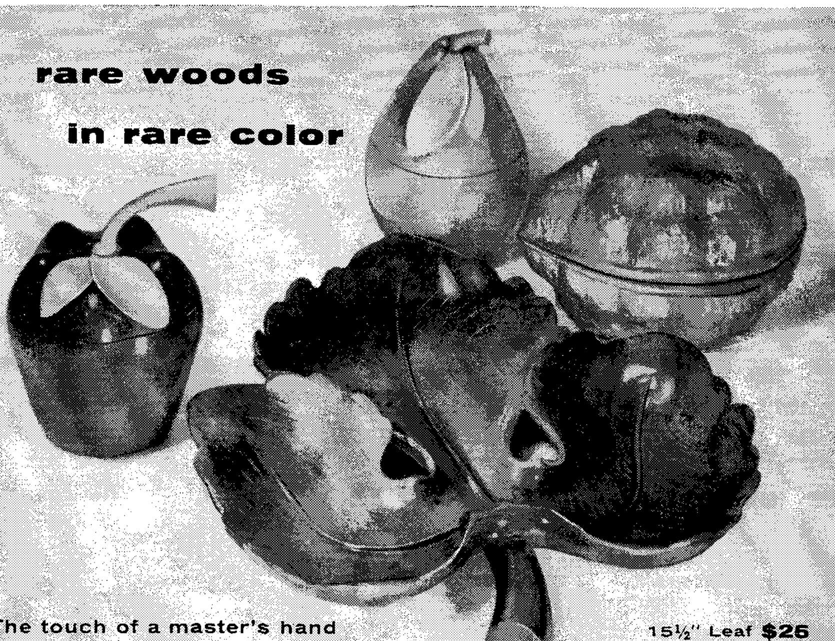

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finished with analytical Cubism in 1912. They carried on its remains, however, into lower, more popular fields. From their corner-café quasi-realities they had already started to progress even further into a serious use of the commonplace, which was one phase of the instinctive democratization of European modern art. They began simulating reality by pasting it on their pictures in what became known as *papiers-collés*, or collages, *colle* being the French word for paste. They pasted paper cutouts onto a Cubist painting or drawing as integral parts of the composition, or even made them the whole composition, and they used cutout squares or strips of all kinds of paper—newsprint, butcher's paper, plain paper, fancy paper, paper patterned in white, black, and brown (and later bright-colored paper, since it was color that they were starved for). Once or twice, Picasso, who was the first to do collages, pasted gentlemen's visiting cards on his paintings as exceptionally thick patches of white, because new surface effects, with depth and tactile values, were what both men, in their different ways, were hunting. Braque and Picasso had no intention of being fantastic or humorous. They were impersonal and serious even about Picasso's calling cards.

As a temporary system, collage was a catalyst. During the first summer at Sorgues, Braque found in a shop in nearby Avignon some brown wallpaper that imitated wood-graining, and he later pasted it in simple decorative strips on a Cubist charcoal drawing. He had already been experimenting with paper, folding it to produce sculptured Cubist shapes that must have looked much like biplane flying machines, since Picasso addressed him in a note at the time as "*Mon vieux Vilbure*"—a phonetic reference to Wilbur Wright, then widely talked of in France. Guitars having always been irresistible to both men, Braque and Picasso now repeatedly represented them, in part, by *papiers-collés* made from the wood-grained wallpaper. Then, in a tour de force of sheer fine painting, they both began doing imitations of imitations; they began painting simulations of papers that imitated reality, such as that wood-grained wallpaper and a marbleized paper they also favored—a perfect example being Braque's "Oval Still-Life (The Violin)," in the New York Museum of Modern Art. Metaphysically, in their conscientious efforts as modern artists to avoid painting reality itself, they could go no further.

Some French art experts now casuistically give almost social or political im-

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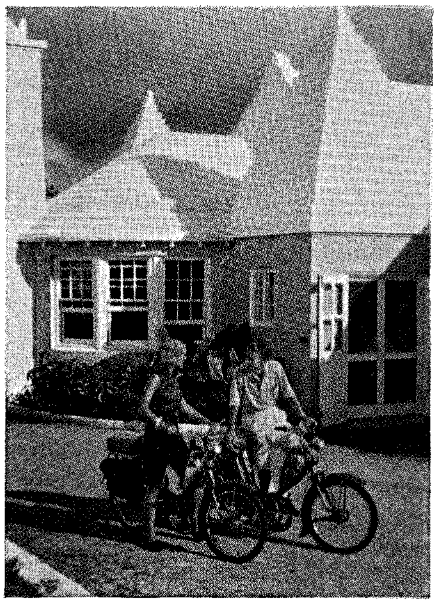
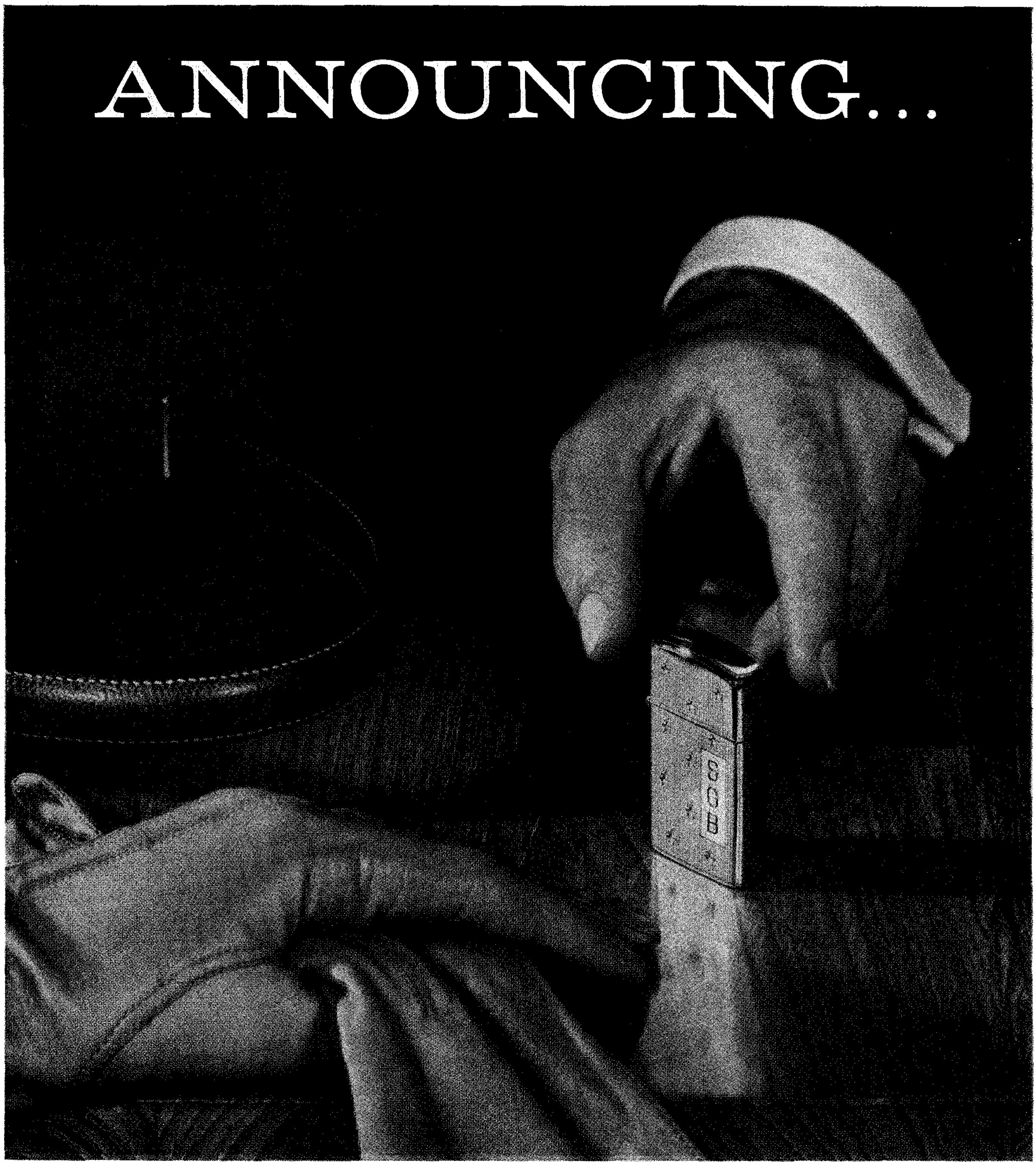


*Somewhere along a shore road they will find a picnic cove.*



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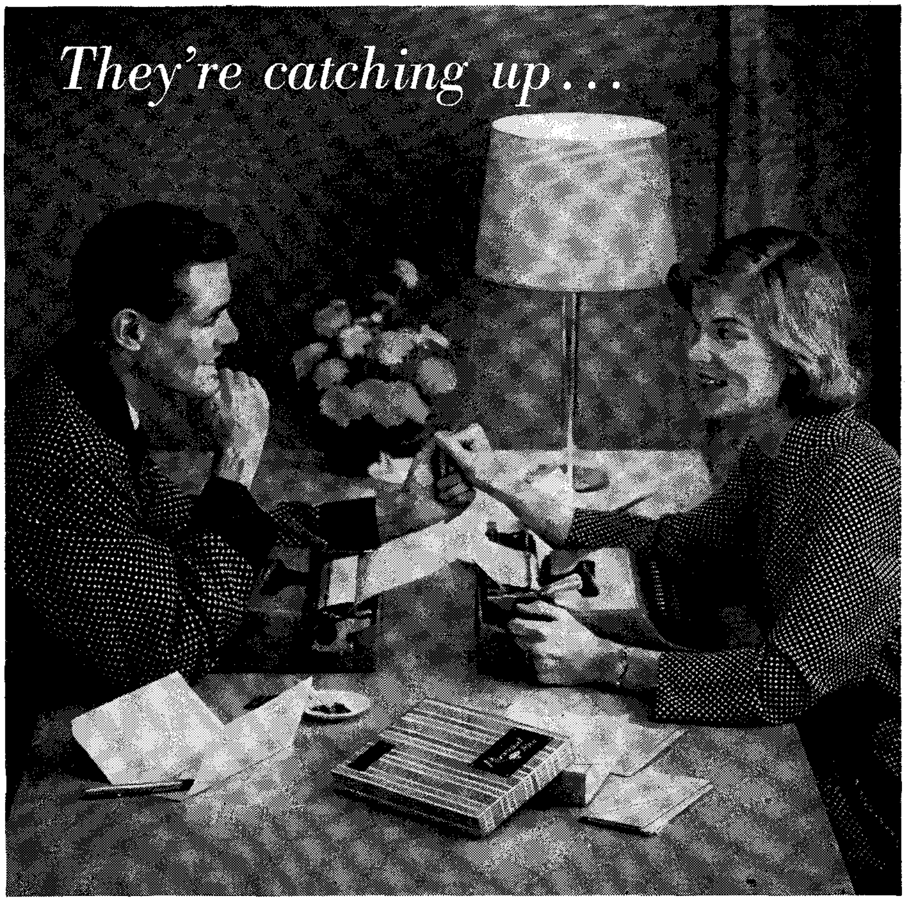
portance to the two painters' having elevated such a lowly ingredient as paper to a place in art. On the other hand, Alfred H. Barr, Jr., in his book "Picasso: Fifty Years of His Art," sternly speaks his mind by saying, "Through collage, the Cubists . . . undermined the virtuosity, the academic dignity of painting. 'Look,' said Picasso and Braque arrogantly, 'we can make works of art out of the contents of waste baskets.' " This, in fact, is just about what they did. Their irrepressible genius for form, however, mostly produced compositional results, increasingly abstract, that spiritually excused the vulgar material. One thing seems certain. Their rich, multicolored second style of Cubism (which, in essentials and with variations, was to last Braque, off and on, for the rest of his major painting life) had begun to take its shape with their ephemeral pieces of pasted paper. This was synthetic Cubism. Juan Gris was the first to understand it, and gave it its name. In a study called "The Possibilities in Painting," published in 1924, he described the new process, according to his own experiences, as "a synthesis"—as the road that led from the abstract to the real, from the general to the particular. In an earlier article, he said that this new form of Cubism, compared to the other, was "what poetry is to prose." The new Cubism was explained as a synthesis of colored figurations of objects, seen in single perspective. What this meant, boiled down, was that synthetic Cubism's somewhat deformed objects were perfectly identifiable—that a child could have recognized the démodé clay pipes, for instance, that Braque and Picasso both often featured. Anyhow, people did not need to understand it. They enjoyed it. It gave pleasure, was sensuous, colored, realistic in a new way, and decorative, and was often compositionally great. Its composition changed fairly constantly, but at first, at least, some version of the *papiers-collés* background shapes was usually in evidence, often graphically decorated with bits of pattern. It no longer contained cubes, its geometry by now being discreetly flattened and perpendicular, and its foreground being rich, ornamental, and, finally, communicative. This was Cubism's last influential statement—an expressive, rhetorical style, beautifully phrased.

THE remarkable human relationship that dominated Cubism between 1909, when it came into full fruition, and 1914—the vital period that has been called its heroic years—was



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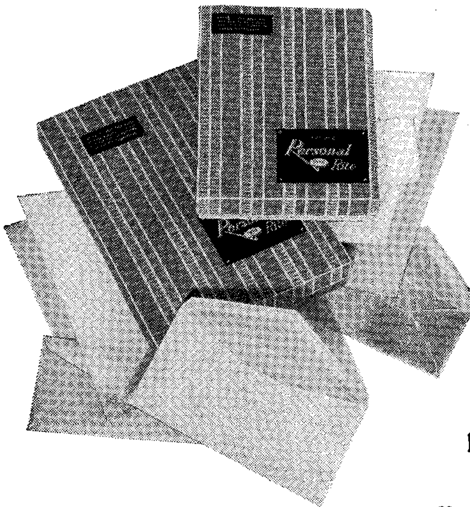

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the Braque-Picasso friendship. As a friendship, it was a strange conjunction of natural dissimilarity, of common ideas, and of work, youth, and shared genius. It is impossible now to know the full compass of that friendship, because it was destroyed so long ago and because neither man has ever publicly explained what ended it. Nor do their friends seem really to know. There is vague talk of a quarrel, which does not appear likely, since the two were together, as usual, up to the last minute before Braque went off to the war. Those of their friends who are now left in Paris think that the war itself probably killed it by bringing their epoch to an end. Today, since both Braque and Picasso are important, masterful old men in their seventies, who rarely see or talk of each other, the early intimacy is naturally not brought up by outsiders. There was a brief period in the mid-nineteen-thirties when Picasso several times invited the Braques to dine on Spanish rice—when he even seemed to insist on seeing Braque again. And in recent years, too, Braque has made an occasional afternoon summer call on Picasso in his house in Vallauris, in the Midi. But the friendship has been broken like a piece of pottery, beyond repair. Whenever either Braque or Picasso does happen to speak of the other, he speaks of him as if he had died at the end of those youthful days, instead of producing pictures ever since. The inexplicable exception to the usual silence on their long relationship was a touching reference made by Braque himself in an interview published in 1954 in the Paris *Cahiers d'Art*. What Braque said had a deep reminiscent echo. "At that time," he recalled, referring to *les années héroïques*, "I was very close to Picasso. Despite the great difference in our temperaments, we were guided by a common idea. As our work made clear, Picasso is Spanish and I am French; anybody could appreciate the difference that this involves, but during those years the difference didn't count. We lived in Montmartre, we saw each other every day, we talked. During those years, we said things that nobody will say again, things that nobody would understand any more, things that would be incomprehensible and that gave us enormous pleasure and that will end with us. . . . If Picasso and I hadn't met, would Cubism have been what it was? I don't think so. Even poetry is circumstantial—and how much truer that is of life itself. . . . You know, when I was so close to Picasso, there was a time when we could hardly tell our pictures apart. Later, when they revealed what went deeper, the differences appeared. . . . At that age, ideas counted a great deal with me. In my judgment then, the personality of the painter was not supposed to intrude, and, in consequence, paintings should be anonymous. I was the one who came to the conclusion that paintings should not be signed, and for a while Picasso didn't sign either. Since we were both doing the same thing, I thought that there was no difference in the paintings and that there was no need for them to be signed. Afterward, I understood that this was not true, and I started signing my canvases again. Picasso, too. I understood that without the tics—without the palpable traces of the individual—the individual could never reveal himself."

One day after the First World War, in the Paris mansion of the couturier Jacques Doucet, who had a fine collection of contemporary art, somebody saw Picasso staring in puzzlement at a picture; he was sure it was one of his own, he said, yet he could not identify it. Suddenly he turned it over and looked at the back; it was signed by Braque.

During this long, famous friendship, with its fecundity in art and its differences of creative and adaptive temperament, Picasso, in a half-humorous domestic metaphor that became legendary in Paris, used to refer to Braque as "my wife," Braque's painting being more tender in line, his colors less harsh and more sedate, his character more conservative, his art more serene. Once the friendship was over, the only reference to it Picasso was known to make, which also became a legend, was his cryptic recollection of the day he saw Braque and Derain off to war. "At the time of the mobilization, I accompanied them to the railway station at Avignon," he said, and added, "I never found them again."

In the early days of Cubism, which the friendship helped to form, the relationship had, paradoxically, been destructive to Braque's reputation as an artist. Other artists took it for granted that his values derived from Picasso. "The better half of Braque is Picasso," one of them said. Because of Picasso's dynamic, dominant personality and fulgurant accomplishments, Braque was relegated to the shadow that Picasso's brilliance cast. Kahnweiler recently said that among the few hundred people in the Western world who early heard of the new art, the general tendency was to identify Cubism with the figure of Picasso—that Braque was considered an imitator, though Picasso always stoutly defended him, invariably saying, in one way or another, "Not at all, he is absolutely authentic, and his painting is his own." This popular misconception, held even by Braque's own artist friends, continued until Braque's personal, independent creations, contributions, and speculations became so apparent, around 1912, that his work was revalued in terms of its own authenticity, and he was given his due identity as what Kahnweiler, from the beginning, had said he was—one of the two artists who were "the great founders of Cubism." But the prices paid for his pictures were still overshadowed by the prices paid for Picasso's, and they have remained so over the years. Picasso excited buyers, and sold better than anyone else. His 1912 contract with Kahnweiler gave him three thousand francs (at that time six hundred dollars) for a large canvas; Braque's contract with Kahnweiler gave him four hundred francs for a painting the same size. It was only their Cubist ideas that were parallel.

BRAQUE entered the war in September, 1914, as a sergeant in the infantry, and in December he was commissioned a lieutenant. On May 11, 1915, he was wounded in the head in the battle of Neuville-Saint-Vaast, in the Artois sector, was left for dead, was found the next day by stretcher-bearers, and was trepanned in a field hospital at Carency. He came back to consciousness on his birthday, May 13th—"as if I had been given a second life," he later said. He received the Croix de Guerre and was made a chevalier of the Légion d'Honneur. In June, he was sent to Paris for hospitalization. Juan Gris visited him, and wrote to Kahnweiler that he was still in serious danger; his eyesight had been affected and he was temporarily blind. In April, 1916, he was sent back to his regiment, but was invalided out and returned to Paris, where he and his wife started to wait out the war in a modest flat in Montmartre, in the Rue Simon-Dereure.

Miss Gertrude Stein later said that 1914 marked the end of an epoch even before the war began, and that the war only made the ending official. The aesthetic unities of the Kahnweiler quartet had already run their complete course. Then the war scattered the group itself. As Spanish nationals, Picasso and Juan Gris were noncombatants, and alone continued in their existence as artists. Gris was now the invalid Braque's only contact with what had been their small, private Cubist world. Kahnweiler, being a German, had been forced to settle in Switzerland, and his gallery in the Rue Vignon was

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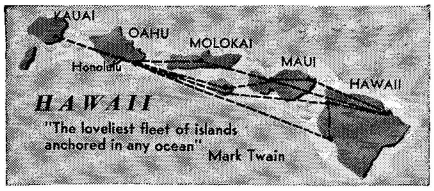
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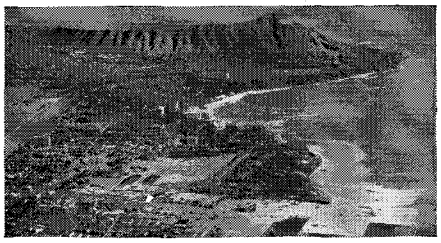

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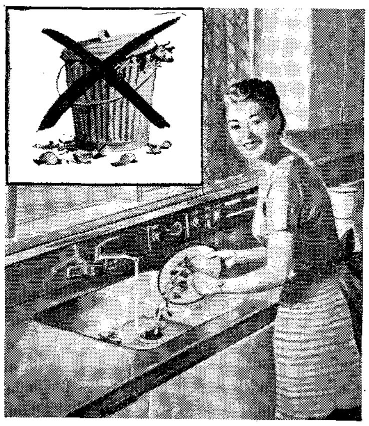
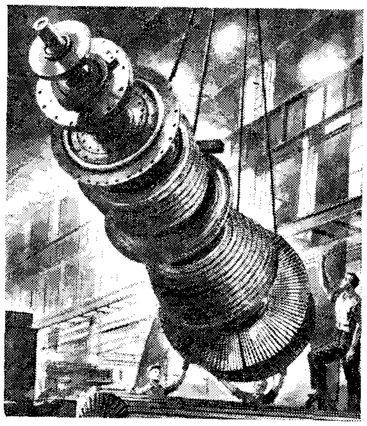
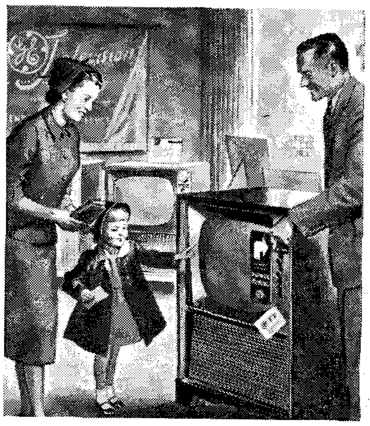


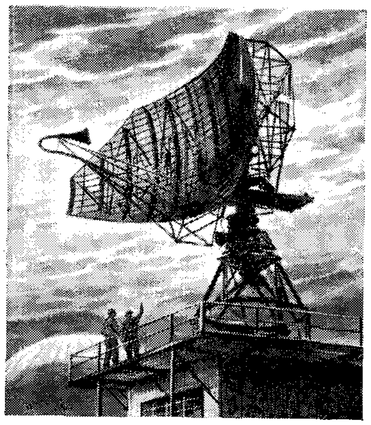
**By creating new products:** For example, food-waste disposers, first manufactured by General Electric, are now also being made by eleven other companies, and are a source of new business to many thousands of local retailers.



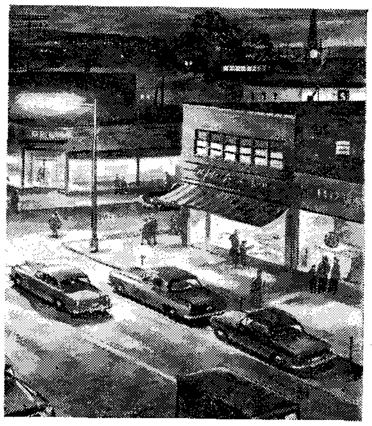
**By helping keep the cost of electricity low** through development of better equipment for producing and using it. The ever-increasing enjoyment of this "household bargain," electricity, creates business opportunities in every community.



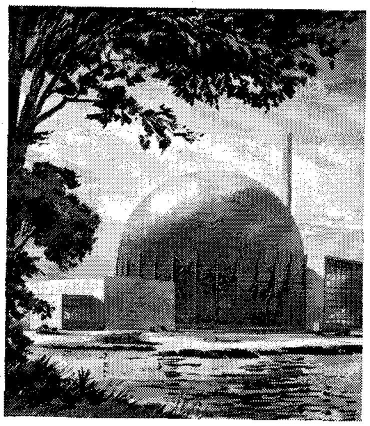
**By working closely with dealers** to help increase their business and payrolls. Marketing counsel, factory service training, advertising support and consumer credit arrangements are all available to these independent businessmen.



**By breaking down the big jobs:** Complex defense projects, for example, are beyond the scope of small businesses, but, through subcontracting, they get jobs they can handle when a large company takes the over-all risks and responsibility.



**By buying locally,** where possible, and thus stimulating commercial activity in the 112 communities where General Electric has plants. Each $1,000 of purchases and payrolls generates about $5,000 more in business within the community.



**By pioneering in new fields** that can open up new industries with future business opportunities for many companies large and small. General Electric's current pioneering investment in developing atomic electricity is a good example.

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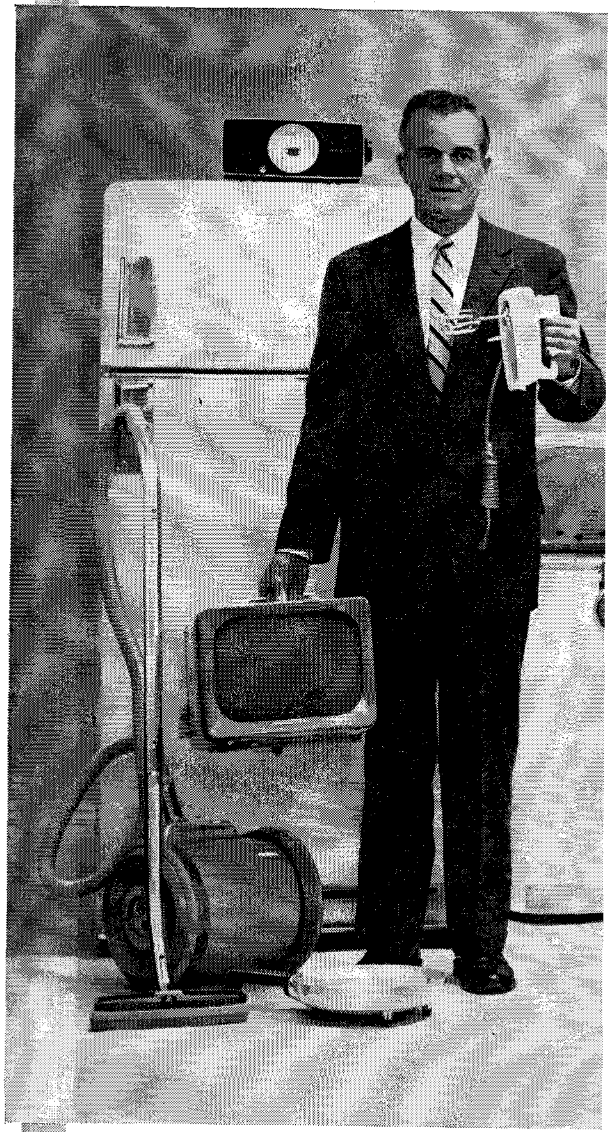

**400,000 local, independent dealers and other retailers:** They have more business opportunities today than ever before in selling and servicing the many new and improved products from General Electric.

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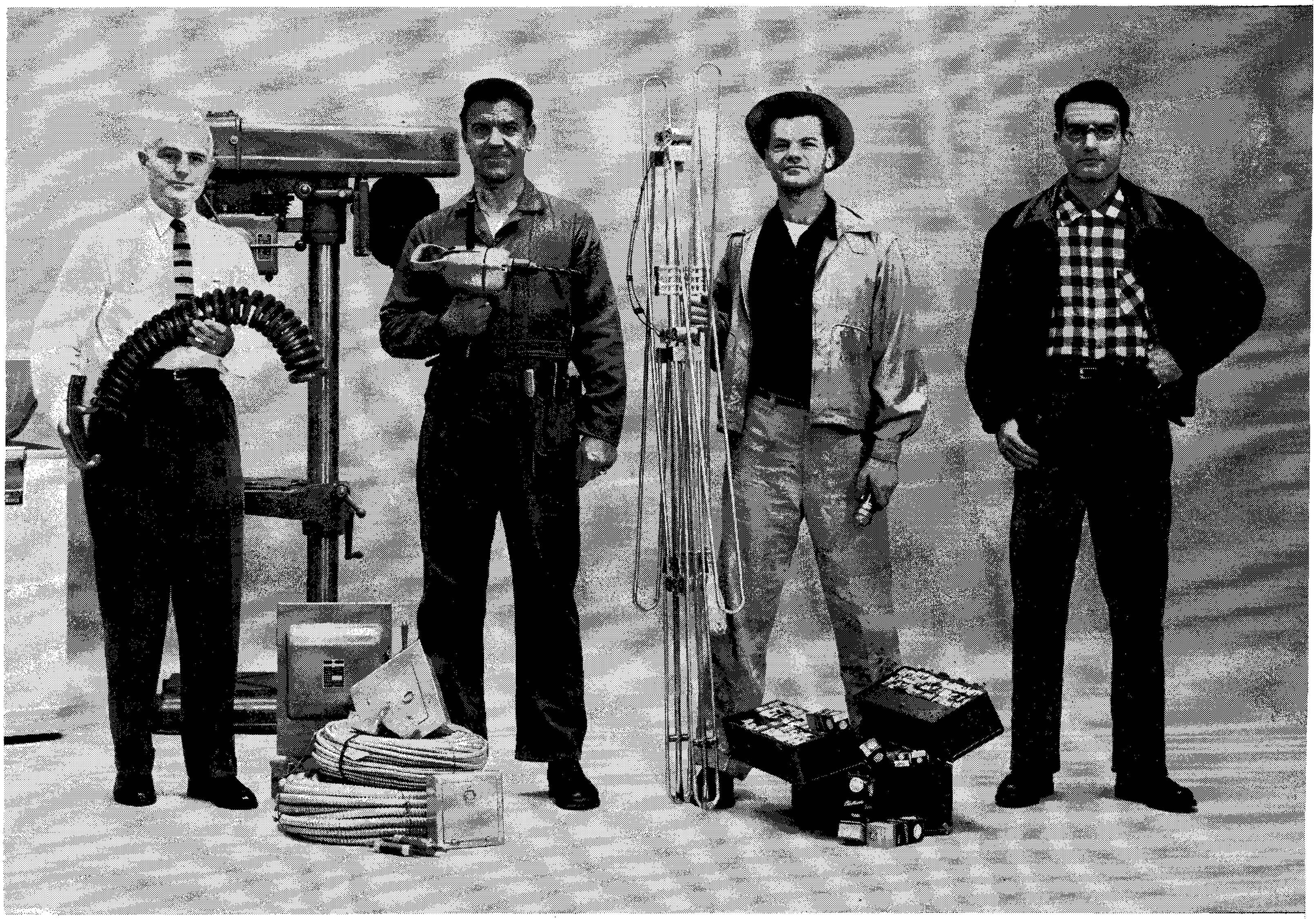
On these pages are some of the ways we at General Electric are trying to live up to our responsibilities in relationships with other businesses.



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shut. The Cubist painter Léger was in the artillery; the Cubist poet Apollinaire, though a Polish subject, was a volunteer in the French Army. Even Cubism itself was in the Army, as camouflage. An obscure French academic painter, Guirand de Scevola, had been put in charge of this new department of art in military affairs, and upon his utilizing Cubism as its basis, the old journalistic hatred of the new art form sprang up again, with a wartime twist. De Scevola was criticized by the press for using crackpot Germanophile painters in France's defense—a slanted reference to Kahnweiler. In his eventual explanation, de Scevola said maliciously, being anti-Cubist himself, "To deform totally the aspect of any object, I employed the means the Cubists had used to represent it, engaging in my section several painters who were competent, because of their very special way of looking at things, to denaturalize any form whatever."

After spending the summer of 1917 at Sorgues, the Braques returned to the old Montmartre studio, on the top floor of the Hotel Roma, in the Rue Caulaincourt, where he had lived when he worked with Picasso. With Kahnweiler's gallery closed, things were not easy in Paris for his former painters. During the last years of the war, Léonce Rosenberg, brother of the dealer Paul Rosenberg, had opened a gallery called L'Effort Moderne, in the Rue de La Baume, and purchased works by the Kahnweiler Cubists when they had no other market. Rosenberg bought some Picassos and some Braques. They were a risk. He could not be sure how such semi-abstract painting would be received by people after the horrors of the first mechanized war. It was Rosenberg who, in 1919, gave the initial postwar exhibition of Braque's new paintings. It opened in March, only a few months after the armistice, in the early euphoria of peace and of hunger for aesthetic stimulation. For the first time in his life, Braque had an outstanding success—though with a recherché public, it is true. Gertrude Stein said to him, "You're very near glory." He answered, "Well, you know how it is. You are convinced about your work. Then a bell rings—a bell whose ringing you can't either advance or delay. That's the way you know you've arrived."

In 1919, Braque turned out some bad as well as some good pictures, the bad ones being loosely painted. "I have seen some recent works of Braque's that I find soft and lacking in precision," complained Juan Gris, the youngest of the original Cubist quartet and the only

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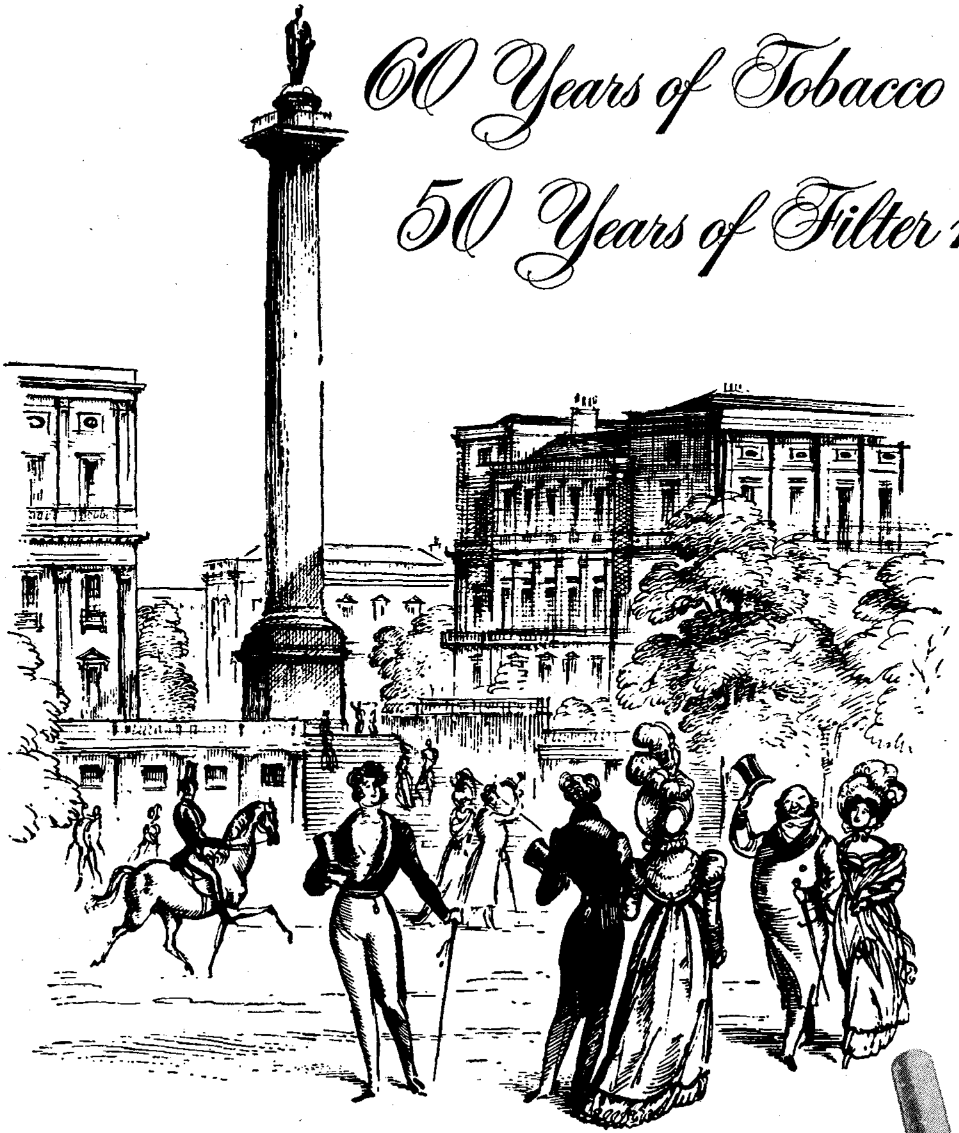

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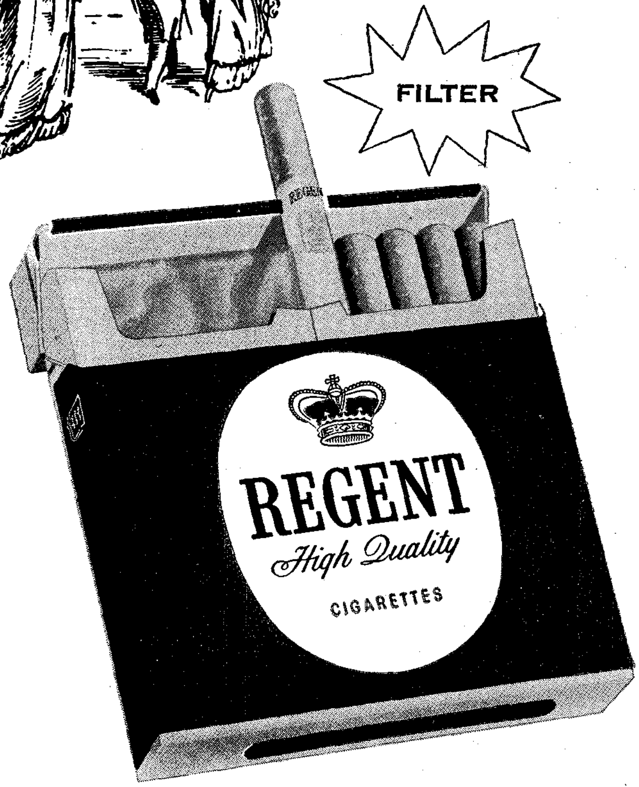

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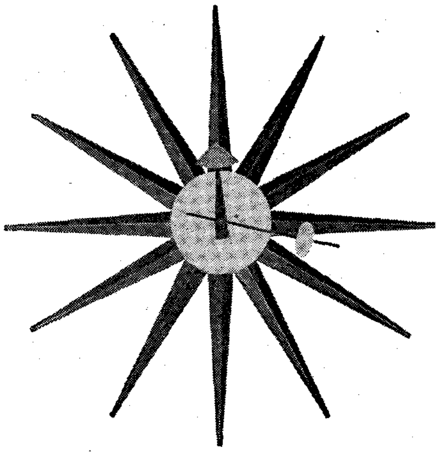

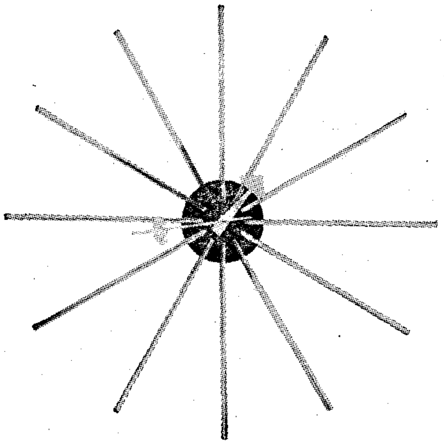

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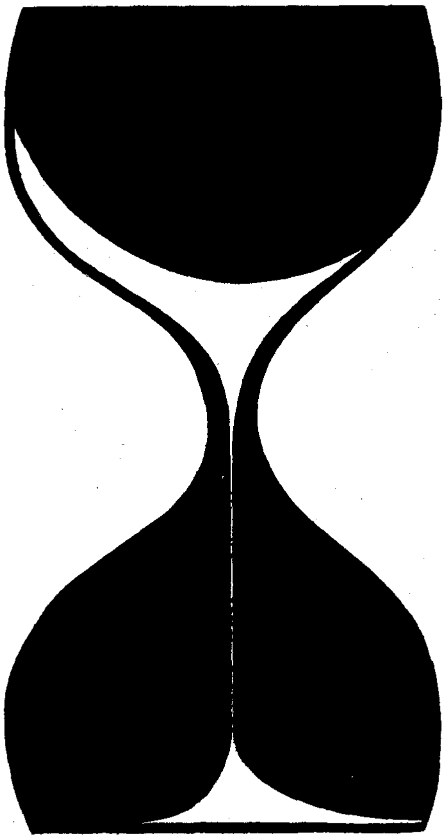

one to remain strictly Cubist to the end, which in his case was his untimely death, in 1927. "He is moving toward Impressionism," he added with melancholy, as if that were the Cubists' hell.

Kahnweiler returned to Paris in 1920, and Braque once again made him his merchant. But Kahnweiler was in an unhappy financial position. Since he was an enemy alien, his collection of close to a thousand pictures that he had bought from his Rue Vignon gallery artists—his whole stock in trade—had naturally been seized by the French government at the outbreak of war. In June, 1921, the government, acting through l'Administration des Domaines, held its first sale of these canvases—about a hundred and fifty of them, by Braque, Picasso, Gris, Léger, Derain, Van Dongen, and Vlaminck, among others—at the Hôtel Drouot auction rooms. Kahnweiler scrupulously, if vainly, advised the officials that their government would make more money on his former possessions if they did not flood the market and ruin prices. To make matters worse, Léonce Rosenberg, known to be an inept businessman, had agreed to be the government art expert for the auction. Braque and the other painters for whom he had acted as dealer were outraged over his connection with this wholesale auction, which was bound to drive down the value of their prewar work. The afternoon before the sale, the pictures were put on public view at the Hôtel Drouot, and attracted a small crowd of collectors and the artists' friends, as well as a number of the gloomy artists themselves. Even Matisse was present—merely out of professional solidarity, since he had no pictures involved, not being a Kahnweiler artist. Miss Stein and Miss Toklas also attended but arrived late and missed the big scene by a minute or so. But Matisse, Miss Toklas remembers, immediately put them *au courant.* He said that Braque had started arguing angrily with Rosenberg, with Matisse himself joining in and saying, "The artistic patrimony of France should be upheld, not robbed." At this point, Braque hit Rosenberg on the nose. In the excitement, someone called the police, and both men were taken to the police station to cool off, but they were back within the hour, Braque still in a rage. As for the picture prices next day, though they were lower than they should have been, they were at least higher than they had been for the same big pictures before the war. Braque's first large Cubist canvas, "Still-Life with Violin and Pitcher," fetched thirty-two

**Iridescent Whipcord**

*(shown on opposite page)*

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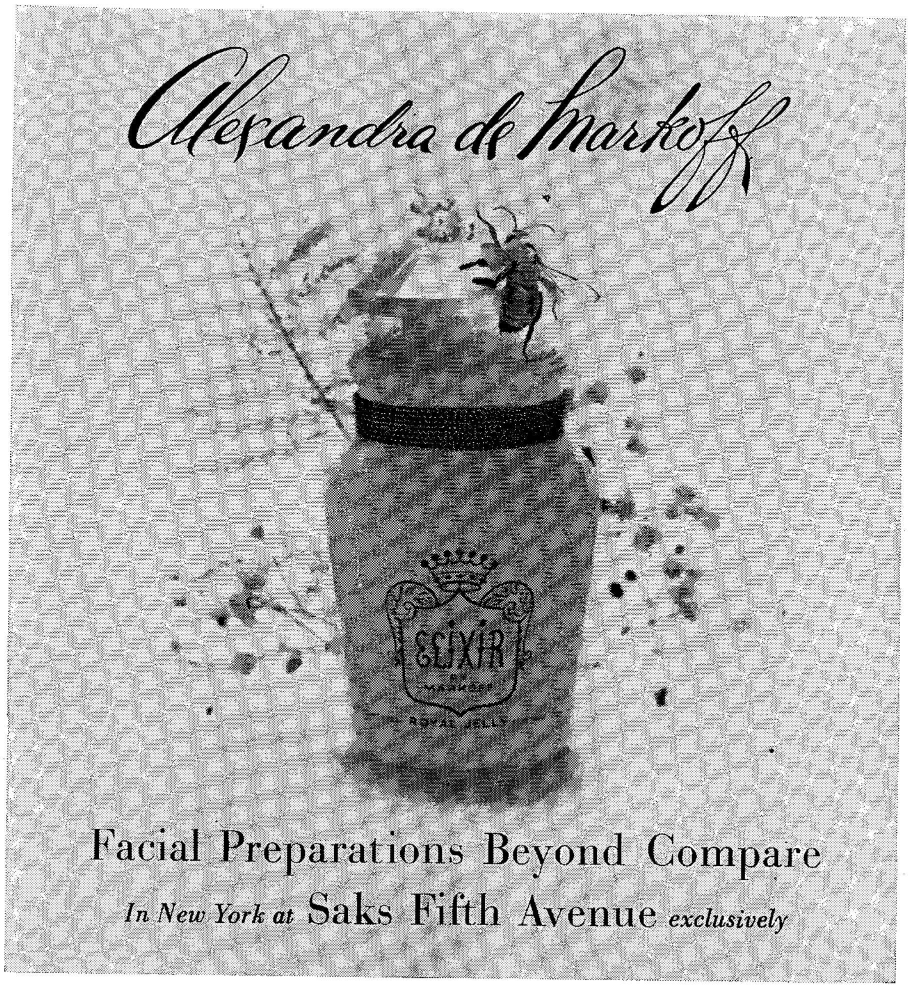
hundred francs, or two hundred and thirty-seven dollars, but his small canvases went for as little as two hundred and thirty francs, or seventeen dollars.

There were finally four of these historically famous Kahnweiler sales in all, and they completed the havoc in the prices of the pictures done in the heroic years of Cubism. At the third auction, in 1922, Braque's big "Still-Life with Guitar" brought only sixteen hundred francs, and small pictures sold for as low as a hundred. According to Kahnweiler's catalogue, which he marked during the sale, Braque's average price for a big canvas was eight hundred and eighty francs, or seventy-one dollars, and for a small one a hundred and fifty francs, or twelve dollars. French art merchants disdained the sales, for the last time mistakenly ignoring the existence of Cubism. Kahnweiler, of course, was the one exception, but he had so little money that he could buy only a handful of his own former canvases, whose seizure had precisely put him in his nearly penniless position. The new buyers were all almost equally unprosperous. They were avant-garde young writers and poets, among them Kahnweiler's brother-in-law, the poet Michel Leiris; Tristan Tzara, who had founded Dada; and André Breton, who in 1924 was going to found Surrealism. Louis Aragon, who would later found the Communist Party's intellectual wing, bought Braque's Cubistic "Large Nude" for the equivalent of a few dollars. (It seems worth noting here that last spring a Texas millionairess was offering thirty thousand dollars in New York's art circles for a big analytical-Cubist Braque but was unable to lay hands on one.) The foundation pieces of most important private Cubist collections today—especially the English and American ones—and many fine American museum items passed through the pell-mell Drouot sales, at which, unfortunately, the French government did indeed help rob the artistic patrimony of France.

IN 1922, Braque was invited to exhibit at the Salon d'Automne, which had refused his pictures fourteen years before. It must have been solacing revenge; he sent fourteen of his recent paintings, and they all sold. He also had his first success with the ordinary French public. This time, the bell rang not among the intelligentsia in the Rue de La Baume but in the Grand Palais, visited by thousands of average Parisian citizens. It was a new, postwar world



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with a new, postwar art, which they now recognized when they saw it. Within one year the tide had started to turn. The new art had already been discerned by the members of an exceptional, aristocratic new smart set in Paris, with avid and intelligent fresh tastes, led largely by Comte Etienne de Beaumont. Their private, eclectic appreciation of modern art soon helped launch it internationally, as this smart set itself was boosted to snobbish influence in the unexpected postwar wave of Francophilia and in the opening influx of American tourism and of big money, which made Paris the aesthetic and hedonistic capital of a transatlantic world, with its taste influencing London, New York, and points west. Another Paris focal point was the Ballets Russes of Serge Diaghilev, with their aristocratic revolution, which featured *le moderne* generally—the modern artists who became Diaghilev's scene painters and his costume designers, the composers (among them Milhaud, Auric, and Poulenc, of Les Six) who wrote his ballet music, and the poets who furnished his ballet themes. It was a revolution that was the talk of the transatlantic world. Picasso had naturally led the way, having created during the war the décor and costumes for "Parade," a burlesque ballet with music by Erik Satie on a theme by the scintillating Jean Cocteau.

Picasso and various other artists had worked for the Ballets Russes since the last years of the war, but Braque was not invited to join them until 1923. At the end of that year, Braque went to Monte Carlo, the ballet company's official residence, equipped for the social rigors with his first derby hat. There he supervised the completion of his sets, costumes, and curtain for the ballet "Les Fâcheux," with music by Auric and choreography by Mme. Nijinska. Braque's contributions having made "Les Fâcheux" one of the popular art productions of the repertory, Diaghilev commissioned him to do "Zéphyr et Flore," and then ordered a fresh décor for "Les Sylphides." Unluckily, he was so pleased with the sketch Braque scrawled ("on a scrap of paper on my knee," he later said), which was a mere suggestion of what Braque meant to paint, that without further consulting the artist he had the scrap made up as an official Braque set. To prevent its use, Braque had it seized by the police. (Other artists also had difficulties with Diaghilev. Juan Gris said, "Diaghilev was an elephant who crushed you so gently you did not know you were dying.") Braque's final ballet creation was "Salade," commissioned by the Comte de Beaumont in 1924 as part of the seigniorial magnificence of taste that marked his "Soirées de Paris" productions, still remembered as unique in Paris theatre history. None of this was Braque's world. Behind the scenes, he felt no fraternity with the polyglot dancers, either as workers or as creators, and he sensed even less relationship with the glittering spectators who applauded their artistry and his. His paintings eventually became almost as fashionable as Picasso's, but, unlike Picasso, Braque never became a fashionable personality. Provincial, serious, unworldly, he remained in his studio, painting pictures that entered salons where he himself never set foot.

In the three years, from 1920 to 1923, that Kahnweiler acted as Braque's merchant again, he could pay him only seventy-eight hundred francs for a large picture. So in 1924, Braque went to Paul Rosenberg—Léonce's younger brother and far cleverer at business—who offered him much higher prices for his paintings. He had already grown prosperous enough to leave bohemian Montmartre, now become a champagne night-club center, and join the painters who had moved across Paris to Montparnasse, which thereupon immediately developed cheap night clubs. Braque chose the quiet, bourgeois Parc de Montsouris neighborhood, just beyond Montparnasse, where Derain had taken a studio. Here, in 1924, Braque built a house which he designed himself and in which he still lives and paints. It is a sturdy cement-and-brick affair, with his studio on the third floor, and it stands on a silent, dead-end residential street opening off the park. Derain, whose prosperity had come earlier, bought himself a Bugatti racing car. Now Braque bought an Alfa Romeo, which he drove fast and well—the first of a long series of powerful, expensive motorcars. Being typically French, he was never interested in foreign travel. He went to Italy once, which sufficed. He often drove down to the Riviera—the part of France that had always attracted him, as a northerner. One summer he rented a place in Cassis, and another summer he visited a friend who had a house there. A boatman who made a living by rowing summer visitors offshore in his dory one day asked Braque's advice about how he should repaint his boat to attract customers. Braque suggested simulated black-and-white marble as a striking effect for a boat, and painted it for him. It was a great success, and frequently summer visitors took snapshots of each other in it, for fear that friends back home might think they had made it up.

BRAQUE was forty-two years old when his contract with Paul Rosenberg began assuring him enough money to prove that he had finally and fully arrived. He had arrived, it is true, without anguish or worry, yet certainly without haste. His equally untroubled future career of color, fame, and increasing riches lay before him. Today, at the active age of seventy-four, he is regarded as the greatest living master of French painting. (Picasso is always considered a Spanish painter.) The French speak about him differently from the way they speak about any other painter. They speak of his paintings in terms of what they consider his Gallic essences—his sensuousness, his economy in putting his pictures into focus, his infinitely civilized feeling for color and the refinement of line. He has a direct gift for painting, they say. They speak of his measured imagination, by means of which he is able to translate the rich experience of his physical eye into style, and of the ordered grace of pure composition that his serene mind proposes and that he paints with care and knowledge and an inspired hand, all inherited from France's long tradition of great and reasonable painters. He has represented two professions esteemed and revered, respectively, by the French as contributors to their civilization. He has been artisan and he has been artist; he has been worker and he has been genius. Compared to the libertarian abstract paintings of today and to what he himself hermetically painted in the Cubist discipline when he was young, his modest deformation of his subject matter over the years has come to seem to the French merely the masterly signature of his individualism, the proof of his meditative effort to control color and form in one of the major styles of his time—which he, after all, helped to create. The French also speak with respect of what they call his aesthetic morality, and of what he himself has spoken of as "the painter's necessity for conscience and for loyalty to his material and to himself, to avoid the deterioration of his painting," adding, "Good painting is very difficult." For the French, his ultimate popularity comes from his modest bourgeois devotion to the homely objects of everyday life as being duly suited to art—that magic domestic world of familiar inanimate objects to which he has given his major affections. In his art, he has mainly concentrated on two

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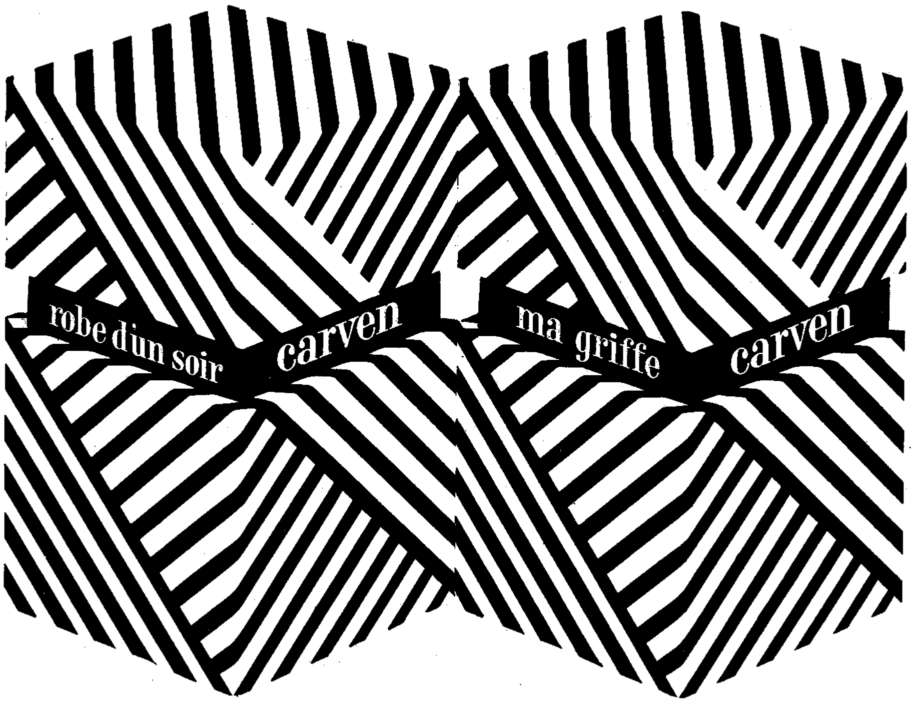
rooms—the dining room and the parlor, both French favorites—which for almost forty years he has furnished, through his imagination, in hundreds of ways, with a supply of inanimate objects, in part edible, and with various backgrounds. He has painted compote dishes, figs, plums, peaches, apples, bunches of grapes, fish, leeks, and fried eggs. He had a period of painting mussels and plates of opened oysters—their inner pearl hue, their bivalve gray, and their dark outer shell having fascinated him for years as color contrasts—with a lemon ready at the side as a dash of yellow. He has painted a toilet table, with hairbrush, soap dish, and bath sponge. He has painted anemones—French painters' inexpensive preference for bouquets—and sunflowers; he has painted chairs, books, sugar bowls, cups, platters, spoons, breadbaskets, bread, fruit knives, kitchen knives, plates, decanters, jugs, pitchers, and bowls, with an occasional guitar interspersed. For his parlor scenes, he has repeatedly used tables from his own studio, in particular one that has become almost as familiar to art lovers as a piece of furniture from their own homes—a bandy-legged, round-topped pedestal table of the type called *guéridon*—piling it afresh for each new composition with another artful arrangement of household objects or strewing it with an exalted litter of sheet music, whose small black notes seem to rise up through space in a regular hosanna of pale color and form. In both parlor and dining-room scenes, he has purified the bad taste of the Braque family's professional-decorator reproductions of wallpaper and bogus dadoes by giving them an imposing neo-classical treatment, making them look like the angles and cornices of minor architecture seen in private perspective at close range. Over the years, his method of painting became more and more concentratedly French, until he was finally compared to Chardin, the supreme eighteenth-century painter of *natures-mortes*. In his divergence from Picasso, their ethnic difference added to the distance between them—the protean Picasso, resident Iberian anarchist of Paris art, and the native Gallic Braque, fulfilling even in quasi-Cubism the aesthetic tradition of his nation. One of the clichés in French art circles is "Picasso's genius astonishes; Braque's mastery satisfies."

Oddly enough for a Frenchman, Braque was already past forty when he painted his first series of female nudes. Apparently Mme. Braque served as his model—at least, the face with the broad, curling features is always her



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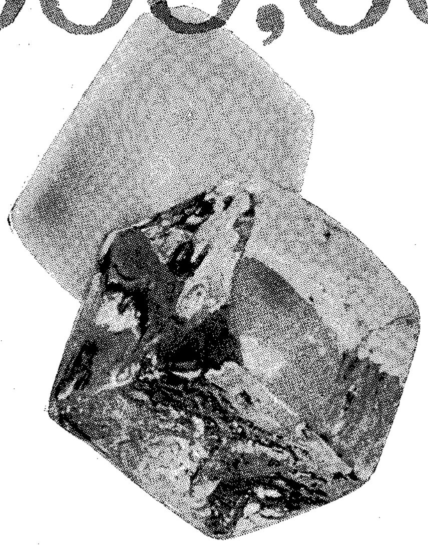

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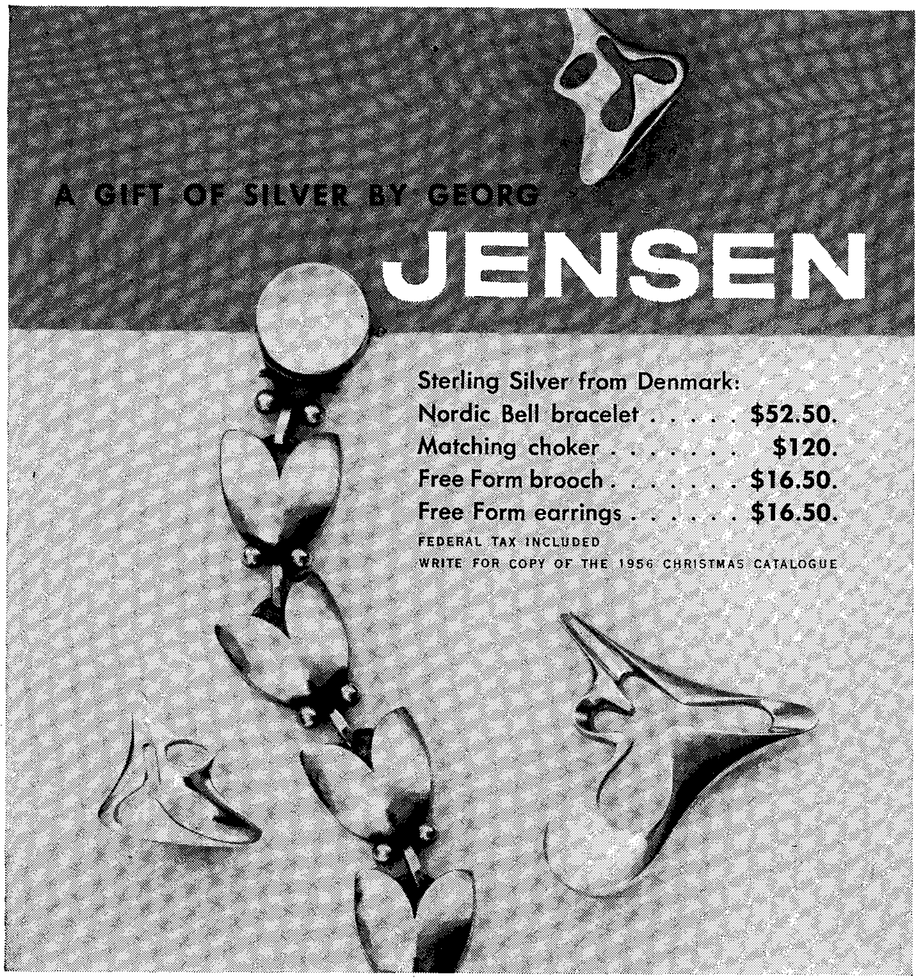

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likeness—for a number of semi-draped, impassive antique figures with baskets of fruit or flowers, which he named "The Canephorae," after the basket-carrying maidens in Demeter's processions. On Braque's canvas they became as depersonalized as caryatids. Late in the nineteen-thirties, he tried once again to paint the human form, in a series of modern female figures whose bodies were arbitrarily part black, part light, each thus becoming two figures, perhaps—one substance, one shadow. Himself physically a magnificent model of a man, he had little feeling for painting from a model. Around 1933, he rose to the technical peak of his mid-career, which established him in France as the greatest still-life painter of his time. A rare wave of color had washed his imagination with terra-cotta red, yellow, and, especially, a radiant pink, colors he used for tablecloths in a truly extraordinary series of paintings that offered the controlled essence of his genius. The outstanding canvas of this period was "The Pink Tablecloth," refined to a perfection of color and line that could not be displaced by a hair-breadth without shifting the composition's place in art. One of the finest Braques in the United States, the picture is now in the collection of Walter P. Chrysler, Jr., of New York; its more elaborate companion piece, "The Yellow Tablecloth," which in 1937 won first prize at the Carnegie International Exhibition, in Pittsburgh, is in the Samuel Marx collection, in Chicago.

In 1931, the Braques began spending five months of the year, from June to November, in a new house he had built outside the village of Varengeville-sur-Mer, a few miles southwest of Dieppe, on the Normandy coast—in the sea air, under the uncertain pearly lights and mackerel skies that had furnished the climate of his late childhood and youth in Le Havre. He could be said to have come back home. The land he chose is a lonely high piece of ground with big oak trees. His architect had naturally proposed something modern in style—a flat-topped house with huge windows. Braque built a comfortable imitation of the typical Norman cottage, with a peaked roof of red tile instead of thatch, and small casemented windows to shut out the sea damp. Because this house by the sea is set far back, the inlet of the sea itself far below is invisible. The Cubists had been trained as indoor men, whose cult was painting objects and who rarely set brush to a landscape. Now Braque, descending to the ocean beneath him, began paintings that showed the little

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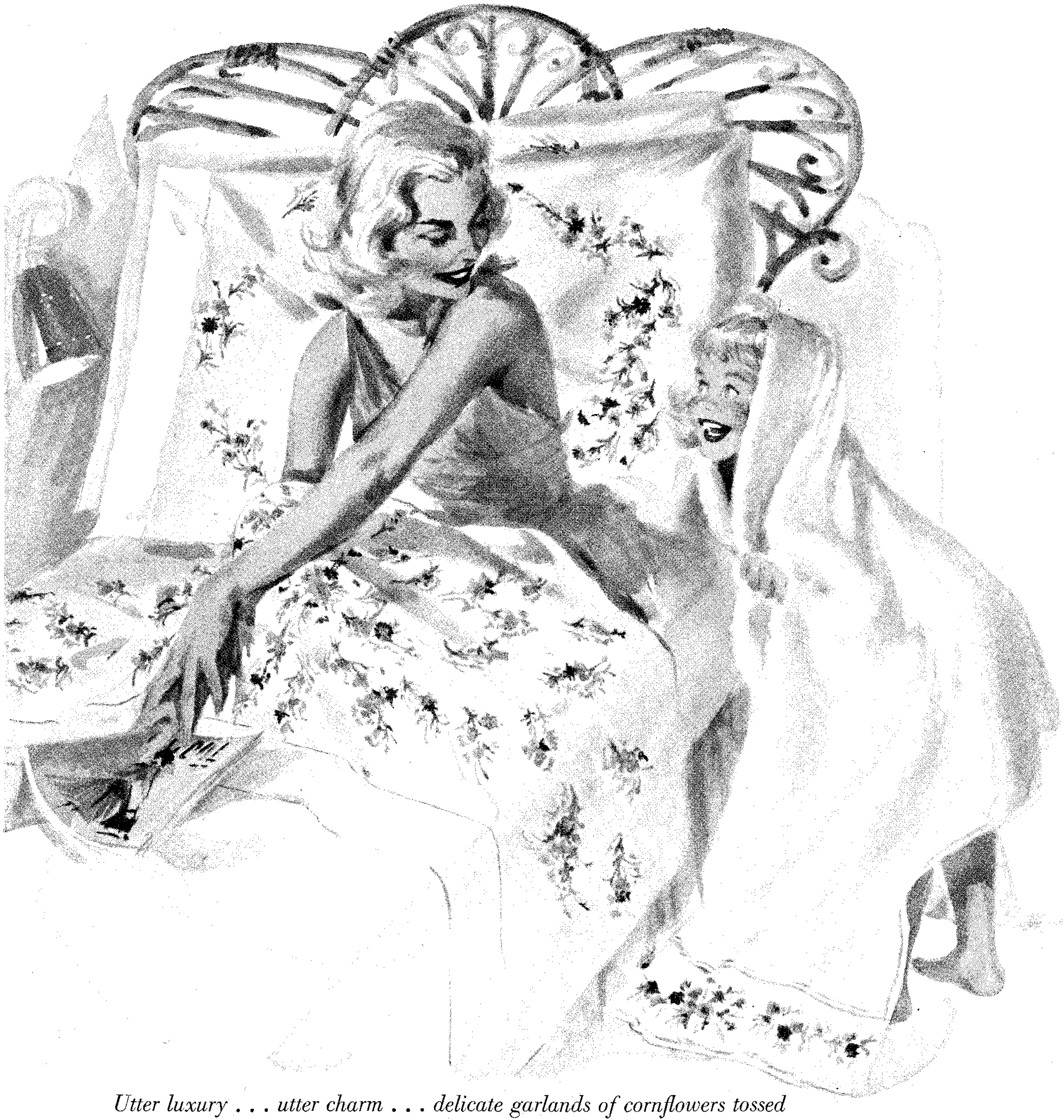

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*For further information and free illustrated literature, write British Travel Association, Box 134, 336 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.; in Canada: 90 Adelaide Street West, Toronto, Ontario* black boats tilted idly on the stippled stony beach, and the chalk cliffs washed by an oyster-colored sea—all exceptionally natural and dramatic for his style and temperament. These pictures are fairly small—as are the blackish seascapes he has lately been painting—owing to the problem of carting the finished canvases back to Paris by automobile.

THE Braques were in their house in Varengeville in 1939 when the Second World War was declared. When the Germans broke through the Maginot Line, in the spring of 1940, Braque cleaned his brushes carefully, piled some major canvases in his car, and with his wife and Mariette Lachaud, formerly the Braques' young maid, who had become his studio helper, managed to drive south to the house of Mariette's parents, in the Limousin. They found a place to hide Braque's paintings, went farther south, to the town of Castillon, in the Pyrenees, and, in the autumn, returned to their house in Occupied Paris. German soldiers had entered his studio and stolen his accordion, which he had not played for years, but they had touched nothing else. Across the street, a large residence was occupied by German officers. Braque remained in his house for the duration to prevent its being occupied, too, and he was not molested. He was allowed by the German authorities to hold one exhibition during the Occupation, but he refused their invitation—which some of his old painter friends mistakenly accepted—to go to Germany and exhibit. He also refused a request to design an emblem for Marshal Pétain's Vichy government. As the Occupation and its hardships went on, some of Braque's pictures showed what was on his mind. In 1942, he painted "The Blue Washbasin," which indicated a lack of hot water in the bathroom, and later he painted "Kitchen Still-Life," the kitchen being the place the rationed French thought of most often. After the Liberation, in the bitter-cold winter of 1944-45, "The Stove"—a potbellied affair with a coal scuttle—appeared. In 1945, Braque had an operation for a serious stomach condition, which had been aggravated by wartime food. In the spring of 1947, walking on the Varengeville cliffs, he caught a cold that turned into pneumonia. The young painter Nicolas de Staël, who had become his friend and had American friends, managed to get him into the American Hospital in Neuilly, outside Paris, where penicillin—otherwise almost unobtainable in

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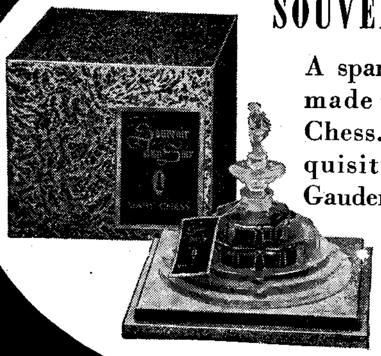

Paris—saved him, though the illness left him with a permanent respiratory weakness. Almost ten years later, de Staël came to him in desperation, asking if Braque's success, when it finally arrived, had dismantled the previous shape of his life and ruined his painting, which de Staël felt was his own tragic case. Nothing had changed his life, Braque told him, because he was a painter and had continued painting as an answer to everything, even triumph, and he begged the young man to use this as a truth. He felt that de Staël's friendship had saved him when he was ill, but his philosophy could not save de Staël, who shortly afterward ended his life in Antibes—a grievous shock to old Braque.

In the summer of 1951, the Abbé in Varengeville asked Braque's advice about three projected stained-glass windows for the village Chapel of St. Dominique, newly sanctified in a splendid eighteenth-century Norman barn after the original chapel had been destroyed in the coastal fighting during the ill-fated Allied Commando raid on Dieppe. Braque offered to design the windows himself, which naturally was what the Abbé had in mind—as did Père Couturier, the modern-minded Dominican friar who was responsible for Matisse's decoration of the Vence chapel, for Léger's windows at Audincourt, and for the contributions of Lurçat and Rouault to the Assy church, and who had long had his eye on Braque for an important churchly art work. In his patient, studious, artisan way, since he knew nothing about colored glass and its light effects, Braque examined the problems and experimented with his designs for over two years, so it was the summer of 1954 before his windows were installed. The main lancet depicts St. Dominique with part of his habit rising above his shoulders, like dark-blue triangular wings, and what looks oddly like a Moslem red fez on his Castilian head; the two smaller lancets show red-and-blue designs on which is superimposed a twisting white rope, which the local Norman peasants regard as a white serpent. The windows radiate a pious, artistic effulgence above the sturdy old oak beams of the former barn. The Braque windows have become such a popular sight for summer visitors that nearby Ste. Marguerite, the historic Romanesque medieval church perched high over the sea alongside its famous marine cemetery, with its complement of German dead—the Nazi soldiers killed in the Commando raid—has put up a sign over its poor box reading, "The windows by M. Braque

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are *not* here but in the Chapel of St. Dominique."

Braque lives not far from the chapel, on a shady lane that ends on an empty cliff top after it passes his hedged garden. His house looks like a prosperous, up-to-date Norman farmer's dwelling, with yellow checked curtains and rampant beds of yellow flowers on the lawn, which offers a perspective on the sea. Behind the house is his modern glass studio, built in 1948 and unquestionably the most carefully planned, efficient, and luxurious—and clean and orderly—of any of the painting quarters of the great artists in France. A huge, high-ceilinged room, largely walled with opaque milky glass, it is an elegant, functional shell, filled with extravagant working conveniences installed by an artisan become a rich artist. It unconventionally faces south. (Braque says that the northern exposures required by painters in the nineteenth century ceased to have value when modern painting came along, since painters now paint not from models but from memory or imagination, where the outer light plays no part.) Inside, it has been organized into areas of use. The largest is allotted to painting; others are given over to preliminary drawing, to engraving, and to water colors; and a final area is devoted to relaxation, brooding, contemplating, or talking. These areas are set out like parts of a pictorial composition, with concentrations of color always furnished by bouquets of red and yellow flowers, which are the ones Braque likes best, taken from his cutting garden. All the studio materials are arranged for saving the labor of hand and eye. Movable suspended louvers of brown paper control the light for whatever canvas Braque is working on; the heights of the various tables in the room have been calculated to the veriest centimetre, according to their function; different palettes, each with its own color harmonies, are arranged on small shelves branching out like limbs from a tree trunk that Braque has cobbled into a palette stand. Former tomato cans—little economies are part of his practicality—hang from his easel, each containing enough paint, already mixed, for the picture's dominant coloring, so there need be no interruptions for mixing and matching. All these are the artisan touches of the house painter's apprentice that Braque once was. His current notebook—the latest in a series he has kept for over thirty years to jot down aphorisms, philosophic notions, art definitions, and, above all, sketches for new compositions—stands handy on a lectern. For recumbence

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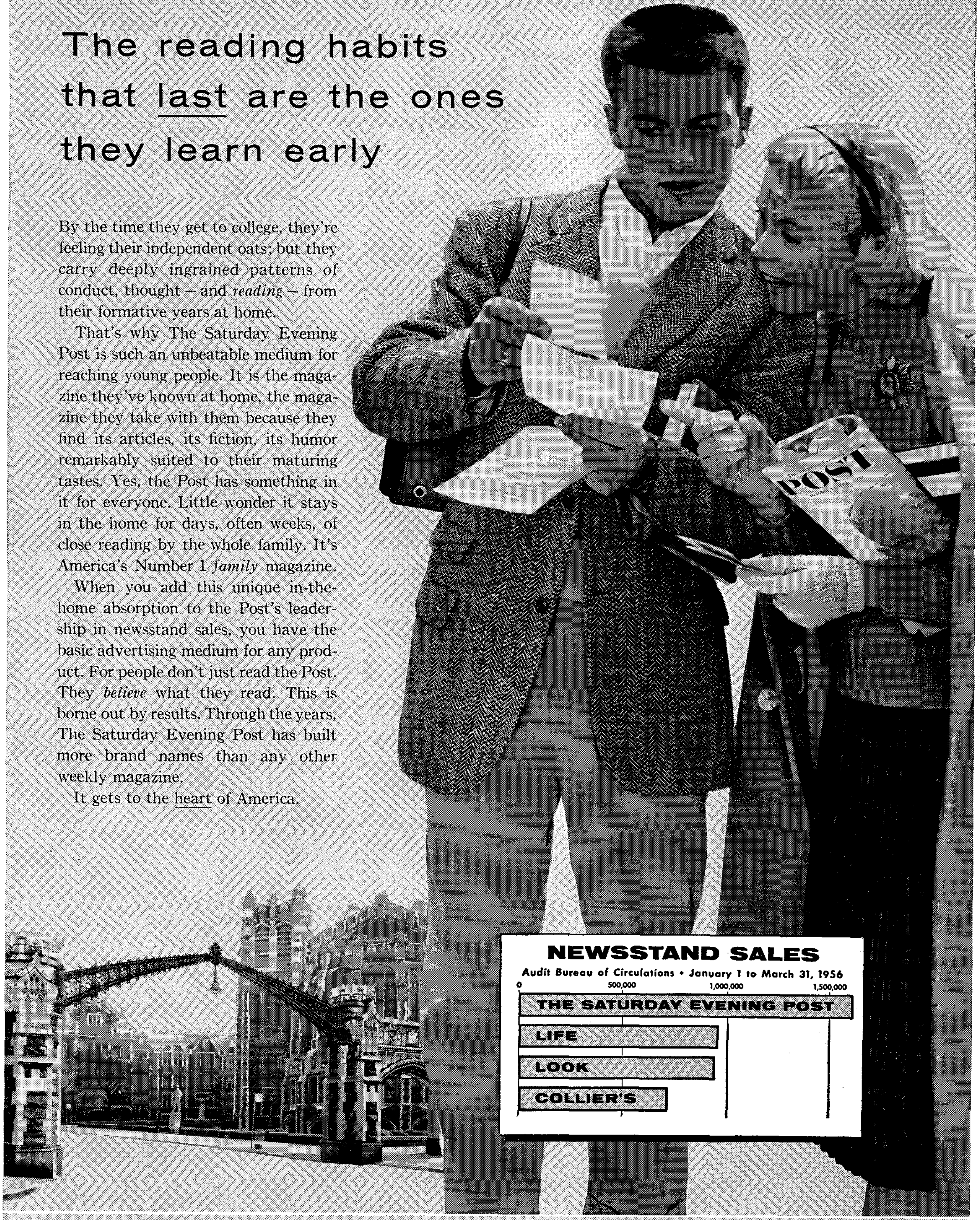
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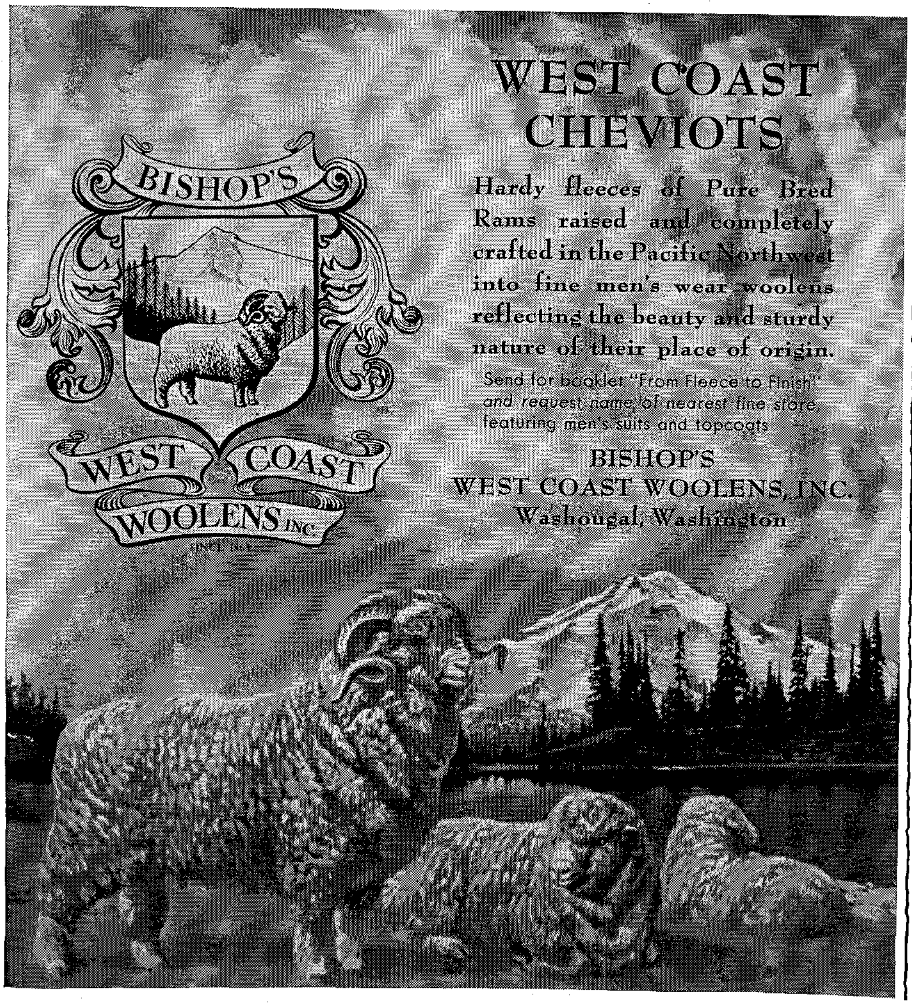

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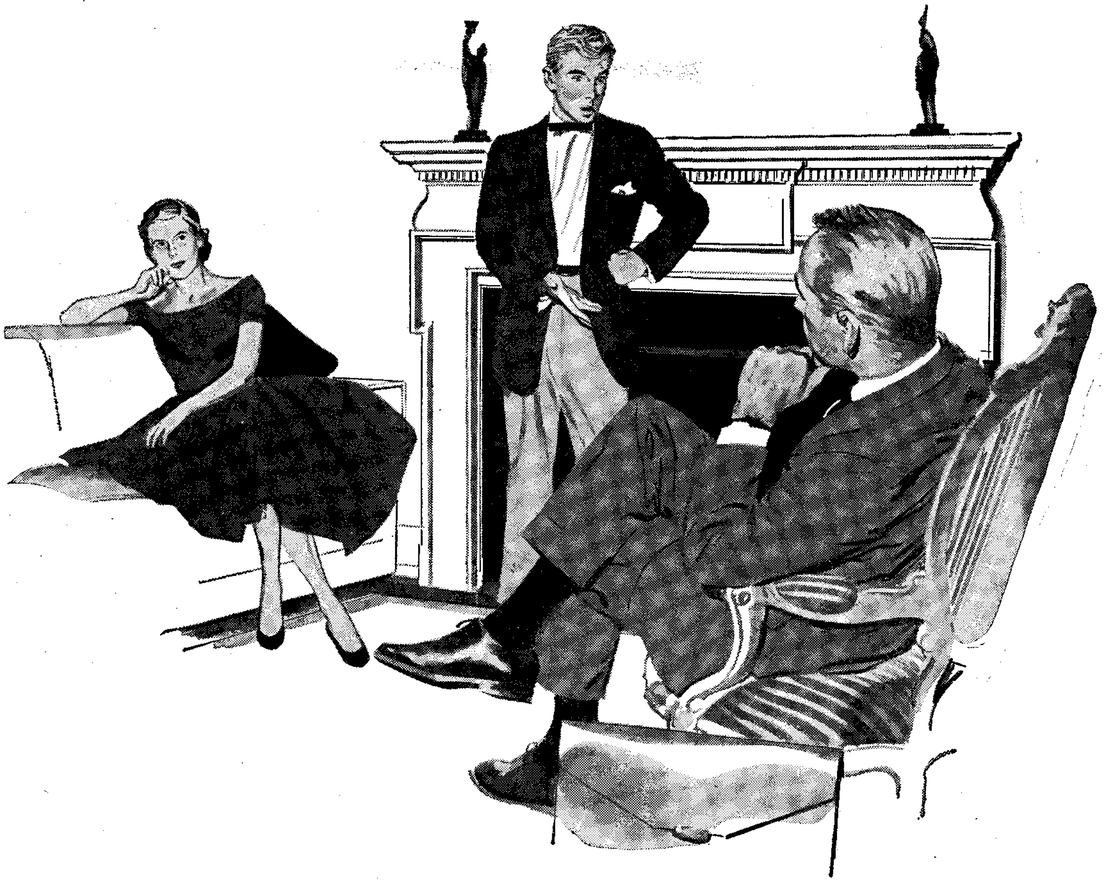
and repose, he has an American contour couch. Behind the glass building are a sculpture studio and a carpenter shop, where, as a practical craftsman for whom manual training was the basis of art, he made his palette stands and his worktables. There is a garage for his motor scooter and his latest expensive car (now chauffeur-driven), which has custom Italian upholstery. The milk-glass studio is like the elegant directors' room of a unique one-man organization, consummately equipped with the costly luxuries of privacy, quiet, modern mechanics, and utter efficiency—the pluperfect installation for producing painted art.

As his living quarters, his Norman villa offers agreeable charms in the constant pleasure to the eye of flawless compositions assembled from its furnishings; the exact placing, for instance, of a pewter teapot and colored plate on an antique Norman chest, behind which Spanish *fer forgé* curls against the wall, or tabletop clusters of sea objects he has carried home from the beach (stones, starfish, a crab shell, a fragment of blue fishing net) become incipient still-lifes as arranged by his hand. The living-room walls are of four shades of orange. He has Erik Satie's piano, which he bought after the death of the old composer, one of his first nonpainter friends in the early Montmartre days, when Mme. Braque used to cook occasional succulent midday dinners for the two of them and they would spend half the afternoon at the table. Music is still a necessity to him. Daily at Varengeville, he plays selections from his big library of phonograph records, Buxtehude and Mozart being his favorites now—and Mme. Braque's, too, naturally. It has been an unusually successful marriage, friends say. For over forty years, she has tactfully managed, served, cosseted, and protected him. Today, she looks like a portly Manet portrait, with her hair cut in a gray bang above her charming old-fashioned small features. She is gay-spirited and tells funny stories. They have no children.

Braque is a night reader. He prefers books on discoveries, voyages, and philosophy, along with nonpolitical biographies and books of maxims. He has always liked to talk philosophy, and he refers to himself as a Cartesian. His reading has produced book decorations, too. Long ago, a translation of that majestic curiosity Hesiod's "Theogony" fell into his hands. Hesiod's tedious classic on the genealogy of the gods, one of the oldest Greek poems extant, somehow fired his imagination, and



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in 1931 he accepted a commission from Ambroise Vollard, the late art merchant, to do a series of etchings for a new edition. He pictured the gods in a sensuously thin-lined neo-archaic style, adapted from the antiquities he had loved in the Louvre when young—those kirtled, fragmentary Greek figures, those strained equine heads, those nude Olympian scenes etched on Etruscan mirrors. He has said of himself, "I have a heavy hand for drawing. Whenever I start doing a drawing, it turns into a painting, with crosshatching, shadows, and ornamentation." Yet it is this graphic weakness that gives his Hesiod etchings their strong plasticity and complicated charm. Vollard never got around to bringing the book out, but in 1954 it was published by the new Galerie Maeght, which sprang up in 1946. Shortly after the war, Braque came upon a copy of Professor Daisetz Suzuki's "Essais sur le Bouddhisme Zen," originally published during the Occupation but rather lost to sight at the time, and his interest in that theosophy is reflected in the most recent book decorations he has done. The volume in which they appear is called "Milarepa—Magicien, Poète, Ermite, Tibétain," contains brief extracts from the writings of this eleventh-century Tibetan mystic, was published by Maeght in 1950 in a limited edition of a hundred copies (now quoted at a hundred thousand francs apiece), and remains probably the most de-luxe French bibliophile item that has been printed since the war. It is bound in parchment and has a loose-leaf format of "hand-made paper, dried in the air on a cord" (or so the title page states). Each leaf has a Braque-designed watermark containing the initials "G.B." and "A.M." (for Aimé Maeght). Braque's four etchings in the text (there is also a frontispiece) repeat a swanlike bird in flight, which he has lately used almost as a trademark, in four facets of the same composition. The first shows the bird in mere outline, with added inked surfaces seeming to change the creature's aspect until, in the fourth version, it is darkly dramatic, the whole shifting conception being four states of brilliant *maîtrise* of artisanship.

IN 1948, Braque won the first prize for foreign painting at the Venice Biennial Exhibition with his "Billiard Table," one of several in which he "broke" the table's outline—a problem he labored over for eight years, and to most art lovers a mystifying, unpopular deformation. It is now in the Paris Musée National d'Art Moderne,

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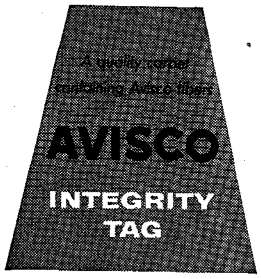
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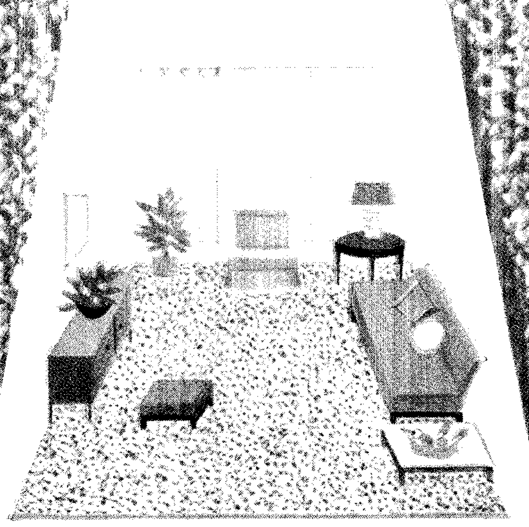

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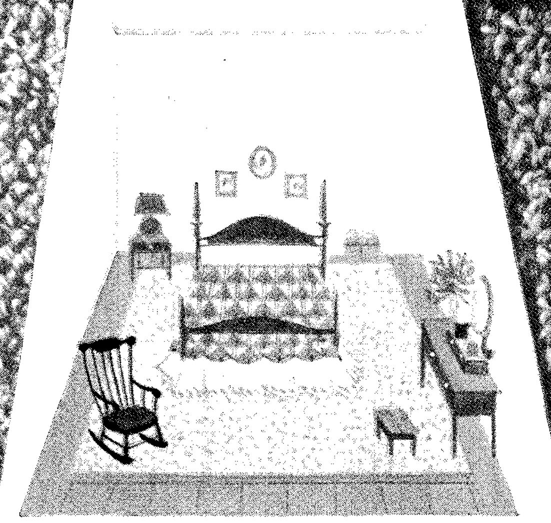

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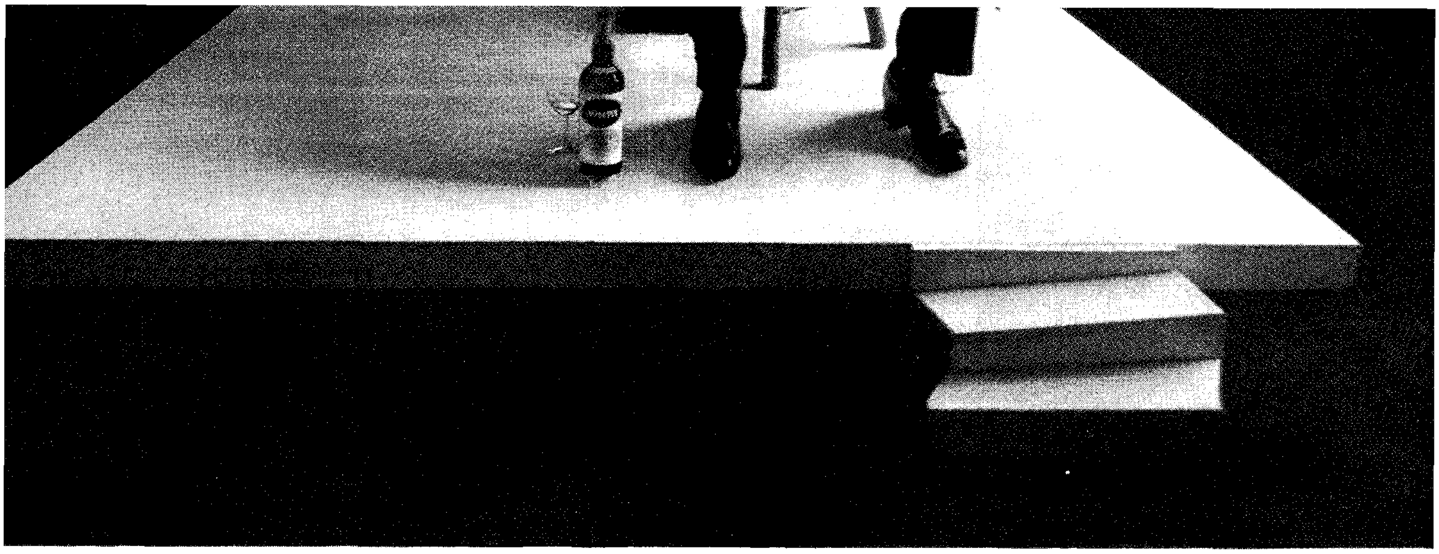

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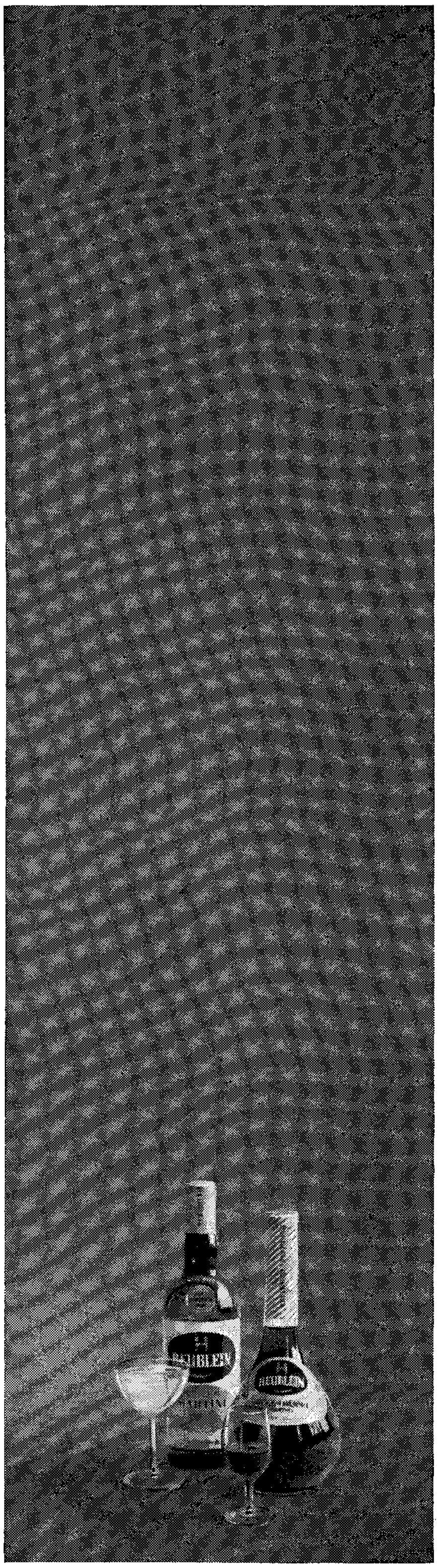

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among fifteen of his works, five of them gifts, one made by him; the ten others were purchased after 1932—and therefore at stiff prices—by the French state. (The first Braque, which was also the first Cubist painting the unwilling state ever bought, was purchased in 1919 and immediately expedited to the museum in Strasbourg, the provinces always having been the place to get rid of art horrors the Paris museologists do not want.) Only two Braques in the Musée d'Art Moderne are from the heroic years of Cubism, of which the state once possessed so many examples that it threw them away for nearly nothing in the Drouot-Kahnweiler sales. Another important group of Braque paintings, eleven in number, is now in the Kunstmuseum, in Basel, eight of them a recent gift of the Swiss collector M. Raoul La Roche, who had previously kept his Braques in France, where he lives. Mr. Douglas Cooper, the British authority and writer on Braque's works, whose comprehensive collection of about two hundred modern paintings is now housed in his Château de Castille, near the Pont du Gard, specialized in the original Cubist quartet, and as choice items appeared during the nineteen-thirties—usually having passed through the Kahnweiler auctions—he picked them up, with the result that his Braque room now contains the finest selection of Braque's early works of any private collection in France, as well as of his most notable recent work. In the United States, the vast assemblage of modern art owned by Walter P. Chrysler, Jr. (it is so vast that the bulk of the pictures have been kept for years in a New York storage warehouse) doubtless contains a big and choice assortment of Braques. Two large Braque retrospective exhibitions were organized after the war, the first held in 1949 in the Museum of Modern Art in New York, which showed a hundred and fourteen items, including certain of his sculptures, and the other last summer, in connection with the Edinburgh Festival, when eighty-seven pieces were displayed in the Royal Scottish Academy.

After the Second World War, Braque changed his art merchant again, accepting the high-priced offer of the Galerie Maeght. Today, a big new Braque there, suitable for museum use, is priced at ten million francs, or around twenty-nine thousand dollars. His paintings of twenty or thirty years ago are no dearer, his characteristic 1929 still-life "Peaches" having lately been sold by a London gallery for seven thousand pounds—practically the same price it

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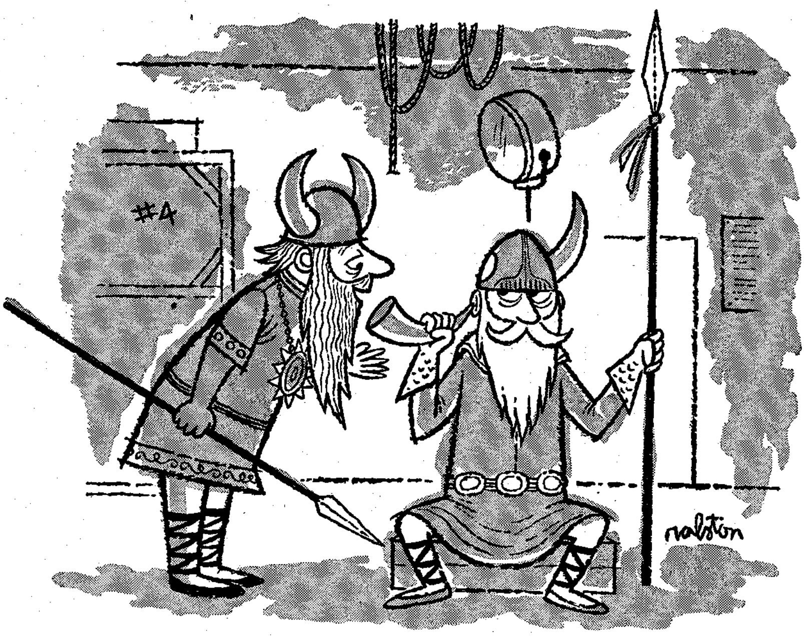

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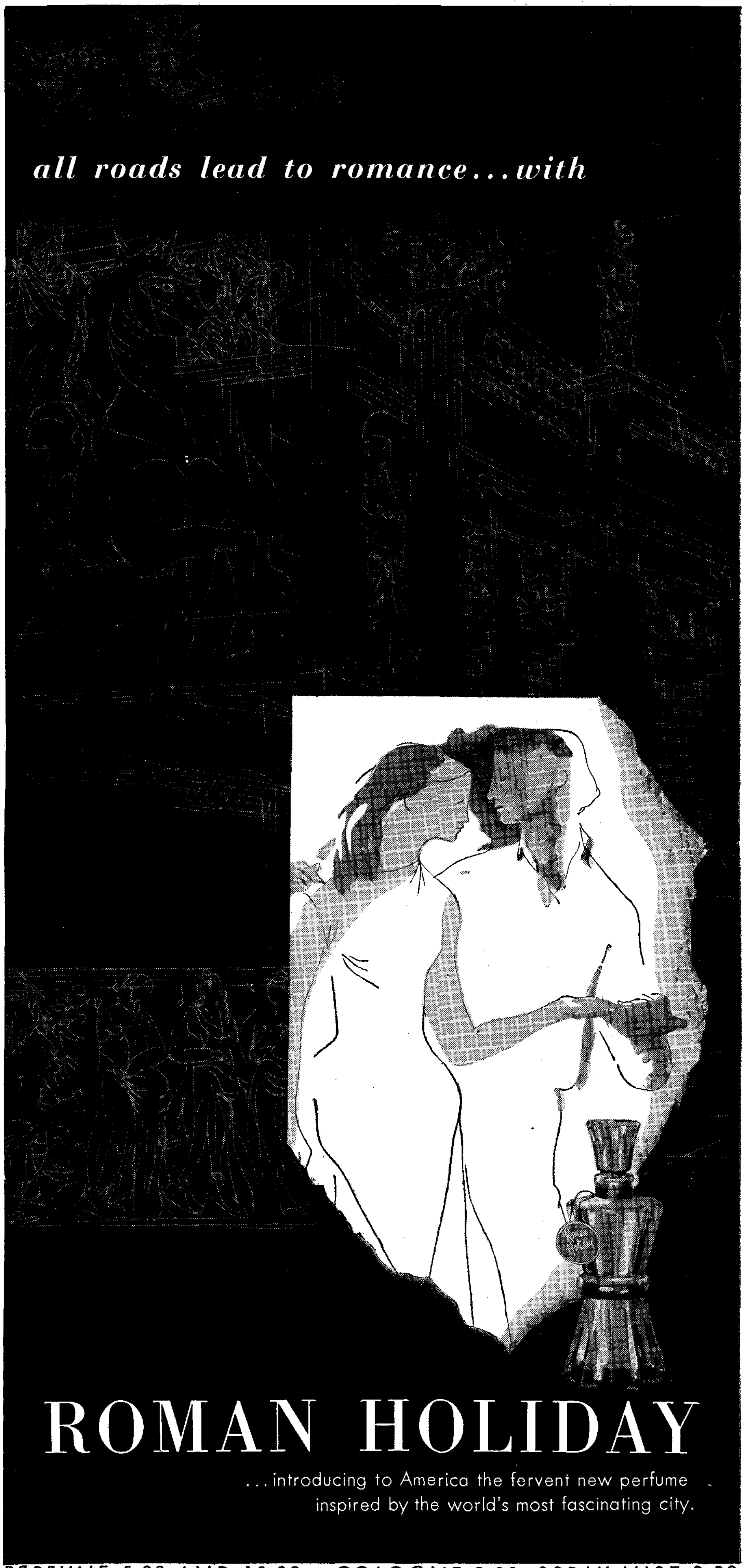
would have brought if it had been new. Braque has become rich from his paintings, even though he paints slowly. It took him more than a year to finish his most recent major canvas, and he finished it, at a couple of brush strokes a day, during a period last summer when the explosive Picasso was reported to have painted three pictures in thirty-six hours.

Braque himself owns very few Braques, and those on his walls are not necessarily of his best. He is not a collector. Of far more consequence to him than his finished pictures are his sketches for picture ideas, scrawled in his notebooks—cheap *carnets* of square-ruled paper like the ones French school children use—which he regards as such precious art possessions that he always takes all of them along with him whenever he leaves home for any length of time; he carried them with his canvases when he fled before the Germans in 1940, and, more recently, he would not let them even leave his studio to be photographed for Tériade, the editor of *Verve*, who had long wanted to bring out selections from them. Braque says his notebooks are like private cookbooks to him; they contain the recipes of his imagination. He finally allowed Tériade's photographer to do his work on the premises, and parts of the notebooks appeared in the autumn of 1955 in a de-luxe volume called "Carnets Intimes de G. Braque" in the French edition. (Tériade also edited one in English.) The notebooks' colored pages have been reproduced in lithograph, and heliogravure for the black-and-white gives perfect verisimilitude to the original quadrangular-lined paper. Among the reproduced pages is one with the conceptual sketch of the windows of St. Dominique; one of portraits of Mme. Braque; one of versions of Braque's recently invented white bird, flying on blue (the same bird device, in reversed colors, is now a ceiling panel in the Salle Henri II of the Louvre); and—of most interest to laymen—several sketches for large compositions that have since become familiar museum pieces, which were already so established in his imagination that their coming colors, *jaune*, *bleu*, *rouge*, are pencilled in the margins.

THE Rue Douanier, where Braque has lived for more than thirty years in his white square cement house, is one of several short residential cul-de-sacs leading off at right angles from the tree-filled Parc de Montsouris. His third-floor studio—it, too, faces south—is flooded with sun (when there is any in Paris), which shines on his philodendra and canvases and brightens his decorations of archaic sculpture and a barbarically colored South Sea shield. Until a few years ago, Braque stood straight as a cypress, as his Norman country neighbors put it. Now he stoops a little as he moves around in his Paris studio, but still in an arboreal way, slightly bent, as if under wind. His linear elegance is notable. His long painter's hands are still handsome and relatively unimpaired by work or age. His feet, small for a man of his height, are shapely, even debonair, in their collegiate polished brown moccasins. His skull is narrow and high and looks very hard, being covered, though not softened in outline, by stiff, thick, milk-white hair. In his French workman's blue cotton clothes—which are as carefully pressed as if made of broadcloth and which he wears like a dandy, with his French complications of a yellow wool scarf, a silk handkerchief, and a sweater swelling round his throat below his ruddy face—and with his clear, all-seeing brown eyes, as earthy-bright as agates, he looks like an artisan become Olympian with age, success, and knowledge. The discipline of his picturesque attire perfectly matches the almost eccentric orderliness of his studio. A dozen or more small unfinished pictures, braced against triangular wire supports (made by him in his Varengeville workshop), sit upright on the dustless polished floor like carefully placed pieces of low furniture. Another dozen or more uncompleted large canvases are ranged on an upper level on easels.

He recently told a visitor that he has long had the habit of working on perhaps twenty pictures at a time, sometimes devoting the whole morning to one—he cannot paint all day, as he used to—and sometimes an hour each to two or three of them and perhaps five minutes to a fourth. When he is through with a particular spell of painting on any picture, he puts it aside, later taking it out from time to time to paint some more, with refreshment and familiarity. Then, one day, he will take it out and discover that he finished it the last time—that there is no more painting to be done. He said that the moment he knows he has finished a painting he has no more interest in it; "its idea has been effaced by completion." He also spoke of his curiously physiological conception of the artist, his canvas, and his canvas's resemblance (or not, as the case might be) to the subject painted. He said that the relationship that exists between an artist, his subject, and his canvas is like the one that exists between a mother and a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father and a child who resembles one parent or the other; the picture's subject, he said, is the mother, the painter is the father, and the painting itself is the child. For instance, he explained, in an early Monet picture of the Norman cliffs of Etretat, the painting, which was realistic, looked like the mother. But in a later, finer Monet, of Rouen Cathedral, which sublimates likeness to art, the painting resembles Monet *père*. As with many active intellectuals of accruing age, unorthodox early conclusions he reached on certain topics have become part of his lifelong mental equipment. Thus, he suddenly volunteered his opinion that the Italian Renaissance, which as a young man he had concluded was aesthetically decadent, had typically produced painters "like Veronese and his contemporaries, who were only decorators and could not have properly painted a pair of green apples." Facing him as he talked and dominating the room from its easel was the then unfinished huge canvas called "Atelier VIII," the eighth version of a composition he had been working on for almost seven years. The aim of "Atelier VIII"—other painters before him, including Courbet, have used the theme—is to pay tribute to the act of painting itself. Critics have already ranked the canvas as his masterpiece of the past twenty years. His conception is an enormous, bold group of still-lifes, taken from his own studio and all placed in intimate connection amid stylized Braque decorations, the whole painted in rich, ripened colors—carmine décors, green table, a basket of purple fruit, a bluish jug and cup, his whitened palette and his brushes grouped in a bouquet, and, above it all, his special large pale false bird, like a paper pattern of flight. (The picture has recently been acquired by Mr. Douglas Cooper for his collection.) He began the painting in 1954, just after finishing with the Varengeville windows. Its originating sketch, reproduced in his "Carnets Intimes," is what "Atelier VIII" finally became as a finished composition. In the meantime he had discarded new versions, which constituted Ateliers I and II, and then had later returned to refinements of his opening sketch in Ateliers III through VII. This assiduous, patient perfectionism, by which he finally arrived at developing his original valid composition, is a manifestation of the incredibly scrupulous workmanship that, after all these years, he still gives to what painters call "resolving the aesthetic problem." Apparently, no other notable painter in France resolves it with such patience and with such steady devotion

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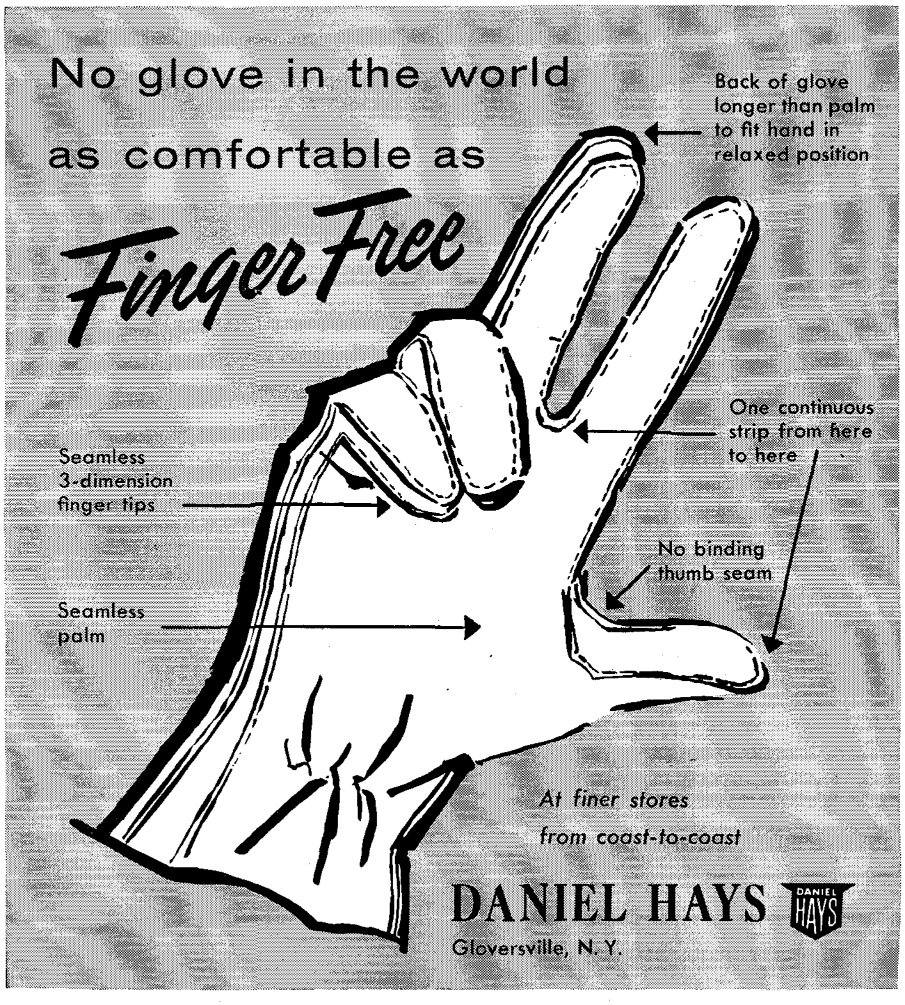

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to technical mastery, to the stabilizing of the grace that his eyes have perceived, to the perfecting of the artisanship that remains the base of his art. Two summers ago, when "Atelier VIII" was still uncompleted, there were corrective white chalk marks here and there over its color (one of his habits of work), as if the painting, perhaps the apogee of his career, were the blackboard for his final chalked problems of equations and summing up.

Like most of the big painters, Braque has a remarkable memory and is a ready talker, conversing with enlightening coherence and recollection, talking without egotism, his ideas emerging intact, like passing authoritative creations, though they are sometimes as unexpected as they are arbitrary. He brings out his ideas in verbal shapes with the same personal, reasoned style that he employs in painting forms. Because he is a highly literate French painter, who uses the French language with the sure precision of one drawing a series of separating mental lines and refinements, his phrases come to him without hesitation. As he talked to his visitor, he kept glancing at the canvas of "Atelier VIII," which dominated the atelier that it celebrated and its painter. Behind and far below the big easeled canvas, in a corner on the immaculate floor, stood a small painting, only just begun, representing two still-lifes in classic conjunction—a skull and a bottle. He had not touched it to develop it for a long time—perhaps for months—he said, and he added calmly, "A skull is a beautiful structure and used to waiting."

—JANET FLANNER

(*This is the second of two articles on Georges Braque.*)

•

Seeing Miss Garland is an emotional experience for most people, and as soon as the house lights go down and Judy's Boyfriends, twelve muscular young dancers, appear on stage with placards that spell out her name, the audience puts aside knives and forks and devotes full attention to their idol.—*Joe Hyams in the Herald Tribune.*

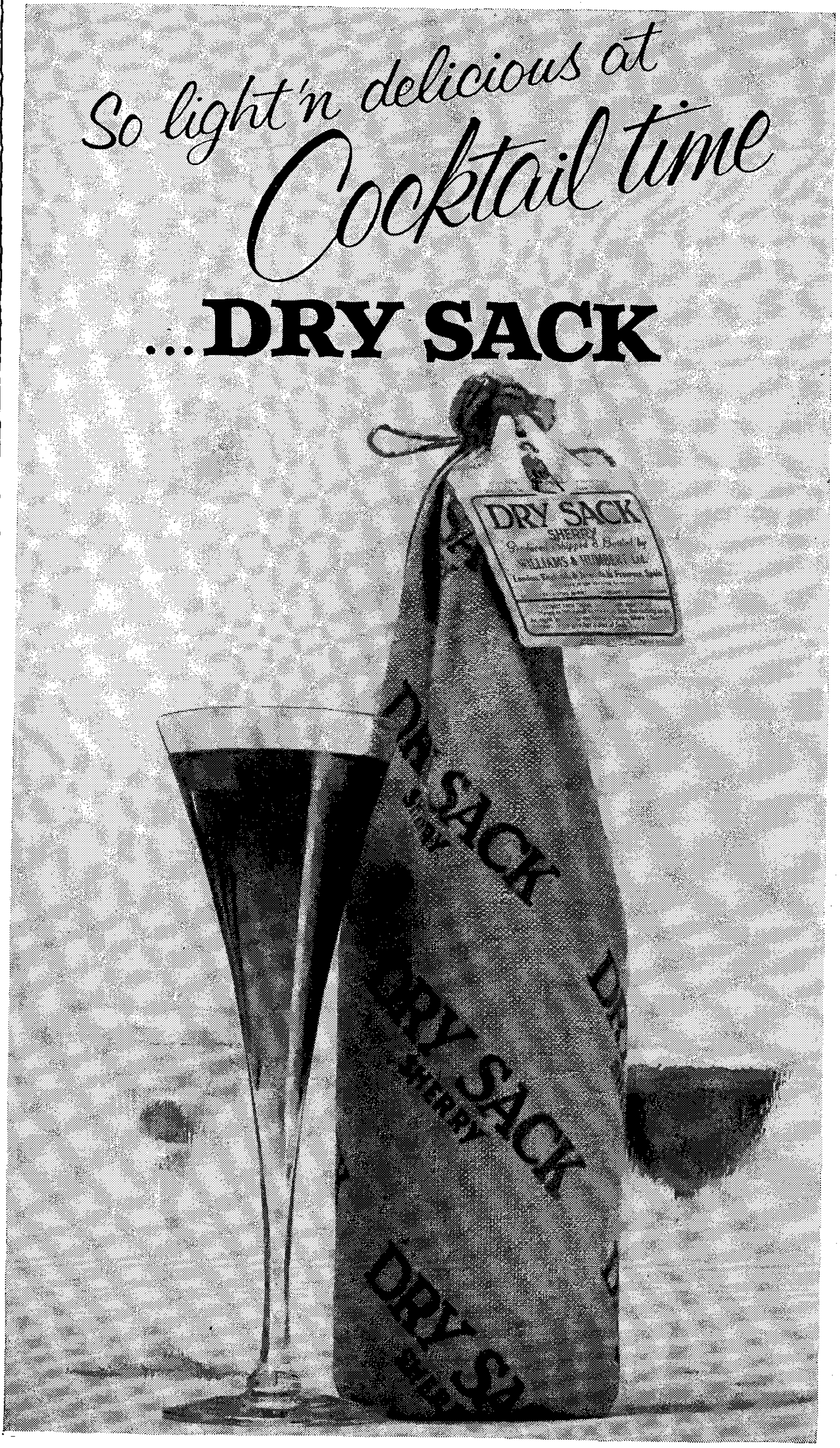
In case you're worried, that twelfth man plays the space between the two names.

•

### THE CLOUDED CRYSTAL BALL

[*From the "New York City Guide," Random House, 1939*]

The five-cent fare, a recurring item in municipal politics—is not likely to be increased in the immediate or distant future. The New Yorker is extremely sensitive on this point.



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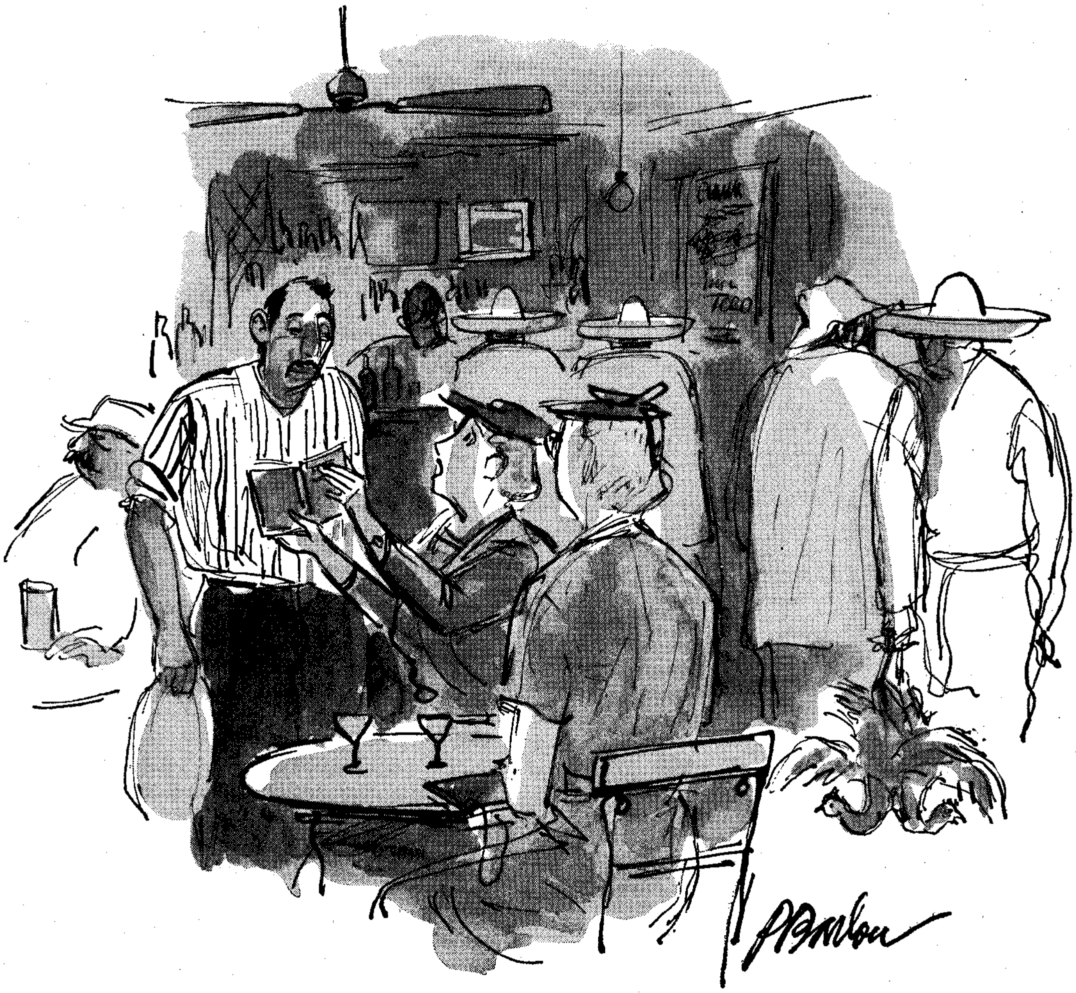
# THE THEATRE

## TWO TO FORGET

RIGHT after the curtain goes up on "The Loud Red Patrick," at the Ambassador, a young woman comes prancing on the stage to announce, successively, that the year is 1912 and that she has just been for a ride in a Stutz Bearcat. It is a melancholy fact that most of my colleagues were extant, if not actually practicing criticism, in those days now so inconceivably remote, and between the acts there was some discussion on the sidewalk as to whether that famous car had indeed been on the scene so early in our history, the general opinion, including mine, being that the playwright had anticipated the manufacturer by at least four years. As it happens, we were more or less correct (according to all available published authorities, the Stutz Company itself wasn't in business until 1913 and the first Bearcat wasn't made until the following year), but it is a minor and captious point at best, interesting only as an example of the kind of slightly garbled topical reference that turns up so often in the theatre to exasperate true lovers of the past. A related but somewhat more cogent thought that occurred to me as I watched the play was that, unlike the Stutz, "The Loud Red Patrick" was clearly a product of 1912, and a rather discouraging specimen of its era at that. John Boruff, who extracted the central notion for his work from a novel by Ruth McKenney, would appear from the program notes to be a reasonably young man, but his dramatic technique goes back to an innocent and tedious foolishness that I had thought well lost before the first great war.

The play, defined by its management as "a new comedy," is mainly concerned with an Irish widower and his four young daughters. The device that nudges it along is unusual but, I should say, almost as primitive as the ones employed in "Abie's Irish Rose" and "Lightnin'." The household, that is, is conducted on a variation of the democratic principle, all family decisions being reached by ballot and each member being entitled to the number of votes corresponding to his or her age. The dilemma agitating these people at the time we meet them is whether the eldest daughter shall go to Vassar, in accordance with her father's wishes, or marry a young man who works for the gas company, in accordance with her own. A subsidiary plot involves a middle-aged alcoholic sport, who has been voted permission to stay in the house so that he can escape from his wife, who is after him for alimony, and a comic cook or housekeeper of immemorial design. In essence, the piece boils down to a succession of these highly local elections, each, in my smoldering opinion, just a little more stupefying than the last. There are moments of elementary but acceptable comedy here and there, such as the suitor's attempt to entertain his prospective father-in-law with some aimless and interminable anecdote about a goat, and his equally doomed effort to explain love to a man whose wife is suing him, but for the most part it is very dispiriting indeed, though noisy. I have retained only one joke for your inspection. It reads: "But, Poppa, almost all girls have husbands." "I know, and almost all dogs have fleas." I am obliged to report that it is characteristic.

As the father, a part resembling that of the immortal Clarence Day, Sr., in much the same way that Mr. Boruff might be said to resemble Booth Tarkington, Arthur Kennedy gives a relaxed and not unengaging performance, and David Wayne, as the fugitive from matrimony, manages a number of comic effects that would appear to be the result of some private inspiration of his



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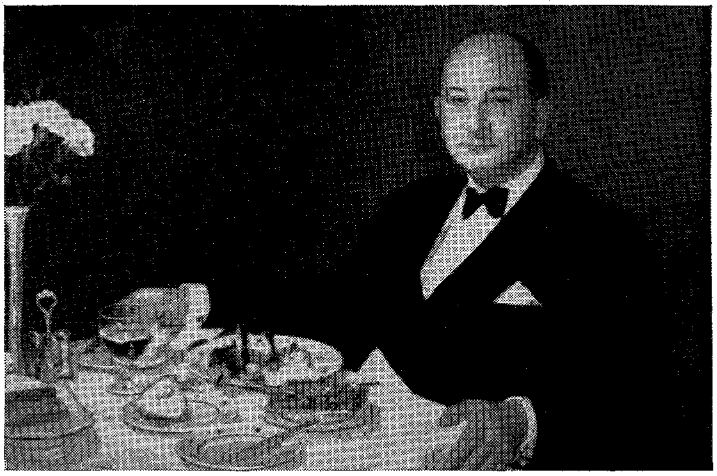

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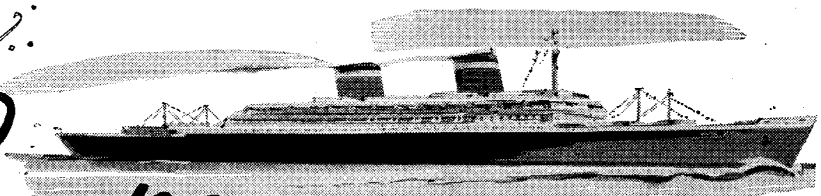

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own, rather than of anything in the script. The young women, in the order of their seniority, are played by Peggy Maurer, Nancy Devlin, Renne Jarrett, and Kimetha Laurie; the boy from the gas company is portrayed by James Congdon; and Mary Farrell is the funny domestic. There was clearly very little to be made of any of these roles, and I'm sure everybody did as nicely as he possibly could.

"HARBOR LIGHTS," by Norman Vane, accomplished the rather gruesome miracle of making "The Loud Red Patrick" seem like a work of serene, well-ordered genius. There is not much I can tell you about this awful work. The action takes place on Staten Island, in two adjoining structures—one a bungalow as bleak and unpromising as a skull, the other a sort of playhouse rigged up to look like a yacht. These buildings appear to be situated on a bluff overlooking New York Harbor, and the evening is punctuated by the moan of shipping, the mewing of gulls, and occasionally, for ironic purposes, snatches of cheerful music, wafted up, I gathered, from the deck of a passing excursion liner.

The characters inhabiting this desolation are intensely miserable. The heroine, a pale but sturdy girl, is harassed simultaneously by her ex-husband, a dissolute seaman now reduced to employment on a tugboat, and her new mate, a garage mechanic—a good, perplexed man, who is, however, stronger than he looks, since he can hit a softball three hundred and eighty-seven feet. While the members of this trio are deeply interested in sex and discuss it with unusual candor, they are more concerned with winning the affection of the mariner's teen-age son, now legally in his mother's custody. This boy has the sea in his blood, as the old saying goes, and he is powerfully attracted to his father, whom he considers picturesque in spite of an all but overwhelming mass of evidence to the contrary. I regret to say that I wasn't around when this dilemma was resolved, having been driven from the theatre at the end of the second act by the symbolic assassination of a rather handsome duck, but I'm sure that everything worked out for the best. The prose fashioned by Mr. Vane for this glum fable alternates between what struck me as an almost grotesque parody of O'Neill's plays of the sea (the sailor, in particular, talks as if he had been transplanted from a comic-book version of "Anna Christie") and the odd, strangulated speech ("Why are you do-

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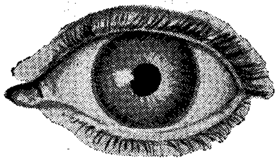

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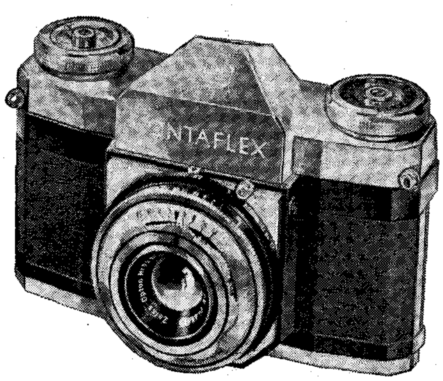

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ing this to us? Why? Why? Why?") commonly associated with the tormented heroine of a soap opera. Unfortunately, the actors speak with great clarity, and what they say is for the most part inescapable.

In discussing a play as abysmal as this one, I hesitate to comment on the performers, since it seems to me obvious that no talent on earth could achieve anything but absurdity. The principal players are Linda Darnell and Robert Alda, as the lady and the salt, and they are assisted by Paul Langton, as the mechanic; Peter Votrian, as the boy; and Pat Harrington, as a sad old sailor who has a hard time getting girls. Mr. Harrington, a gifted veteran, somehow contrives a moment or two of real humor and pathos, but it is my impression that the others are rather too innocent of the art of formal acting to be asked to undertake such racking and peculiar assignments.

After writing the above lamentation, I was informed that "Harbor Lights" closed on Saturday, after four showings. I guess we've all wasted a lot of time.

—Wolcott Gibbs

•

### A Weather Forecast, Which Will Never Grow Old

Is the perspective during a good weather period only ordinary and fading, so you can count with a steady weather you can see far way forests and towers very clear, the weather will change.

When, in the morning, the dew stays very long the weather is getting good. When now dew falls or it doesn't stay long we will get rain.

When the clouds—especially in the evening—get smaller we will get good weather. White heapy clouds, looking like balls (Kumuluswolken) bring no rain. Feather clouds by steady weather point out a weatherchange in the next few days. Growing clouds, as well as stratusclouds will bring rain. Even when you can see blue sky in the clouds it is not sure that the weather will get better.

Wind from southeast to northeast brings unsteady weather. Continuing rain we have by westwind. When the wind turns from west to east (rightturn) you can hope that the weather is . . .—*The Star, a magazine published in Kaiserslautern, Germany.*

Wait a minute! Put your hand out!

•

Officer C. J. Lofland of the mobile crime laboratory reported he made a paraffin test of Sturdivant's hands, which showed he did not fire the gun.

"We released Sturdivant without charges," the detectives said. "He owns two houses and several Cadillacs and we feel he is reliable."—*Houston Press.*

He should never have been detained in the first place.

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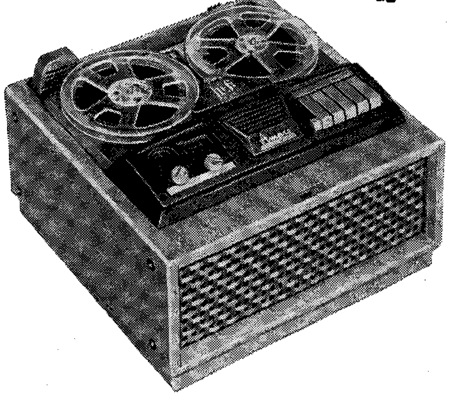

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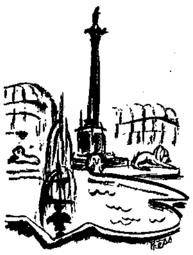
# LETTER FROM LONDON

OCTOBER 4



THE eighteen principal Suez-shipping nations are once more talking away in London, this time settling, through their ambassadors, the details of the proposed Canal Users' Association, but it is hard to discern much hopeful feeling about the results of their new meeting—or, indeed, much feeling at all. If people were doubtful about how the thing was going to work when it was outlined two weeks ago by Mr. Dulles at the preceding Suez conference here, they are considerably more doubtful now that he has, as it seems to them, been so busy in Washington rubbing out most of the firm lines that he put in then. His press-conference statements last week, which appeared to reject the notion of taking combined economic action against Nasser if necessary—a notion that most English had thought was one of the chief points of the proposed syndicate—and, instead, to invoke time as the great leveller of all dictators, were received here with astonishment and melancholy. Since Sir Anthony Eden's visit to Paris last week, followed immediately by the announcement that in April the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh will be going there in their handsome persons to stress Anglo-French solidarity, there has been some speculation as to whether his talks with M. Pineau may not bring about a change in the British government's attitude toward Western European union, which has always been gingerly, to say the least. Otherwise, there is little speculation of any kind in this waiting lull while France and Britain and then the Egyptians lay their cases before the Security Council.

THE Bolshoi Ballet, after a display of political pirouetting surely unique in the history of the dance, finally opened at Covent Garden last night, having left the opera-house management and thousands of ticket holders in a state of suspense until five days ago over whether it was coming or not, and having caused more violent anti-Soviet indignation among millions of British than was aroused by the most preposterous of the allegations against the West made by Mr. Khrushchev on his Indian tour last year. This was probably not the effect that Moscow had anticipated when it announced that the Bolshoi dancers would cancel their engagement as a token of sympathy for a Russian woman athlete, Nina Ponomareva, who was charged with theft from a London department store shortly after arriving here to compete in a recent British-Soviet athletic meet—from which the Russians promptly and huffily withdrew, of course. The affair of the lady discus thrower, the five hats she is said to have fancied, the law, and the ballet dancers has been discussed endlessly, with amusement and exasperation combined. It certainly seemed to most Britons that the Oxford Street store where the athletic lady became so unhappily involved in the millinery department—the cheap hats in question were photographed for the press, and pathetic little feathered strips of nonsense they looked to have provoked such a diplomatic shindy—acted with too much haste in insisting on turning the matter over to the police. After Miss Ponomareva failed to show up in court, a warrant was, as normal procedure, issued for her arrest, and no amount of scratching of heads and searching of law books has been able to come up with any formula to cover the embarrassing situation. But though lots of the public felt that the whole comic-opera business—with its final twist of the lady's having gone to ground here presumably for life, unless smuggled out by helicopter from the diplomatic sanctuary of the Russian Embassy, in Kensington—reflected not much credit on anyone, the local reaction to Moscow's trying to do a bit of cultural horse-trading was swift and furious. The Russians' candid attempts to swap a Nina for an Ulanova (as is being sardonically noted here, such elaborate concern over the fate of one of their citizens is so decidedly unusual that a neat propaganda victory must have been what they had in mind) merely angered even those ballet lovers who had been lucky enough to get seats for the long-awaited, rapturously anticipated Russian season. The government was not bombarded with British requests to step in and secure Miss Ponomareva's release, as Soviet observers here may have mistakenly reckoned, and the solitary ticket holder who reportedly turned up at Covent Garden to demand his money back did so with the sensible remark (which went for a lot of us) that he was sick and tired of the whole business. After the Foreign Office had at last told the Soviet Embassy that it could not and would not interfere, the Bolshoi troupe abruptly

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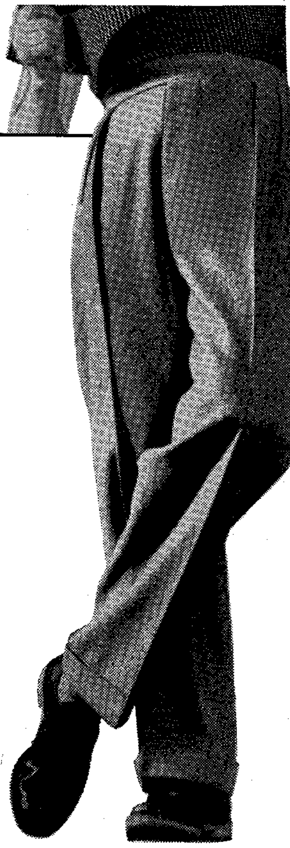

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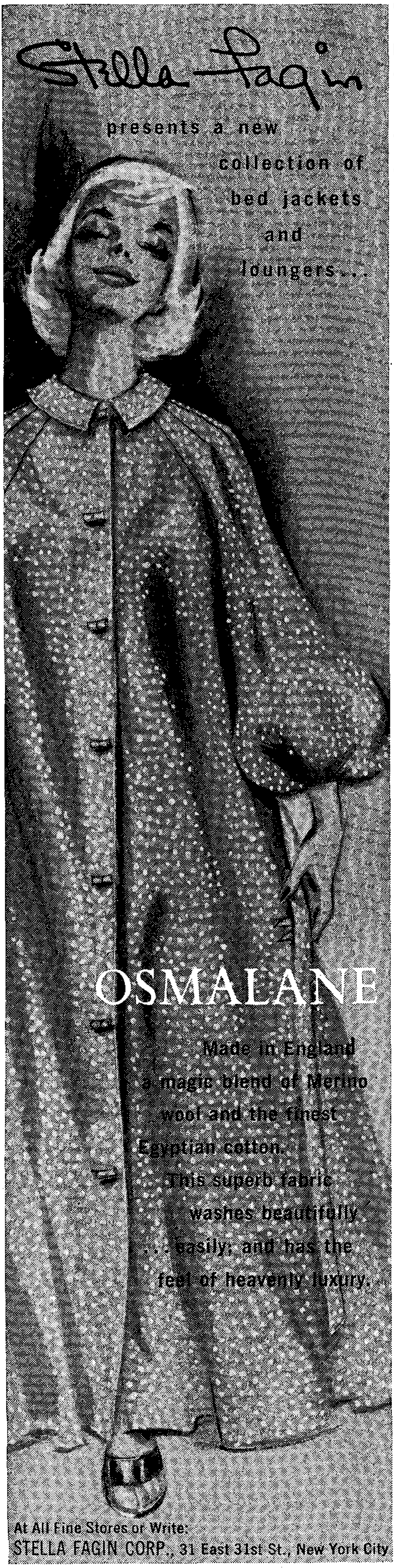

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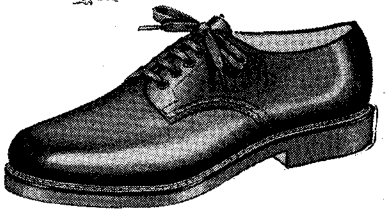
changed its mind. If anything instructive has emerged from the incident, it is the universal realization—even in such strange quarters as the *Daily Worker*—that the old remark about East being East and so forth is as up to the minute as it ever was.

All these frustrations were forgotten, though, in the excitement and emotion of last night, when the company opened in Prokofieff's "Romeo and Juliet," one of the most famed ballets in its repertoire. It was an extraordinary, historic occasion all around, this being the first time that the great Bolshoi company had danced away from home in the two hundred years of its existence, and the Bolshoi company being the first Soviet ballet troupe that Londoners—with their memories of the fabulous Diaghilev Russians, who bounded across their dazzled view before the First World War—had ever laid eyes on. The Prime Minister was in the Royal Box, to give the evening a special note of formal, official welcome, and all diplomatic, theatrical, literary, and artistic London (including the Sadler's Wells dancers, who are to pay a return visit to Moscow in November), elegantly dressed, as though indeed for one of the grand pre-1914 galas, struggled through the big crowds outside the Opera House and into the glaring batteries of television lights in the foyer. As it turned out, they were in for a sort of ballet marathon—three acts and thirteen scenes of mimed and danced Shakespeare, sometimes beautiful, sometimes frankly tedious to watchers accustomed to the higher subtleties of modern choreography—on which the curtain rose at seven-thirty and descended finally at eleven-thirty-five. The ballet's biggest surprise was its downright old-fashioned flavor. The production was handsomely mounted in a Verona authentically supplied with lashings of Italian velvets and brocades and with campaniles, statues, and enormous throngs of townsfolk perpetually making merry in dances and processions (often in the distinctly robust Muscovite heel-and-toe style), but somehow it all gave a curious impression of a sixteenth-century Italian painting copied in the glossy colored pages of an Edwardian Christmas annual. The great event of the evening was, of course, the appearance of the almost legendary forty-six-year-old Ulanova, dancing with snowflake lightness and supreme artistry the role of the fourteen-year-old Juliet, which she created in 1940. She is a small, frail woman with a heart-shaped face somewhat reminiscent of the young Danilova's, and her style is a marvel of



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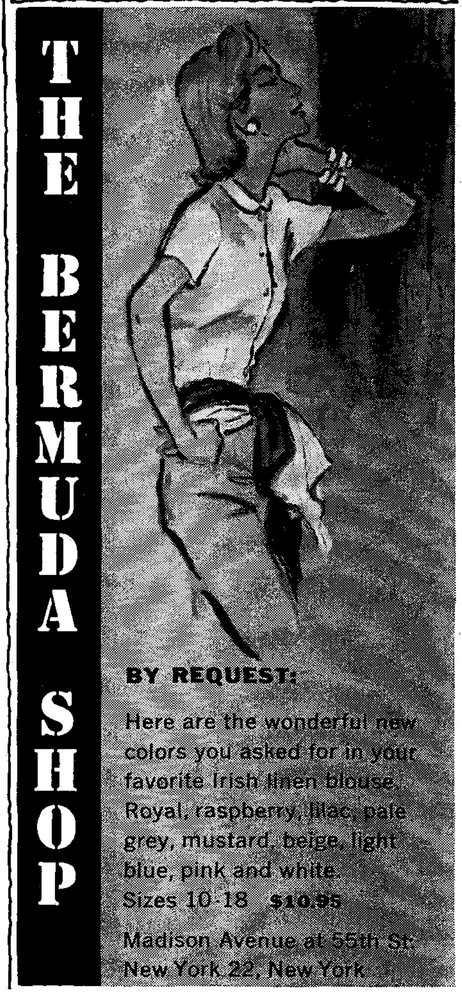

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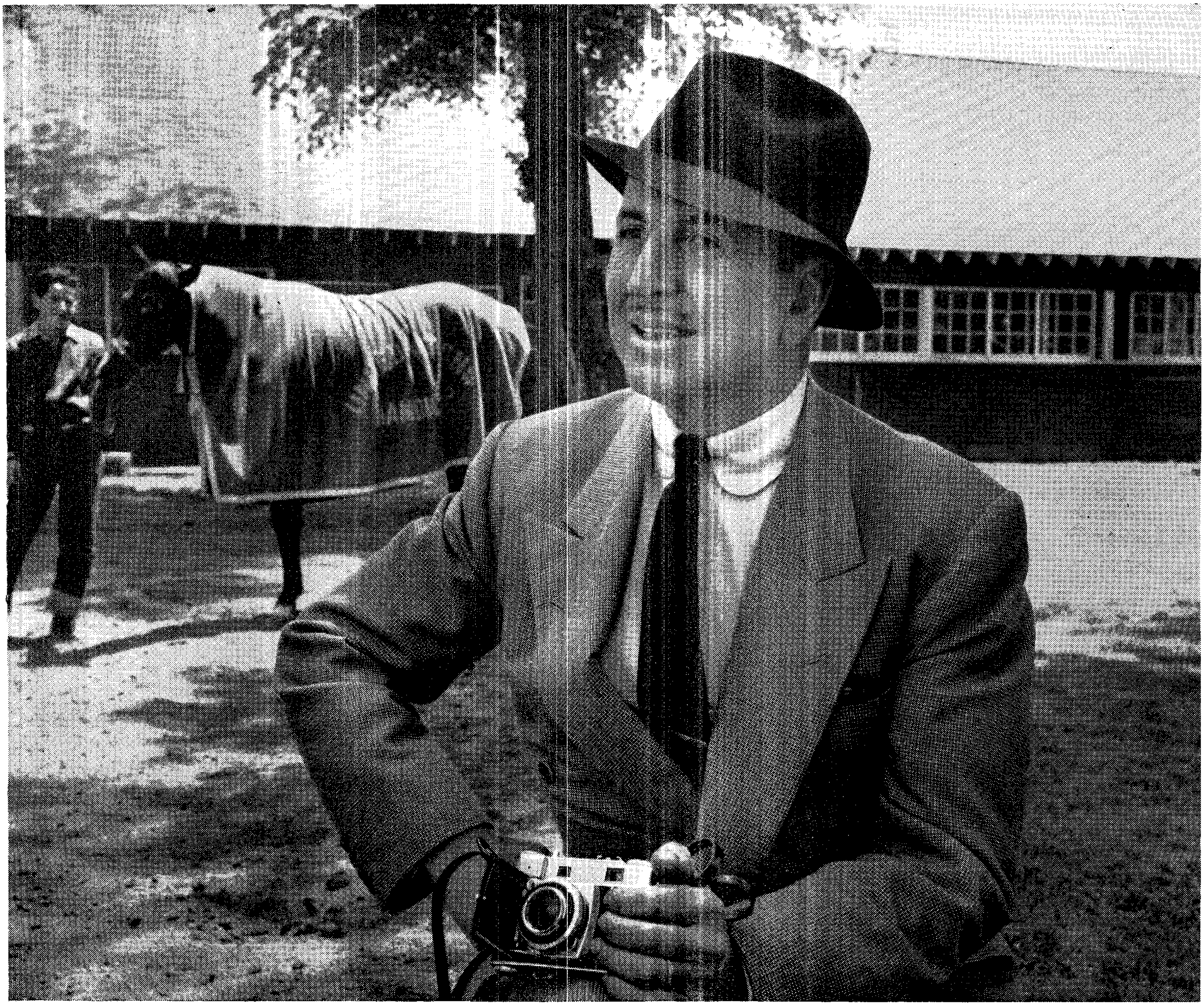

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gentle, poetic grace, without fireworks. She was at her most moving in the love scene with the handsome Romeo (finely danced by Yuri Zhadanov), which was shorn of the classic balcony. At the last curtain there was a frenzied ovation for Ulanova and the rest of the superbly trained troupe, with bouquets and speeches in Russian and English, while the entire company, including officials and technicians, stood massed on the stage and politely applauded the applauding audience, the orchestra, and the unseen stagehands who had heroically hoisted bales of unfamiliar scenery into the right spots at the right times. The strangest sight of the evening was the two or three members of the Capulet and Montague households who suddenly produced huge cameras from some crevice of their doublets and started shooting pictures of the Anglo-Soviet amiabilities to send home to Moscow.

THE Antiquarian Booksellers' Association of Great Britain, which recently played host here to the tenth annual international conference of antiquarian booksellers, has just taken firm steps to end a situation that has been whipping up a perfect storm of high words among the folios. The members of this quiet and honorable trade have been unusually in the limelight lately—and a particularly unbecoming light, too—following a sudden burst of publicity directed at the activities of rings at book auctions. The operation of rings—that is, groups of dealers who agree before a sale that only one of their number shall bid for a particular lot they are interested in, after which they privately re-auction it among themselves and share out the cash difference between the two prices fetched—is a pretty old practice, and a standard one today on the Continent. In England, however, rings have been illegal since 1927, when Lord Darling introduced

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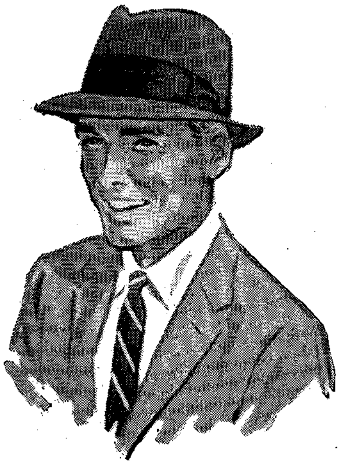

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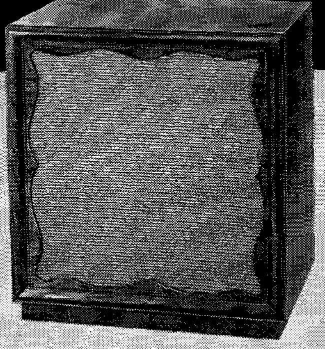

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an act forbidding them, but they have apparently been flourishing just the same, owing, for one thing, to the difficulty of pinning the transgressors down. Last year, a series of articles exposing book rings was published by a trade journal called *Desiderata*, which, significantly, folded soon afterward. The matter was raised this summer in the House of Commons, where the infuriated antiquarian bookmen heard themselves described en masse as "sharks" and "crooks," and was then taken up by the Oxford bookseller Sir Basil Blackwell, who publicly invited all honest men like himself to step up and sign a declaration that, so help them, they never had touched and never would touch a ring. Sir Basil cheerily said that this "book of saints" would be published by him in September, but, not surprisingly, he stiffened the trade's backbone so resentfully that only seventy-one out of seventeen hundred dealers all over the country reached for a pen to sign themselves into their impossible halos. As antiquarian booksellers irritably point out, rings mostly operate at country-house sales, where rare items are often catalogued by auctioneers who don't know what they're selling, rather than at the big London book sales at, say, Sotheby's or Christie's, where there is little or no chance of getting away with anything—though the newspapers have been lumping all the sales together in the critical articles that have appeared on the subject. Also, the booksellers say, why pick on them when it is well known that rings are far more prevalent in, for one, the fine-arts business? The Antiquarian Booksellers' Association, which for years has taken the stately line of declining to notice what some of its flock were up to, has now been goaded into tightening its rules to stipulate that any member known to be thus breaking the law shall be thrown out, whether he is legally convicted or not, and there are other signs that, twenty-nine years late, Lord Darling's act may be about to be made to work. In all these years, there has been only one prosecution under it—not of a bookseller but of a scrap-metal ring just after the war—and it seems to the ordinary citizen that it has hardly earned its keep on the statute books at that rate.

THE biggest recent event here for music lovers was the appearance of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, giving, as its last stop on its triumphant European tour, two concerts at the

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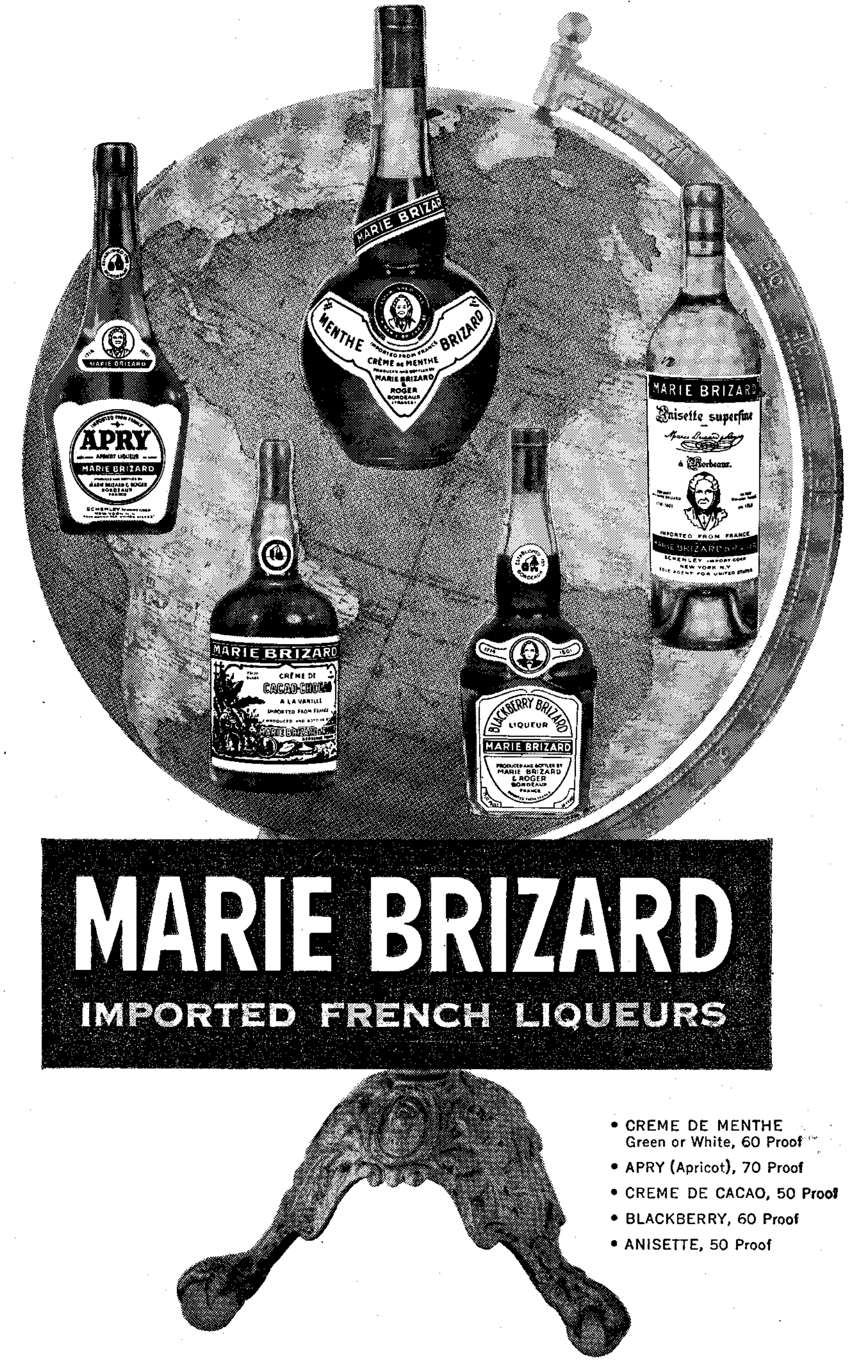

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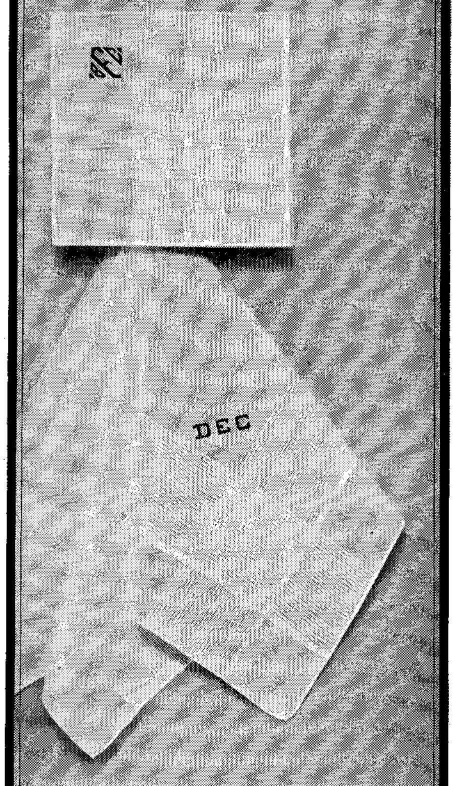

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Festival Hall. The first concert was conducted by Charles Munch, the second by Pierre Monteux, and both were exciting evenings. The Munch concert was attended by Ambassador Aldrich and a sprinkling of Cabinet Ministers, in the grander seats, and by crowds of tweedy young men and young women with horsetail hairdos, who stood blissfully jammed around the sides of the hall to listen to a mixed bag of Beethoven's "Eroica," Walter Piston's Sixth Symphony, composed in honor of the Boston's seventy-fifth birthday (this got a mixed bag from the critics, too), and Debussy's "La Mer." In its pleasure over the orchestra's superb playing of the Debussy, the audience sounded like an ocean itself, rolling and crashing in great breakers of cheers.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

### SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER (AND THE SMELL OF SMOKE IN THE AIR)

[*From the Atlanta Constitution*]

AN OLD SOUTH DECORATIVE THEME, employing Confederate flags and open cotton bolls, transformed the Meadowbrook drive home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank D. Grimes Jr. into a proper background for the "Gone With the Wind" party at which they entertained in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Gillespie who leave soon to make their home in Chicago.

"Everyone came in costume, impersonating GWTW characters," said Mrs. Grimes. "We hung a Confederate sword on the front door, and gave as favors Confederate caps to the men and corsage bouquets tied with Confederate ribbons to the ladies.

"And because we and all our guests are transplanted Yankees, our neighbors across the street, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Goodrich Jr. and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Chiles who are native Southerners, came over and burned a cross on our lawn. Just for fun of course."

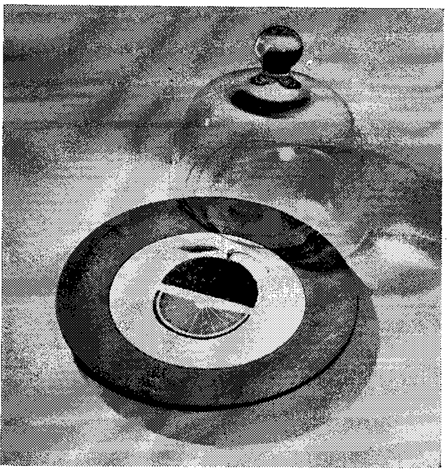
•

TO THE EDITOR:—*What happens when a joint "pops?"*

*J. W. Stobbe, M.D., Baltimore.*

ANSWER.—There are two theories on "popping" joints. One holds that, with excess motion, there is temporarily a marked increase in negative intra-articular pressure and when the joint returns to normal a pop is heard. A more frequent, and probably better, explanation is that the pop itself is not within the joint but rather in the associated tendon and that the tendon is overstretched and in its recoil gives a definite noise like a pop. Examples of this are the peroneal tendons sliding around the external malleolus aspect and the tensor fascia femoris sliding over the trochanter. —*Journal of the American Medical Association.*

O.K., what happens when an ear rings?



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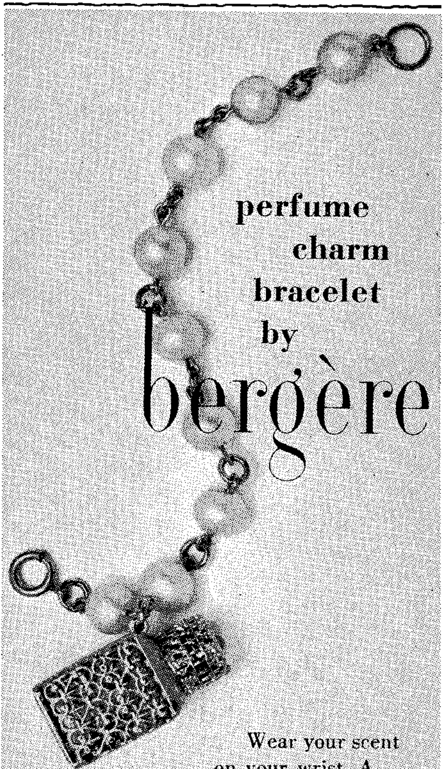

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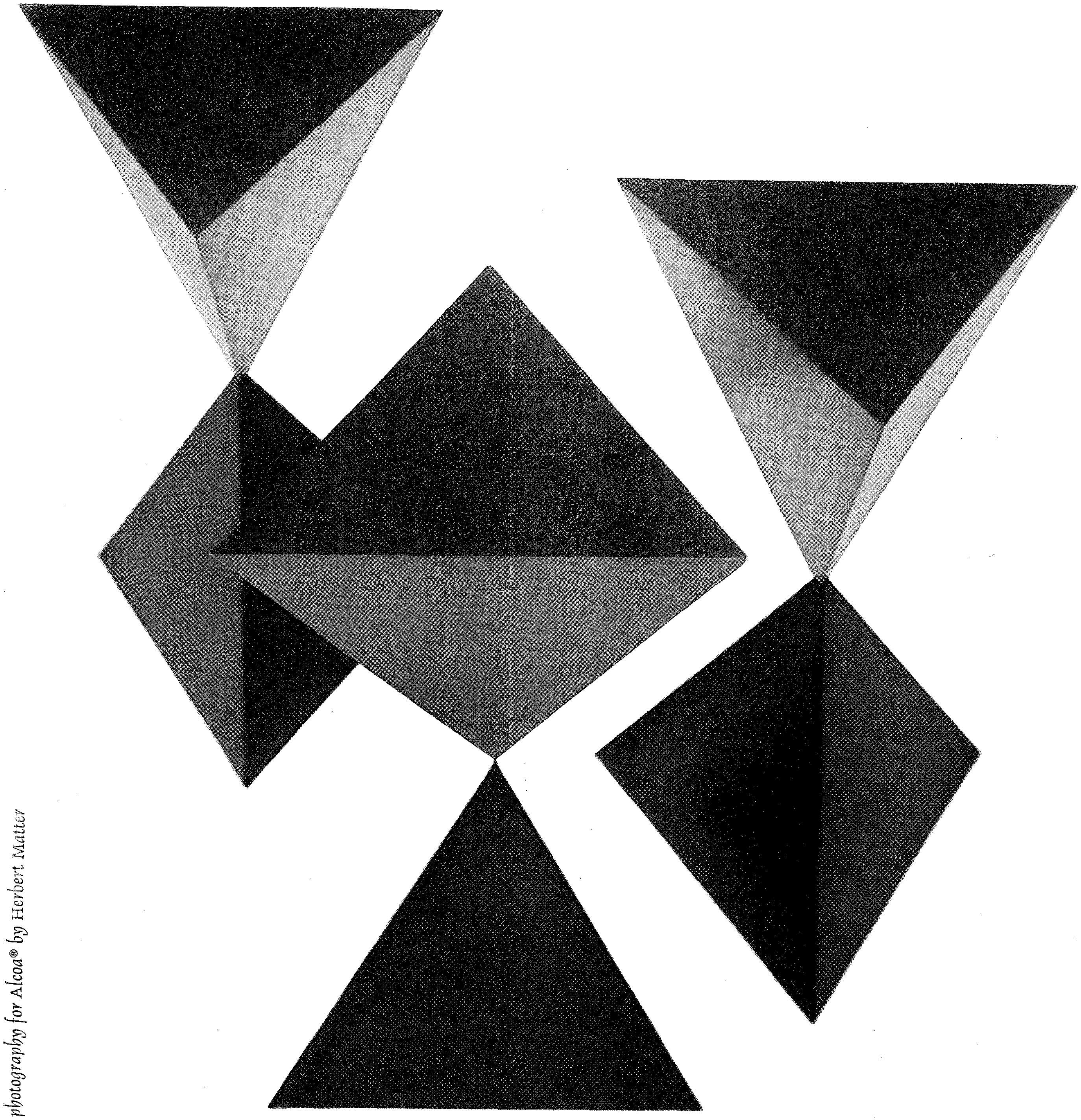

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# DEPARTMENT OF AMPLIFICATION

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.,
OCTOBER 6, 1956

To the Editors, *The New Yorker*,
DEAR SIRS:

MR. OGDEN NASH's rhymed letter to Cousin Nancy (Mitford) in the September 22nd issue of *The New Yorker* and Mr. E. J. Kahn, Jr.'s, Department of Amplification in the following issue have reminded me of my own introduction to the now burning subject of U and non-U speech. My husband and I were deputed to entertain a visiting Englishman and his wife, following a lecture that he, an eminent scholar, gave at the University of Virginia. We walked with them, four abreast, across the lawn to our parked car. My husband held the front door open; I stood aside and said to the visitors, "Won't you get in?" But they hung back. Finally I gave orders: "Will you sit in front with my husband," I said to Mrs. Fellowes-Brown, and, to Mr. Fellowes-Brown, "Will you get in back with me?"

They both sighed with audible relief and scrambled in. "We thought in America the men always sat together in front, and the women in back," Mr. Fellowes-Brown explained to me as we drove off. "We wanted to do what was expected of us, but it does seem so fearfully non-U."

"Non-what?" I asked, mystified. Then the story came out, about Miss Nancy Mitford's article on "The English Aristocracy" in the British magazine *Encounter*, which used a sociological paper by Professor Alan Ross as its basis for the terms U (or upper-class) and non-U (or non-upper-class) to define the differences, principally in speech, between the classes as they exist in England.

"At home nobody is talking about anything else," Mr. Fellowes-Brown said. "If you don't mind my asking, as a sort of example, what does one say in America—rich, or wealthy?"

"In Boston we say rich," I said firmly.

"The head of the Linguistics Department says wealthy," my husband put in, over his shoulder.

"I know he does," I said. "But it's non-U."

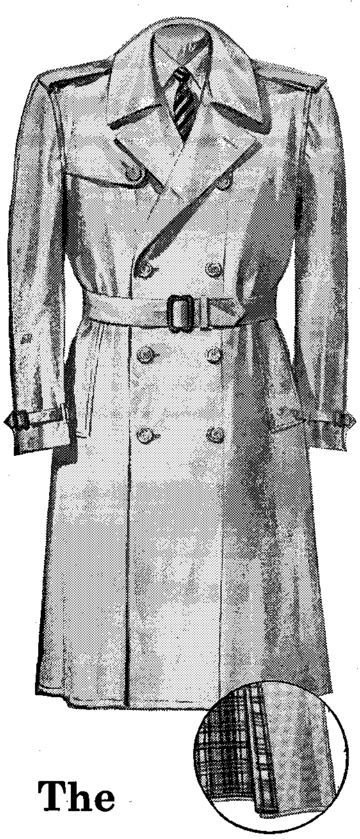
The vaccination had taken. We spent the remainder of the evening happily and noisily asserting our opinions of words, phrases, and habits, on the basis of their U- or non-U-ness.

Since that time, Miss Mitford's article, Professor Ross's, and a selection of pieces that Miss Mitford's inspired in England have, as everybody knows, appeared in book form in America, with an introduction by Russell Lynes. The volume's title, "Noblesse Oblige," I must say I deplore as non-U. Noblesse oblige seems to me something one can practice but can't say. However, it was interesting to me to read over the articles and note the many ways in which English U usage differs from what I suppose can only be called American U usage, though the phrase bothers me.

Toward the end of Mr. Lynes' introduction, I stuck fast in the passage where he remarks, "Class mannerisms of speech in America are difficult to pin down; regional differences are so much more important. A Bostonian can get away with mannerisms of speech that would be intolerable in a New Yorker or a Charlestonian." I know what Mr. Lynes means, but he has expressed it badly. No true Bostonian ever tried to get away with anything. The expression might be applied to those cocky New Yorkers or arrogant Charlestonians of Mr. Lynes', but in my experience Bostonians, in their speech and in their other ways, too, are only trying with excruciating earnestness to do what is right. Nobody really understands Boston who has not grasped that such a matter as what is the right word to use is not a semantic or a social but a moral problem.

I myself grew up in a Boston family that had a primarily literary tradition. My father cared a great deal for language, and my mother cared a great deal for my father, so the matter of speech was not lightly regarded in our household. Yet, since my father had become a painter—the first in the family to do so—and my mother was an artist, too, I expect that, if anything, we tended away from the orthodox and conservative. But I remember being taught the right words to use, and what the wrong words were, as something profoundly important.

The pronunciation of words, too, was



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a serious matter; Boston's own place names were particularly idiosyncratic. One said Tre*mont* Street; Copley, not Copeley, Square; Fannel, not Faneuil, Hall; S. S. Perse's, not Pierce's. The compulsion behind these choices seemed, at least to a child, more or less tantamount to that behind the choice between good and evil. To have pronounced the street *Tre*mont would not have been what those Charlestonians of Mr. Lynes' might call common, because common was a word one could not use. It was what I now find extraordinarily convenient to call non-U. A point might have been stretched to call the locution ordinary; but the way it really sounded, to a Bostonian, was wrong.

Simplicity was the essential ingredient of the mystique of Boston U speech. This may be true of all U speech; one observes it in reading the list of U vs. non-U words in Miss Mitford's article. It is always right to call a spade a spade, never right to call it, so to speak, a delving implement. While the Bostonian shares with the Virginian an aversion to calling the center of his principal institution of higher learning a campus, the Virginian can speak with easy grandiloquence of the Lawn and the University. A Bostonian would die of shame to use any but the understated word Yard in connection with what he will, if logically possible, always refer to as Harvard College.

Last spring, during a visit to Boston, I took my Virginia-born son to call on an elderly lady who lives on the water side of Beacon Street, whom I thought he ought to meet, in the same sense that one ought to see Venice. When we arrived she was in the process of dealing with the men who had come to see about installing an electric lift to run alongside her stairs. Her justification for such an extravagance (extravagance, in Boston, is non-U) was that her Sewing Circle was to meet at her house in a month's time, and most of the members were too decrepit to climb the stairs under their own steam.

Before I relate how she expressed this necessity to us, I should explain that the Sewing Circle was a club formed each year of Boston girls who were coming out (*not* making their débuts, which is U in Richmond) until the early nineteen-twenties, when it gave way to the Junior League; that our hostess's year must have been around 1890; that the various Sewing Circles meet primarily for social and not for needlework purposes, sometimes at the houses of their members but possibly more often at the Chilton

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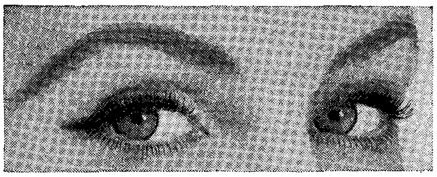

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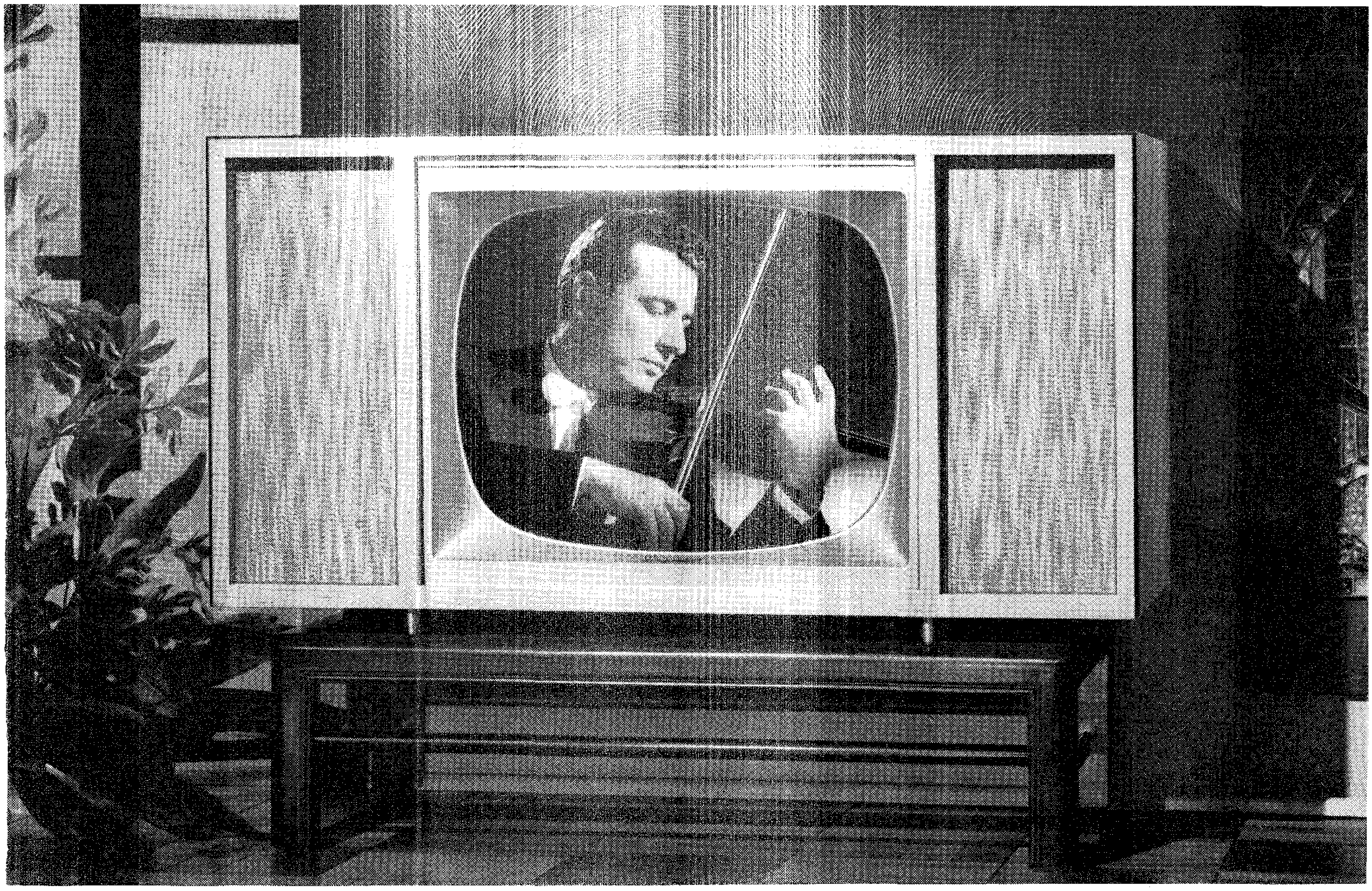

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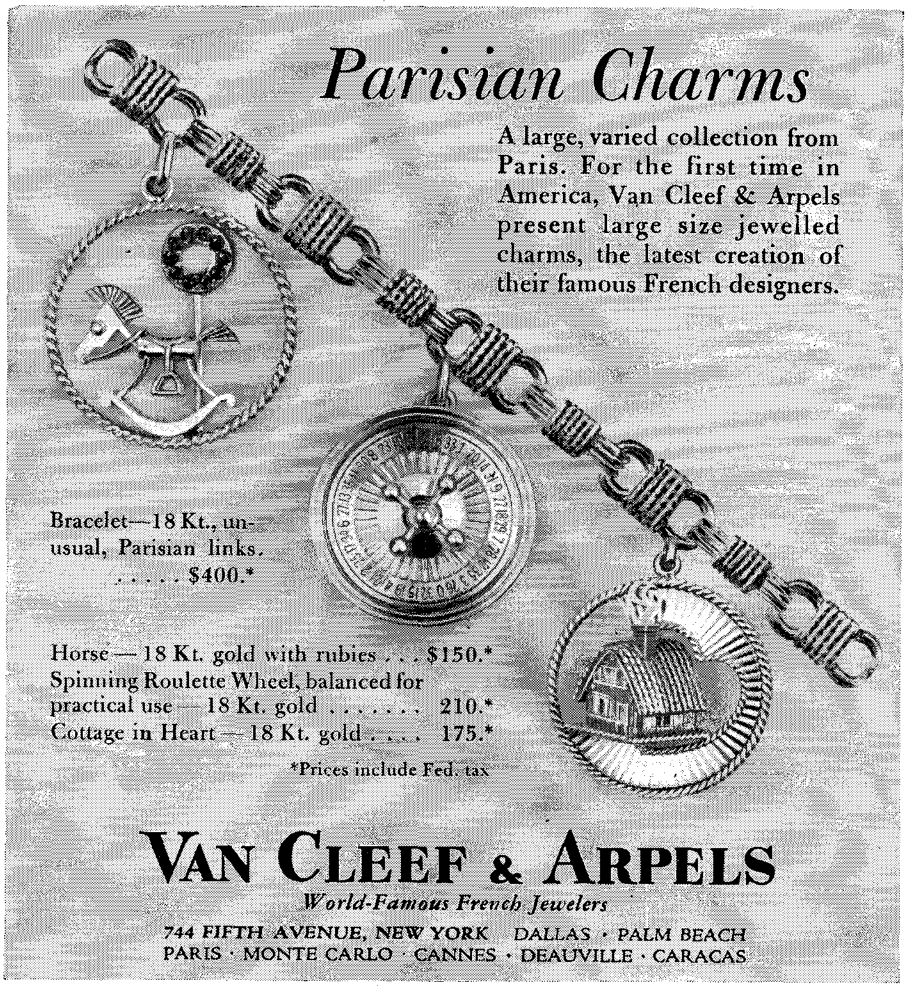

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Club, a woman's clubhouse on Commonwealth Avenue. Both the Sewing Circles and the Chilton Club are what would be termed, in linguistically amoral cities, exclusive, and what in Boston is called hard to get into. What our hostess chose to say as she began her explanation of the need for an electric lift to my son was "Some girls and I meet to sew, usually at a little club just beyond this house, but this time . . ."

I should add that in using the word hostess I *am transgressing* strictly Bostonian U usage; it would be better form to say "the friend whose house we were at." To describe ourselves as her guests would also be questionable; she herself would probably have called us "some people who came to call."

A true Bostonian feels that not only grandiloquent words are wrong but also the grandiloquent things they describe. On the same visit to Boston I put up, with some soul-searching, at the Ritz, which is in my opinion the best-run and most attractive hotel in the city; but on going to my room overlooking Newbury Street I was reminded of my father's reaction, in the days back in the twenties when it was being erected. My father belonged to the St. Botolph Club on Newbury Street, which overlooked the whole noisy, ostentatious, innovating performance of construction. Some of the members took to the chairs nearest the windows, that had a view; but older Bostonians tended to shrink into the shadows in an attempt to ignore the entire affair. One afternoon an uninhibited member said to my father, "Isn't the Ritz going to be bully?"—a question that so embarrassed him that he replied with the only thing it seemed to him possible to say: "What *is* the Ritz?"

Simplicity—or, rather, the intention of being simple—may be at the core of Boston U speech, but already, in the days when I myself came out in Boston, such speech had altered in one striking particular from that of my father's day. Not only were pronunciations becoming different from what had been considered right in his youth; what I called Bromfield Street he still pronounced Broomfield; he gave the verb form "were" the accent now only required in verse, to rhyme with "hair," which was old Boston. But out of the cult of simplicity had also, by my time, sprung an opposite—the exaggerated, the immoderate—which was right as long as it was extreme enough. Thus, one could say "too divine" about parties at the Somerset and Harvard seniors and Billy Lossez's orchestra and Chanel

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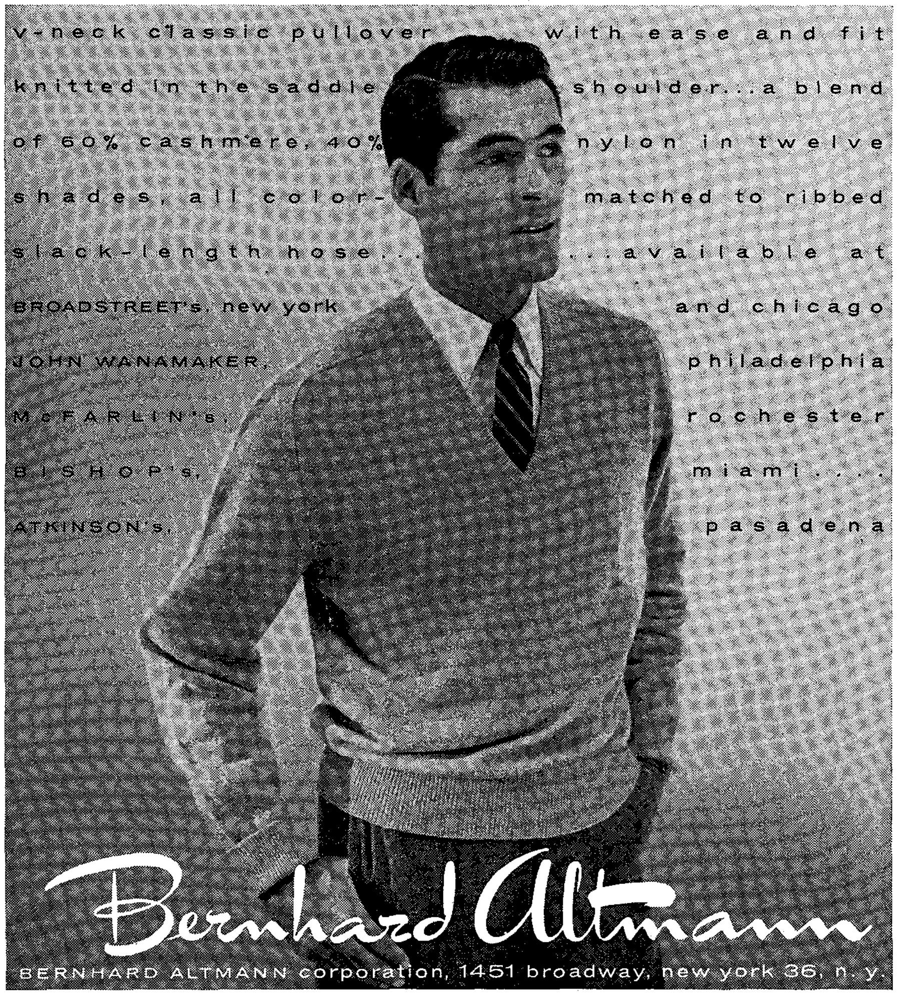
jewelry—anything as long as it was definitely mortal. One could say "horrible" and "ghastly" and "frightful" and "appalling." One could say "My dear, I almost died when he gave me one of those searing looks," and "She is without doubt the dreariest pill on the Eastern seaboard."

What one could *not* say—and here, it seems to me, we come back into the main stream of U usage, both of my father's Boston and of Miss Mitford's England—was the euphemistic word, the tearoom word, the word that had an air of what my mother used to call "chewing with your front teeth." Any word that was refined or dainty or gracious—including those words themselves—was unspeakable. One could far sooner use bad grammar, and in fact it was rather chic to do so, and then, if one's sally was misunderstood, to maintain that U silence of which Miss Mitford speaks. My father himself was fond of saying "hadn't ought to" in order to hear himself corrected by ladies from the hinterland. Such non-U usages as "met up with," "take in a show," "go steady," and "formal" used as a noun could be employed by the U; it was only non-U not to get the joke. In "Noblesse Oblige" it is pointed out by several of the contributors that in England it is U to use non-U usage facetiously.

Boston U usage is to be compared with that of England in other respects as well. As in England, there is a vast category of words and pronunciations that must be known from infancy to be got right, a category as unpredictable and illogical as English grammar itself. Most conspicuous in it is perhaps the well-known Boston use of the broad A. The words in which it is used and those in which it is not used seem to be unlearnable by those who were not brought up ("raised" is non-U in Boston) to it, as is testified to by many an earnest soul who persists in putting the broad A into "and" and "can" and such phrases as "flat silver."

Where Boston U usage differs fundamentally from the U usage of England is in the amount of pleasure its users get out of using it. An Englishman apparently blossoms and burgeons under his consciousness of employing U speech. But a Bostonian's conscience will never let him win. If it is, to him, in some obscure way morally wrong to say "home" instead of "house," it is also with a feeling of guilt that he says "dahnce," because in doing so he seems to himself to be acting superior to those who say "dance." Snobbish-



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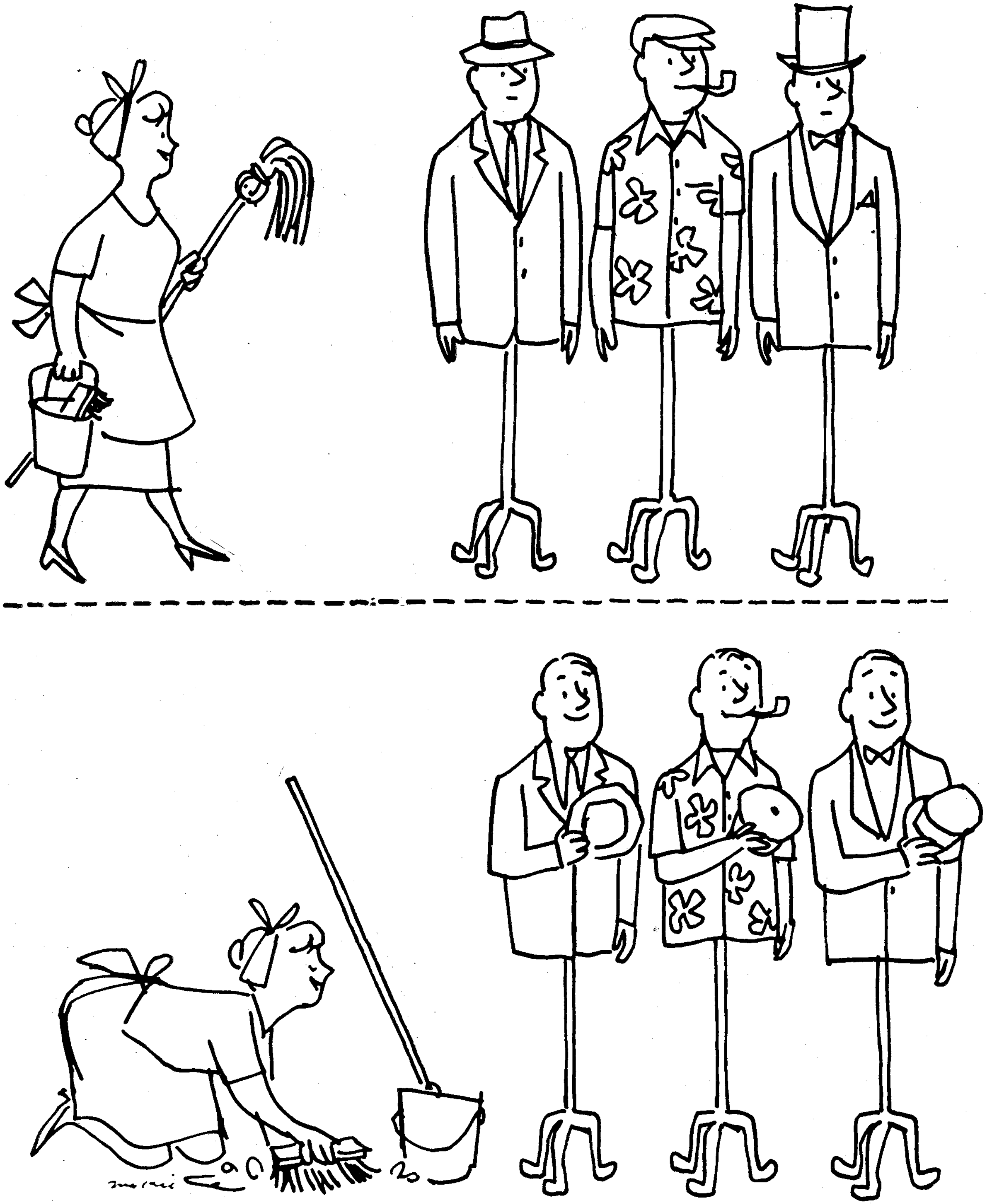

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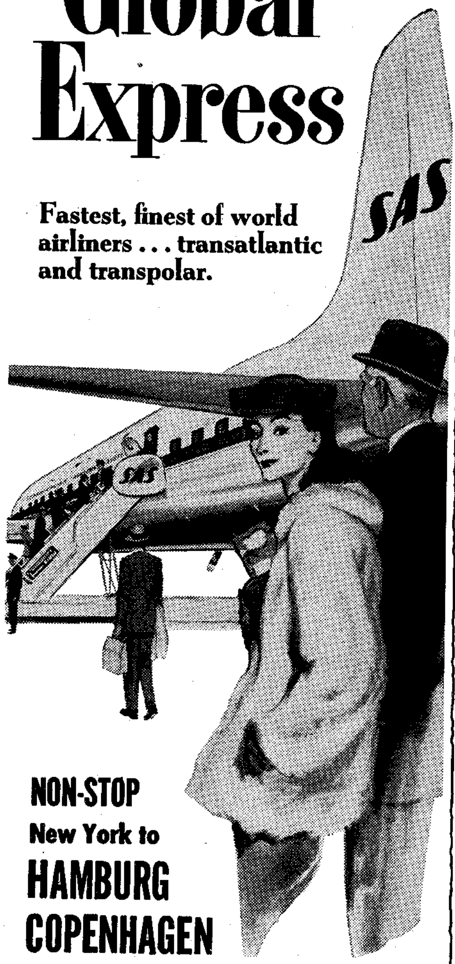

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ness is among the more non-U attitudes in Boston.

Although, like a Virginian's, the Bostonian's U-hood is established in large part by his possession of distinguished ancestors, unlike the Southerner's his U mores inhibit him absolutely from boasting about them; although he lives with ease on the income of the income of his income, thus avoiding any possibility of non-U going into principal, his compulsion toward simplicity often will not allow him to take a taxi to his office, a mile's walk across the Common. And while I have felt equipped in this letter to pass various judgments on what is U, at the same time as a Bostonian I have the feeling that even to be discussing such a distinction as that implies is definitely non-U—and of course morally wrong.

Sincerely yours,
NANCY HALE

•

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"Staring at the east
Behind the windows of our train,
What is it you see at nightfall?"

"I can see something . . .
It is the falling sun, wrongly
Reflected on this pale heaven,

"A red suicide
Descending where, before, the hopes
Of every day mounted to their

"Customary wreck.
Looking out with you through the clear
Deception of a moving train,

"I see the sunset
Spread upon the east that should be
Blue as any water, just as

"With another eye
I see, in the brilliant glass,
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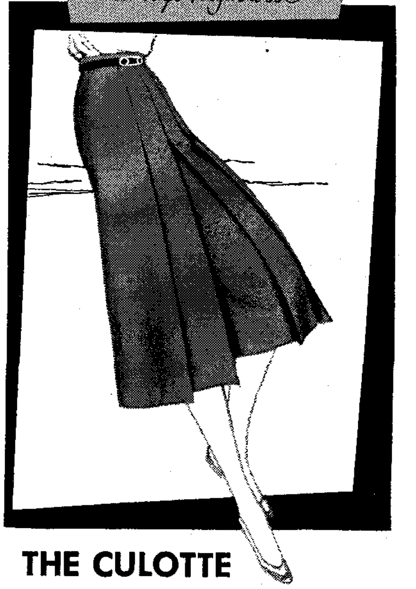

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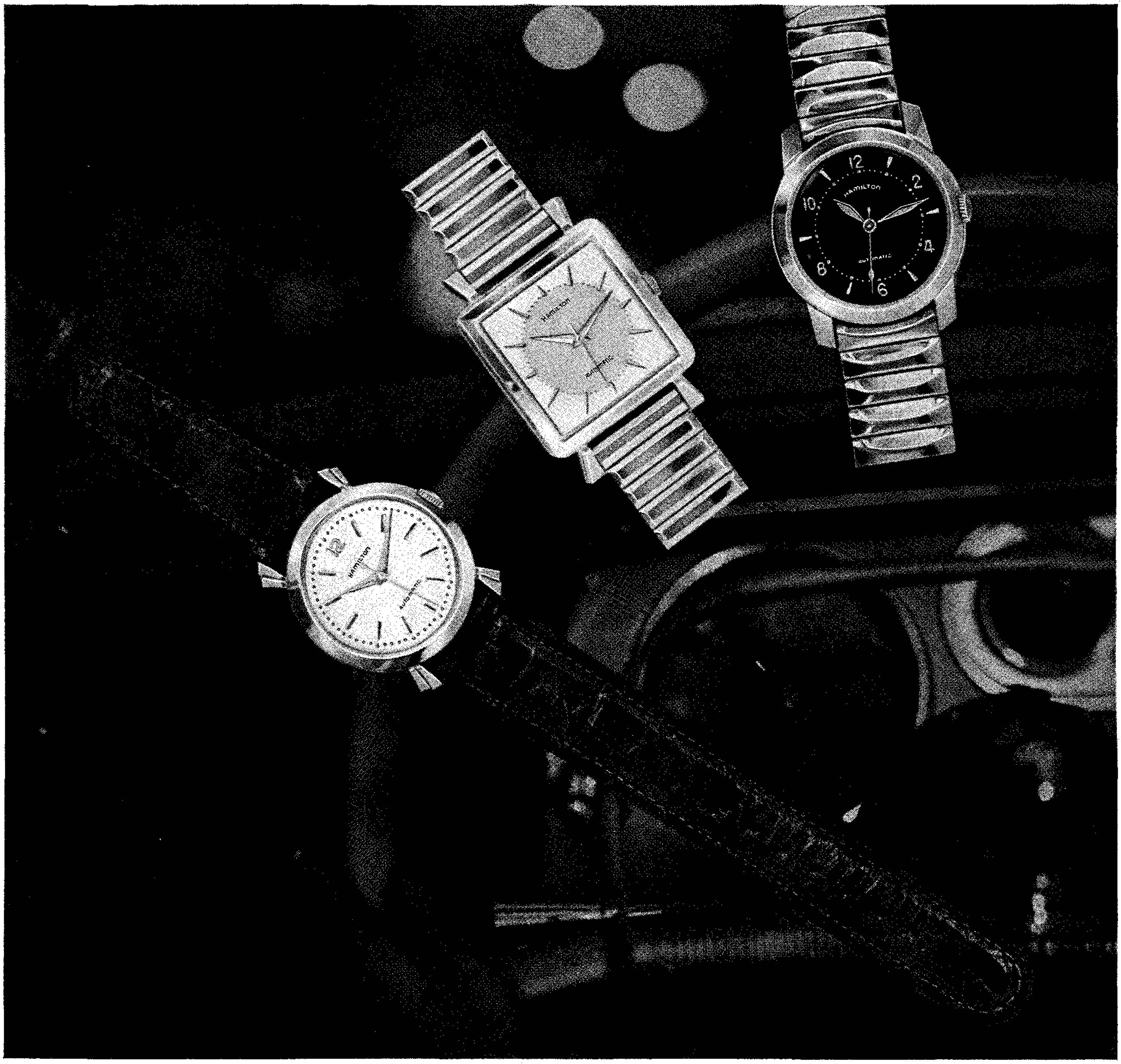

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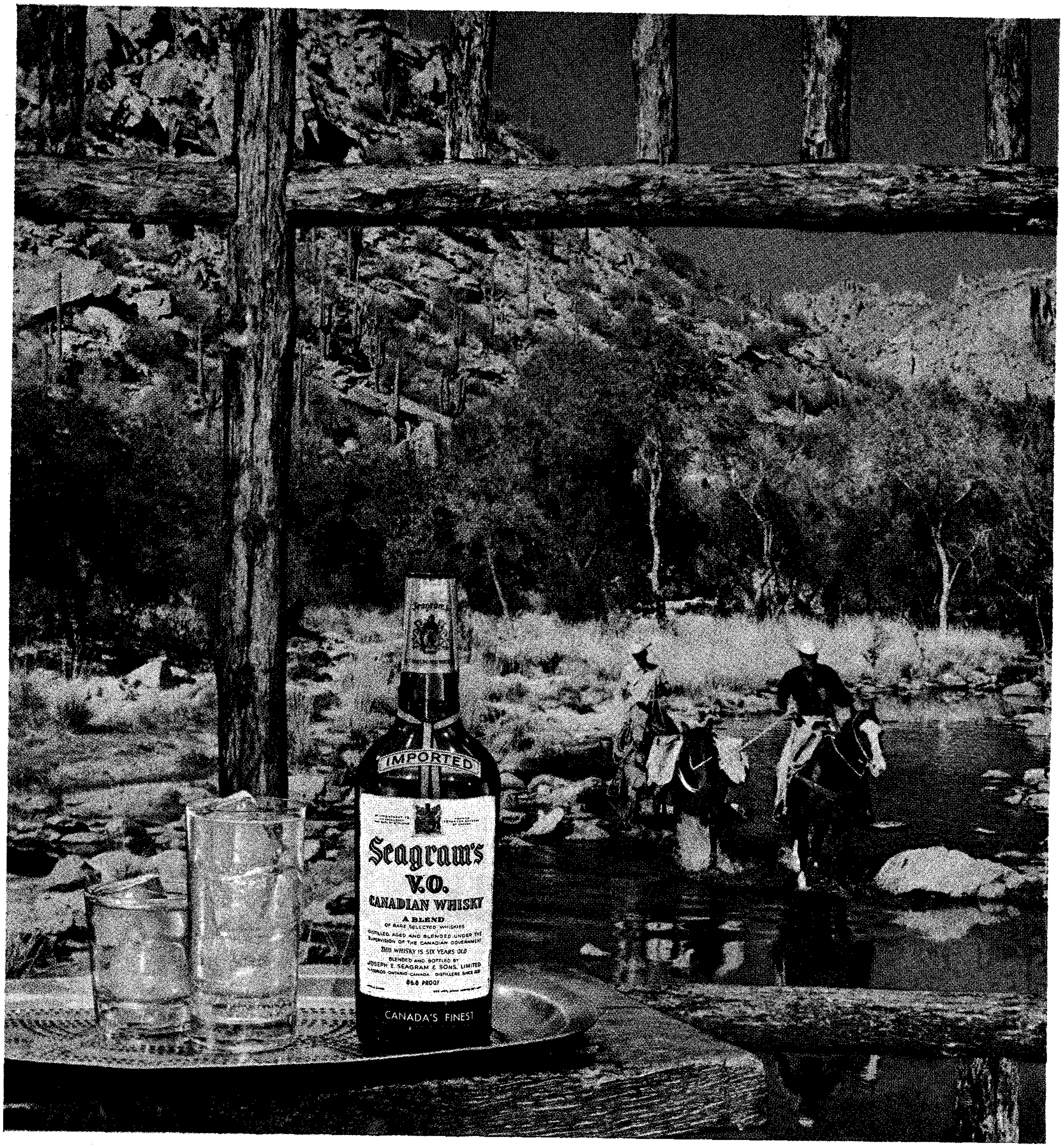
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# TABLES FOR TWO

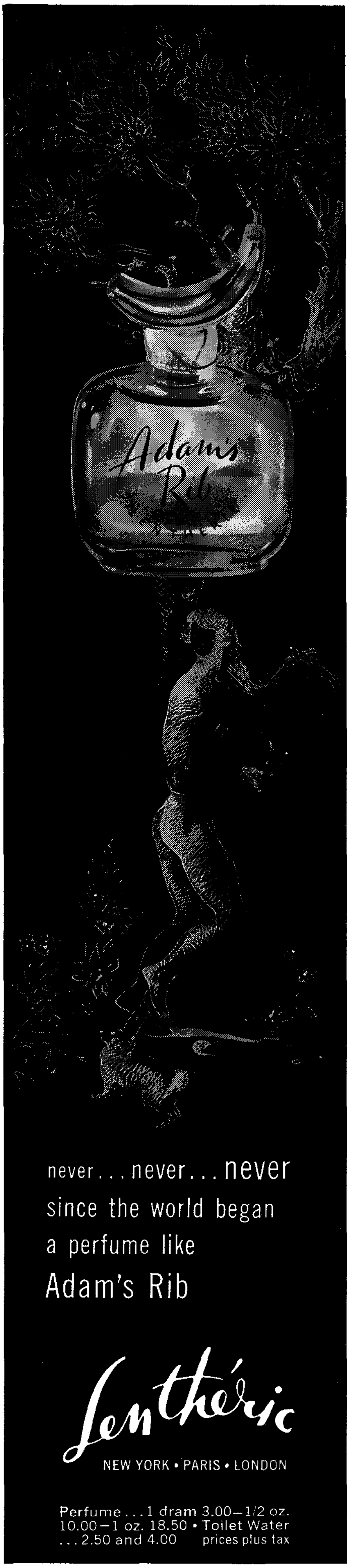
### *Junior*

"Son of Four Below," a miniature revue with which the Downstairs Room, on West Fifty-first Street, has inaugurated its second season, is even better than its predecessor, "Four Below," and that was an engaging business. As before, only six people are involved—June Ericson, Ceil Cabot, Gerry Matthews, and Jack Fletcher, plus a two-piano team to provide their accompaniments—but the new show has a slightly more professional air about it; for one thing, there is more four-part vocal writing, and, for another, the costuming is more effective. The entertainment is at its brightest when it is set to music, as it is for about three-quarters of the time; the rest is largely given over to Mr. Fletcher, a tall, startled-looking young man, whose lot it is, while the others are changing costumes, to deliver some rather dreary monologues. Luckily, he also gets a chance to work himself into a few of the comedy songs, and does fine. "Son of Four Below" is presented in three acts (this is a night club, after all, and the waiters need interludes for serving another round of drinks), and the opening and closing numbers of each act are the liveliest items of all. Few Broadway revues have rung down a first-act curtain on anything much wilder or funnier than "The Night the Hurricane Struck," a lunatic production that the company undertakes with enormous glee. And "The Appian Way," a moon-struck conceit with which Miss Ericson, lightly assisted by her teammates, begins the second act, is a beguiling piece of rhythmic foolishness. The second-act finale, "The Election Spectacular," gives us a Presidential nominee and his running mate taking full advantage of television's peculiar techniques, and while it may be a trifle labored, it makes some sharp comments on the art of campaigning. That Miss Ericson, by the way, is a find. A tiny thing, with features that glow like a Halloween pumpkin, she was one of the particularly attractive assets of the last show, and she has now really come into her own as a charming and versatile performer. One minute, she melts your heart by singing a chorus of a ballad called "Laddie" in a sweet lyric soprano, and the next she has you laughing at a nonsensical vocal exercise. Miss Cabot, a young delinquent with an energetic comedy style, whom you've probably seen around town before, isn't given her head until well toward the end, when she finds herself entangled with Mr. Fletcher in a dreamy work called "The Rochelle Hudson Tango;" then she is splendid. Mr. Matthews is the juvenile of the show. He comes out now and then to get off a love lyric in a pleasing baritone voice, and is implicated in those rousing quartets. I could go on, but you should really see this one for yourself.

Edith Piaf has returned to the Versailles once again to recount in song a few of the harrowing everyday experiences suffered by the average French citizen. Clowns go mad, lovers part under chilling circumstances, and girls have to bargain their way into Heaven. Mlle. Piaf's repertoire is, as everyone knows by now, a lurid affair, and listening to her is rather like sitting in on a musical adaptation of a twenty-five-cent thriller, but her art is such that you are apt to swallow every bit of it. The night I heard her, she presented several unappealing new songs at the beginning of her recital, and I was just concluding that she had grown world-weary when she suddenly began that grotesque little dance that goes with "Bravo pour le Clown!" and I was in her thrall for the rest of the evening.

Joe E. Lewis, more rumpled-looking than ever, if such a thing is possible, is in town for the fall meeting at the Copacabana, cadging drinks from ringside tables, abruptly proclaiming "It is now post time!," and, in general, delivering the same wayward, good-natured spiel that has endeared him to practically everybody. Nothing has changed very much in Mr. Lewis's raffish world; it is still inhabited largely by drunks, horseplayers, and women of easy virtue, and they are all the salt of the earth. He has one or two new song parodies, but the night I saw him, he broke off one of them—based on "Standing on the Corner"—after a few bars with the observation that it was lousy and he would have nothing more to do with it. He meant it, too.

As usual, a number of things are going on at the Blue Angel, but nothing else there can hold a candle to the rollicking duets of Martha Davis, who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plays the piano and sings, and her husband, Calvin Ponder, who plays the bass fiddle and is the butt of several family jokes she tosses his way. In addition to being just about the most captivating night-club couple in town, the Ponders are probably the busiest; around 2 A.M., after they've put on a couple of shows in the inner room, they wander out to the lounge and, alternating with Jimmy Lyons' accomplished jazz trio, keep the late customers up even later.

—D. W.

•

## HISTORICAL FOOTNOTE

The Hussite schism by the time of Žižka's death was, as we with our knowledge of what has happened since then can see, inexpugnable, whether by Sigismund, Cardinal Beaufort or Cardinal Cesarini, by the wiles of the Council of Basle, by the assault of Pius II and Matthias Corvinus, or the craft of Ferdinand I.—*From a review of "John Žižka and the Hussite Revolution," by Frederick G. Heymann, in the London Times Literary Supplement.*

I see refracted through a prism
The truth about the Hussite schism,
And so I think that I can risk a
Note on conditions after Žižka.
(The Pope thought him a thug; a bull
Left his views inexpugnable.)
Sigismund raved, with naught to show
for't,
And vainly thundered Cardinal Beaufort;
Nor was the smallest, teeny-weeny
Effect achieved by Cesarini;
Nor could a deft Conciliar snarl—
Aimed at the Hussite schism from
Basle—
Destroy it. Further, those who reckoned
That the assault of Pius Second
Would wreck it—why, they just rehearsed
The failure of Ferdinand the First.
Pius in fact proved just as minus
A quantity as did Corvinus.

Well, well, this is a frightful fuss
To make about the views of Huss.

—DAVID DAICHES

•

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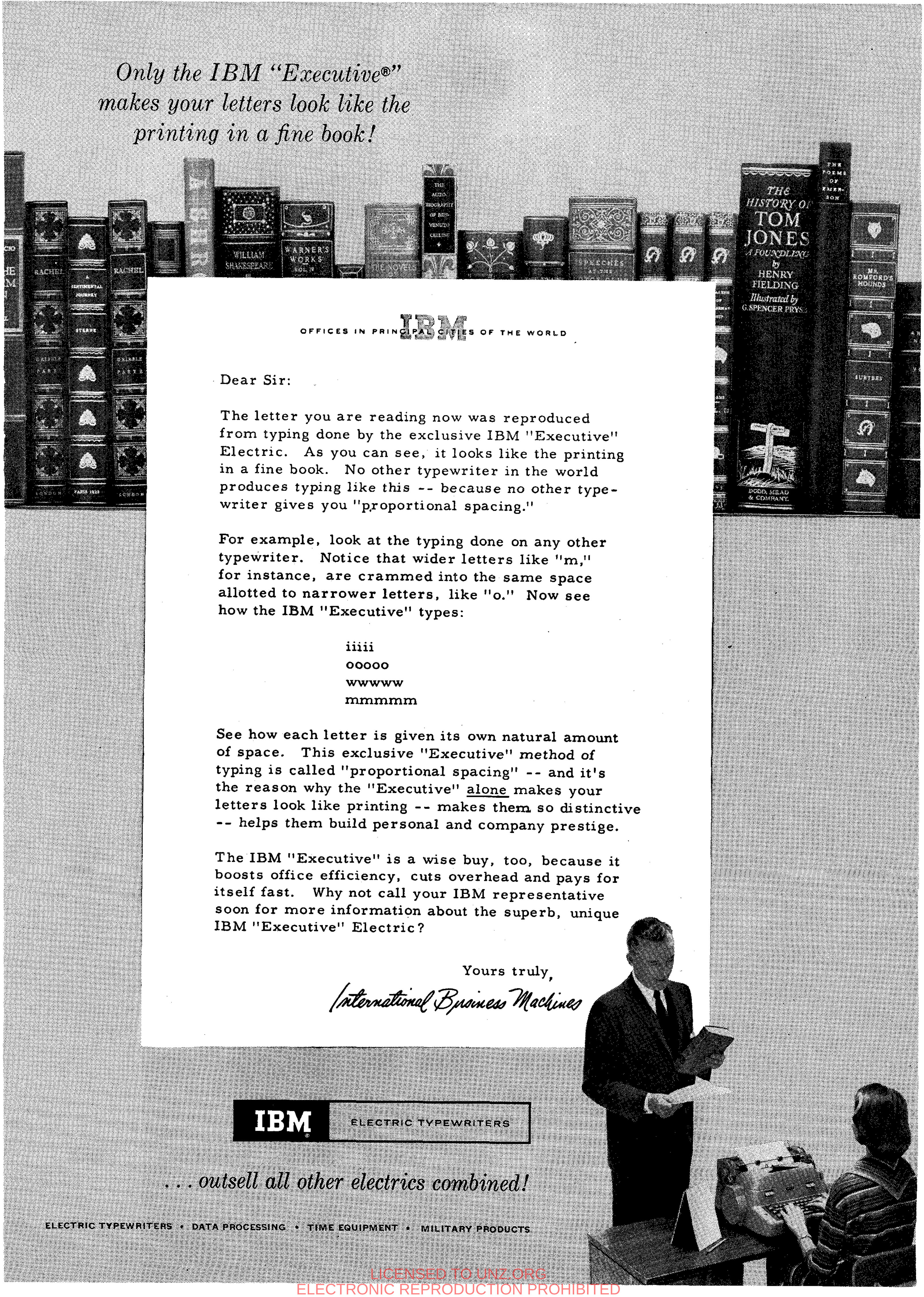

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# ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

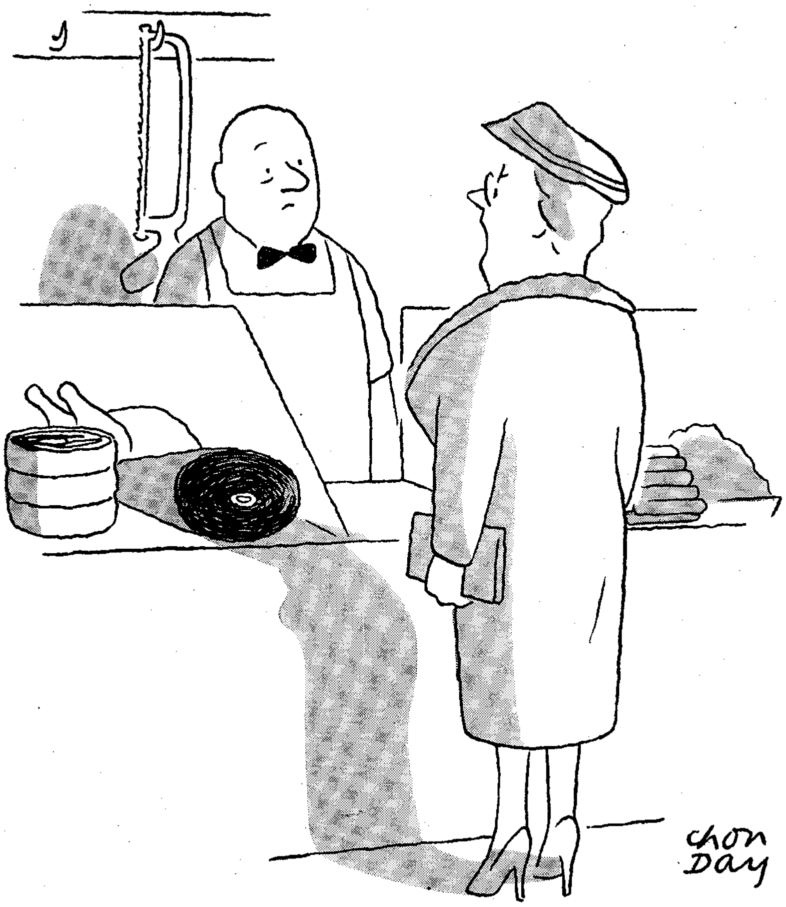
## FEMININE FASHIONS

A Large-as-Life melting pot (and melting is the way women are supposed to look after dark now, no matter how bulky or huddled up they may look earlier in the day) is what the clothes of the New York custom designers and the Paris clothes being copied over here are simmering in. True, the New York designers are paying far more attention to glorifying the natural feminine figure than the French bother to do (and you won't catch Mainbocher or Sophie of Saks Fifth Avenue obscuring and distorting waistlines), but all the same there are many common denominators. The most emphatic of them is a brand-new roundness and softness at the hips. Bergdorf Goodman and Bonwit Teller are fraught with Dior suits that are all unpressed pleats below a wide waistband. Incidentally, until you get used to them, the snug, Dutch-girl jackets that go with them seem clumsy on anyone but skinny women. And on both sides of the Atlantic, capes and coats in barrel or cocoon shape have a nice, enveloping look. But the roundness I particularly love shows up in the melon-shaped skirts for afternoon, dance, or formal dresses. Some schemers get the melon effect with deep, inverted pleats here and there; Hattie Carnegie and Saks' Salon Moderne (to name two) accomplish a lot with little outward darts from the sides of the waistline that suggest hip padding without going into the actuality of it. Sometimes, harem drapes occur as skirts narrow toward the hem. And these, particularly at cocktail time, look admirable in a length eight inches from the floor—that is, three or four inches short of the anklebones. At Hattie Carnegie, this length is being used, and it's delightful in satins and brocades. Dior sneaked some daytime suits of this length into his Paris collection as a feeler, but I haven't seen them anywhere in New York ("Our customers aren't ready for it," says Bergdorf Goodman).

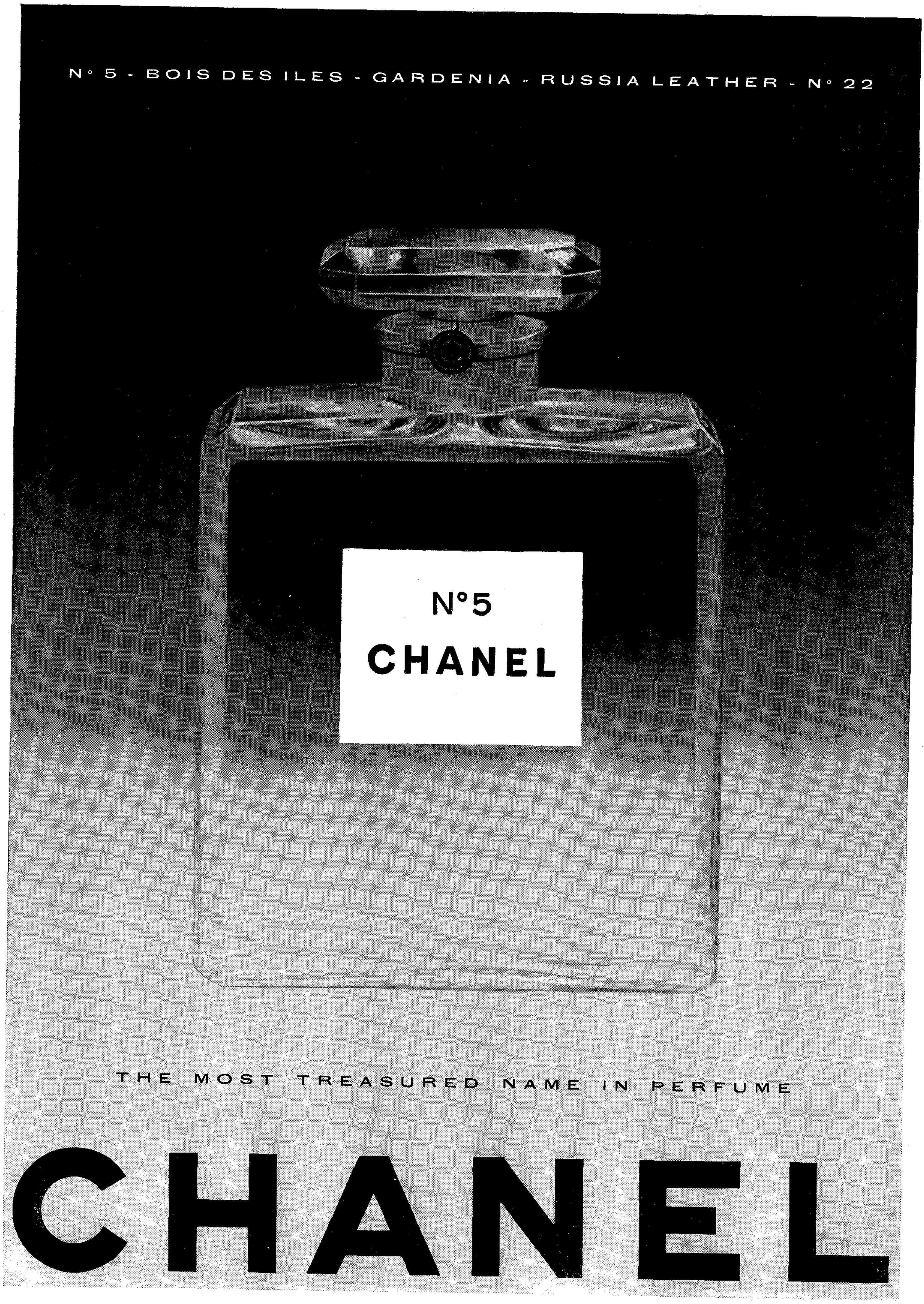
There are no real shocks in the new collections. Since custom houses specialize in the most meticulous and finicky detail instead of in astounding changes of line, and since they know that even the most elegant women supplement rather than replace their wardrobes every season, I will be able to point out only a few startlers along the road I have been travelling.

Bergdorf Goodman's comprehensive selection of French models (*and* hats, a subject we won't be going into now) is all good, rich cream right off the top. One of those Dutch-girl suits is shown in marron-brown tweed. Its waist-length jacket has round shoulders and dropped shoulder seams, and is gathered on an oval yoke. A matching chiffon blouse completes the jaunty ensemble. There are plenty of self-bow trimmings, as in Balmain's suit with a scalloped hem on the semifitted jacket, which is hipbone length in front but curves downward noticeably in back. Nina Ricci's black waffle-weave tweed makes a daytime sheath and a short and bulky batwing jacket that is gathered on a vertical buttoned band up the front. Among the coats is Grès's Isadora Duncan sort of mantle in luggage-brown wool with a snug attached hood, very high flap pockets, and a full, outsweeping body. Balenciaga goes back to 1912 for a handsome coat of black broadcloth edged with white mink; it's circular at the base and dips almost to the hem of the dress beneath in back, but it's much shorter in front. Dior's love of bare chests that look even barer because of the long sleeves that accompany them after nightfall is well represented here. One instance is his sheath of black slipper satin, with a wide scooped neck and a fringed panel starting down from the shoulder blades in back; other instances are full-skirted and supported by crinolines; many have matching stoles. A truly enchanting tailored cocktail dress by Lanvin-Castillo is of cherry faille taffeta, cut rather princesse, with a low V décolletage. Matching ribbon four inches wide makes a vast freehand X under one side of the bosom. For formal life, Grès has used pale-yellow silk jersey, clinging like Grecian drapery, and Dior has used pale-green chiffon, draped from a very high bustline but more than hinting at your contours as it cascades to the floor. Patou's Obi dress is of another genre; it's of violet faille taffeta, with a strapless top and a skirt draped intricately upward in front; a big bow high in back gives the dress its name.

Equanimity and carefree poise always characterize the



*"When I want to know what part of the animal anything comes from, I'll ask you."*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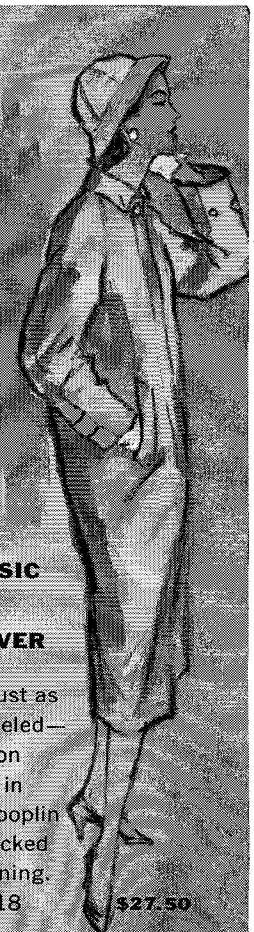
*clothes that* Bonwit Teller's *custom salon brings home from Paris,* and Dior is getting the big play. His pepper-and-salt Dutch-girl suit with the full, hippy skirt is here; its short jacket has a belt low across the back and a deep turnover collar. Here, too, is a Heim sheath of purple wool, with a button in front of each shoulder. It's covered by a blocky, hip-length jacket with a fur ascot. A boxy Givenchy suit is shown in a sapphire tweed with a self bow at each side just below the bosom. Balenciaga's seven-eighths tunics are represented by one in red wool, with double-breasted buttons beneath the collarless neck and full gathers beneath the belt in front. For when the day draws on, Bonwit is inclined toward Dior's cocktail suit of pink-and-red blurred satin brocade. (The brocades everywhere are breathtaking this fall, by the way.) This involves a very tailored medium-length belted jacket and a strapless dress with exceptional roundness; box pleats on the gored skirt give it a bouffant melon look. Another cocktail suit, of black brocade with red velvet embossing, has a U neck, elbow sleeves, and a soft, deeply box-pleated skirt. Among the ball gowns is Heim's strapless pink satin, quite full below a deep hip yoke, not to mention some glorious chiffons, including one of Bonwit's own design—accordion-pleated pale-blue chiffon floating downward from a tucked bra top that ties in a bow on the breast, and a taffeta stole in matching color. It is to dream.

MAINBOCHER's new trick in tailored suits is fur bibs—a band around the neck and a circular, four-inch flounce below it. To accommodate these, his suit jackets have wide necklines, usually with flat, envelope-folded treatment around them. A bib of white ermine adorns a suit of black wool neatly fitted through the normal waistline; the high-necked, sleeveless blouse (a typical Mainbocher) that goes with it is of white embroidered organdie over white satin. He likes a double-breasted panel straight down the front of both capes and coats. A seven-eighths cape of soft tweed with this panel has unpressed pleats starting below the yoke in back—a device he uses a lot this year—and flap patch pockets under the fissures where the arms emerge in front. A cape collar goes over the whole thing. Mainbocher may be known as a master of understatement, but he's done one coat to disprove the term—black wool that is alive with two-inch vertical bands of ranch mink



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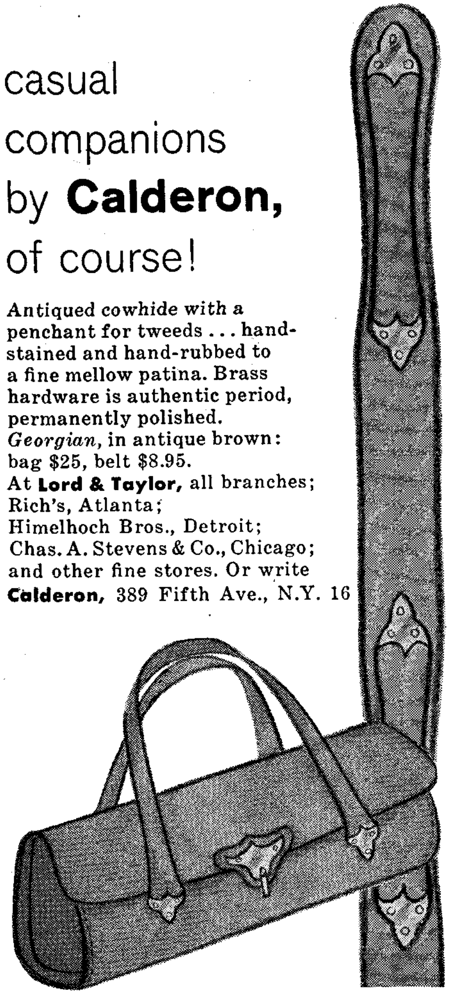

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down the body and spiral bands of the fur on the sleeves. He is also fascinated this year by big sleeves. A black wool sheath of his has huge black moiré ones gathered in just above the wrists. And more big ones appear on a dressy sheath of white matelassé with a wide, shallow neck. A cape of pink wool with a Johnny collar and a white lapin lining is the unexpected covering for this one. Other things Mainbocher goes in for are cut velvets and slinky effects; for example, a black formal dress with string straps is topped by a box jacket of white cut velvet whose collar and cuffs are of sable. His most enticing silhouette in this genre looks as if the wearer had been poured in; it seems even nuder than it is because it's of putty or pink silk crêpe. The waistline is higher than Empire, for it's indicated by a little seam that goes directly across the breast. A cowl or extra-tall surplice rises above. Another barely perceptible seam goes across the hipbones and descends to a V in back, from which a fishtail train descends. This deal falls down you like a shower bath, and is about as concealing.

SOPHIE of Saks Fifth Avenue, and her co-designer, Stephen Erklin, have put the waistline of her famous suits where it belongs and have given it a definite nipped look. She is in favor of reds, pink reds, orange reds, and the like this season. A cape costume starts out with a cape of red-and-black striped wool (or of black Alaska seal) that has a turnover collar and buttons that begin with a pair at the top and taper to a single one near the waist; the trig red-pink wool dress that accompanies it is traditional Sophie, adorned only with a lightning zigzag detail that slants twice across the bodice and once across the hipbones. Sophie has also done a perfectly beautiful daytime costume of gray jersey so finely tucked it resembles bengaline. It's a single-breasted closely fitted coat with an easy, circular skirt, plus a dress on the same lines. A new bolero stole is all over the collection, and in every fabric. It's an elbow-sleeved one, just below bust length and flat across the front; then the ends cross in back and come forward again. Another coverer-upperer is a shrug that accompanies a marvellous full-skirted dance dress of off-white satin with a delectable frosting of pearl and crystal embroidery. This shrug is of gray and oyster satin; curved folds, nice and puffy, descend across the back to the waist, and then are caught in on the outside of the upper

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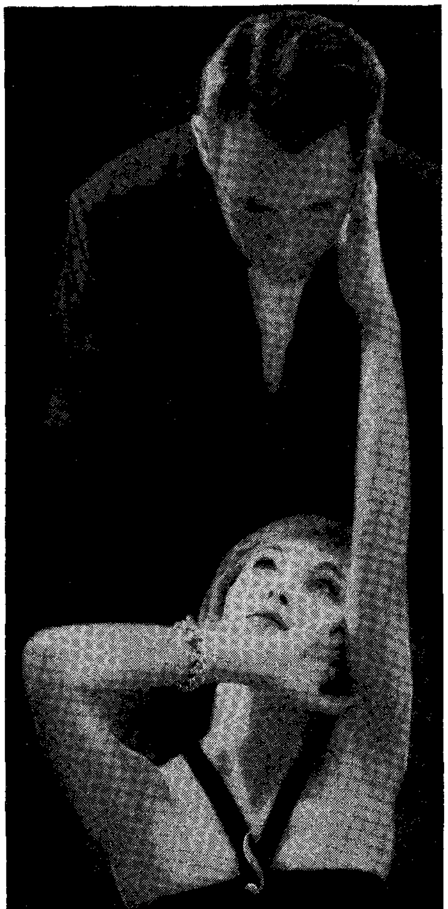

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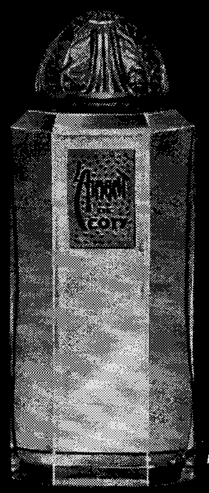

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arm with three knots. This is just as astounding in black velvet over a formal ball gown of black lace whose skirt is a mass of shirred horizontal bands, very Camille. There are other clothes for important evenings, such as a black, day-length sheath on which oblong and round sequins alternate in horizontal stripes. It glistens like an eel even when a floor-length tulle skirt is tied on over it. Another is a tubular chiffon with a black velvet top and black chiffon draped forward over the hips to give a long-torso look. The skirt has folds of soft chiffon going across the front and rising in back to the waist, from which more chiffon trails to the floor. Magnificent mantles are around, too. One of pale-banana velvet is circular and trailing in back below a casual loop across the shoulders; it wraps like a dressing gown across the front. Quite something.

THE Carnegie household carries on in the Carnegie tradition. Most of the suits still barely touch the body in back, have only a hint of indentation in front, but draw second and third glances because of their tiny detail—single-breasted buttons up the front are interrupted by tabs here and there; tiny collars have double lapels; charming and tricky things happen to the pockets. And there are deliciously rounded skirts for daytime and later. One little dress of black crêpe has self buttons to the waist in back, two self bows on the diaphragm in front, and an inverted pleat front and back to give a melon swell to the skirt. And consider a dance dress of red cut velvet on a red satin ground—the tips of the shoulders are covered, and gores keep the waistline slim; below the waist, box pleats round it out. Another dance or cocktail dress, of charcoal taffeta, has inverted cluster pleats in the skirt *plus* a harem hemline; there are self bows on the short sleeves. Many of these after-dark treasures stop eight inches from the floor. The round-hipped skirt is in favor for formal evenings, too, in Carnegie's beloved lingerie-type dresses. A strapless white organdie with red-and-white embroidery has red satin slanting through the slender bodice to end in a sash cascade in front and in back of the right hip. From Paris comes a stunning Balenciaga tunic job. The seven-eighths coat, of black-and-white checked wool, covers a black jersey dress that has a hem of the wool six or seven inches deep. And one of the handsomest formal dresses is Grès's charcoal taffeta, full-skirted and strapless, with a white taffeta sash slashing diagonally across

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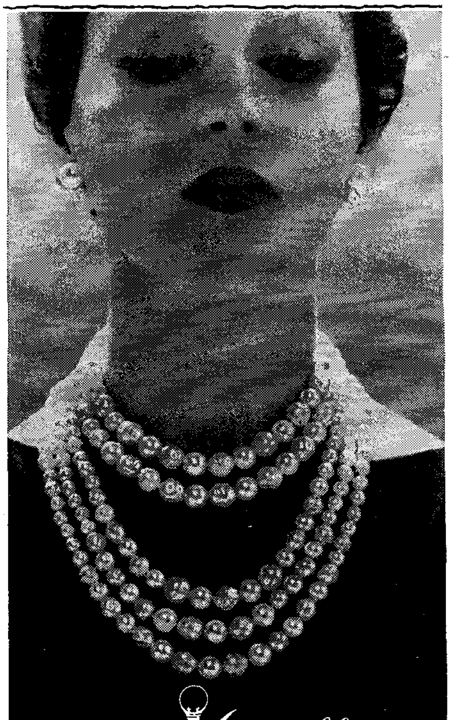

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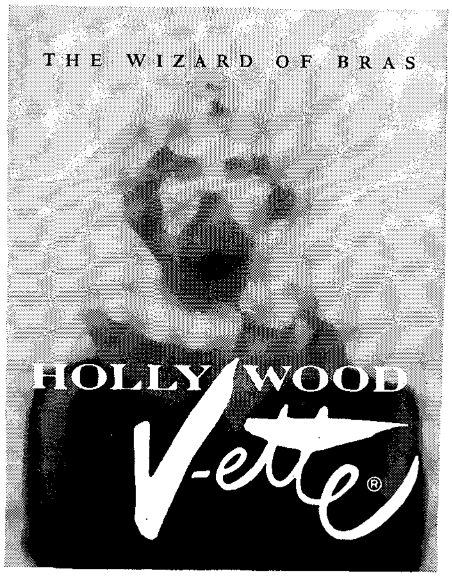

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the bodice, emerging at one hip, and descending to the floor.

UP at Bergdorf Goodman, Leslie Morris has concocted some specials for the customers—and her customers usually don't want sheaths or other constrictions. Therefore, pleats and lovely low, gathered fullness are rampant in skirts for daytime; for evening, bare tops and the rounded skirt that she calls the "pod" are the champions. There are several eye-openers in this somewhat conservative collection. A greatcoat of brown heavy wool is lined with civet cat and *then* trimmed with a tuxedo collar of brown seal. It goes over a beige faille shirtwaist dress with pleats and gathers in the skirt. Navy-and-black brocaded wool makes a beautiful theatre costume consisting of a sheath (oh, well, there are *some* sheaths here) with black velvet shoulder straps in back and a clutch cape, snug around the hips and surmounted by a stand-away collar of black mink. In the formal field there are some lovely slinkers, too. One of black satin, trailing to the floor, has string straps and a tiny black velvet bolero sporting a colossal cape collar. Another of black satin has a halter of white mink ending in a mink bow on the chest; the skirt is a beautifully rounded pod.

THOUGH Oldric Royce is primarily important this year for his formal evening costumes, a couple of his jewels for daytime deserve mention. One is a full-length cape costume of brown-and-charcoal tweed. The cape has buttons down the back but is fastened the usual way, in front, by two buttons below the turnover collar; the slim skirt buttons down the front, too. He also makes an excellent tunic dress, which he shows in black wool. The tunic top comes almost to the knees in front and ascends in back to a bow. The skirt is fluted in a way that suggests the finest accordion pleating, to give plenty of movement. For cocktails, there's a fitted-to-the-waist and flaring-at-the-hem costume—a black silk and wool brocade coat with white mink lapels, as casual as a convertible sports-shirt collar, and a flying panel that begins under crossed bands low on the spine, plus a dress, along the same lines, of black poult-de-soie. A little gem for formal evenings is of this poult-de-soie; it has string straps, and the skirt is full and rounded. All very conventional in front; in back, an American-beauty center panel is flanked by deep folds of white poult-de-soie. Royce does slender mas-

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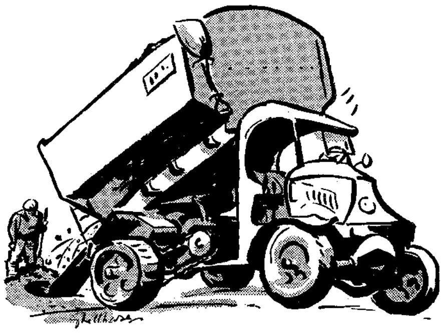
terpieces in chiffon. One is all crisscross folds from the hips on up, including the strapless top. The flowing skirt is olive, the lower folds are Nile green, and the top is pink.

SO far, everything I've talked about has been custom. We shall now examine the works of Eleanora Garnett, whose shop is full of ready-to-wear stuff made in Rome, as well as stuff that must be ordered from Rome but can be delivered in about three weeks. Garnett has always made a point of swashbuckling capes, which startled New York eyes when she arrived here some years back; she has also always made a point of bloused tops. One of the to-be-ordereds is a costume involving a navy wool cape with a high belt across the back and a batwing look about it; red ornamentation on the collar gives it a military air. A straight skirt and a chiffon overblouse go with this. A complete travel or country costume (this one is also a to-order deal) is of mustard tweed. Part of it is a full, swinging coat with deep armholes and brown Hudson-seal lining, which also makes overlapels at the top. Underneath is a sleeveless bolero, a straight skirt of tweed, and a gray cashmere sweater. Another sassy coat is of cocoa-taupe cashmere with a green crossbar; this has a tiny crossed collar and the deep armholes she favors. She approves of light dresses with dark hats and accessories—to wit, a black hat with a white satin dance dress that has a deep oval décolletage, sleeves below the elbow, and a skirt pleated at each side in back to produce an emphatic flare. She is also an expert at wrapped effects, in flimsy stuff like chiffon or in more substantial fabrics. A red-and-green brocade dress, just a bit above ankle length, has a bateau neck and short sleeves, and it wraps over the left thigh before ending in an enormous pouf under the left buttock.

ELIZABETH ARDEN's Count Sarmi has done handsomely by her again this year. His clothes are in her salon,



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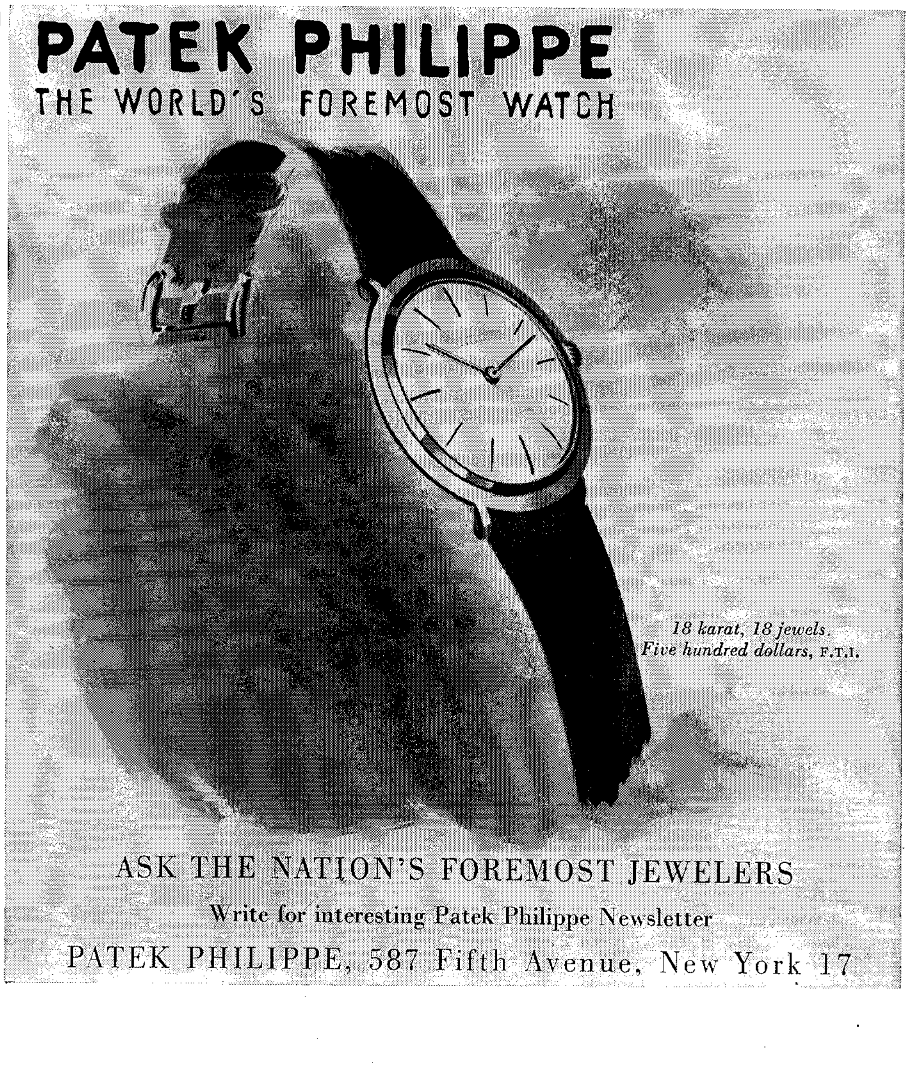

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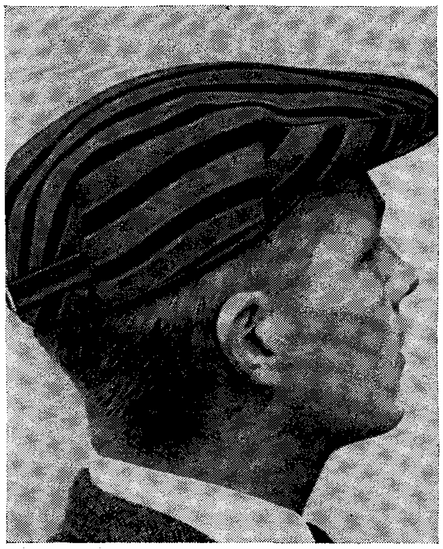

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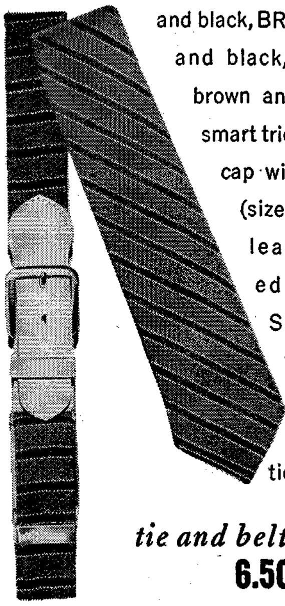

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ready-to-wear. He likes his suits semi-fitted and the rounded look in cocktail and dance skirts, which he often accomplishes with deep inverted pleats down the side seams. A dress of this sort is of nubbly red jacquard silk; chiffon is wrapped around the middle and the bust, and a petal of the silk flips out at the center front. A rose is placed demurely in the small of the back. This one also appears in black satin. Swan Lake fullness is provided by one of the most entertaining and wicked dresses in town. This is of black or brown lace, and its smooth, string-strap top descends over the skirt in front in a flat, narrow V to the very hem, where there is a little bow. The bow doesn't show until you sit down, which makes the great fullness on each side of the V part wide and fluff out on the sofa beside you. Beneath is what seems to be a slim sheath; it just looks as if your slip were showing. This one is dance length, and a real charmer. For formal clothes, you might ponder his black velvet floor-length sheath with a twist of black-and-gold metallic chiffon just under the strapless décolletage. A black rose catches in this drapery in back and a train trails thence to the floor.

CARRIE MUNN's touch is distinctly her own and her basics do not change—doll waists, prim collars, and skirts flaring widely circular at the hem. She'll take care of old custom customers at her salon at 6 West 57th Street, but these days she mainly does ready-to-wear for other shops. Hattie Carnegie's salon is a new and gratified customer of hers. One big hit at Carnegie is her shawl-collar coat-dress of black faille, zippered down the front and lavishly adorned with her beloved swags of black braid, tassels, and ball fringe. Arabesque, a brown jersey printed with black scroll traceries and swirls that are picked out here and there with black braid, makes a pretty day dress with dolman sleeves.

MURIEL KING has designed a small but suave collection for Stein & Blaine that is order-to-size. (They take thoroughgoing measurements.) A real winner is her day costume whose little wine-colored wool jacket is covered with garnet polka dots. The dress beneath, in undotted wine, has short sleeves; slot seaming makes nice bodice detail and a double flat panel gives movement down the back of the skirt. King, too, advocates the eight-inches-from-the-floor length for after dark.

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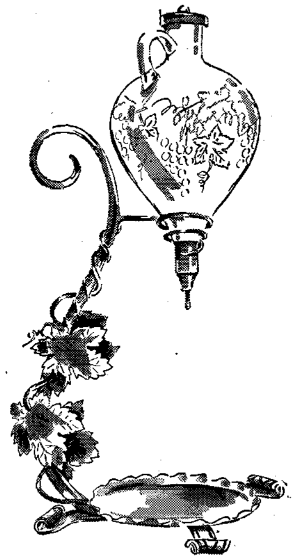

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This is the extent of a pink satin dance dress with a bodice made of crossed bands; a wide, triangular panel floats down the front and the back of the skirt. Another dance dress, a princesse, in the same length, is of moonstone gray satin covered with reëmbroidered gray lace. It's full at the hem, and its modest round neck has scalloped edges front and back. A beguiling ankle-length ball dress is of ivory satin. Delicate gold-thread-and-ruby-stone vine tracery goes across the bodice; the skirt is bell-shaped in front and has inverted pleats in back; the top is strapless. But the top is also double, the outer layer cut fairly loose, so that it projects forward in front. Women just can't look overabundantly plump in this. It's amazing that nobody worked out such a scheme before.

DOES all this take sufficient care of your dozens and dozens of hibernation problems? —LOIS LONG

•

### THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND, BUT IT'S GOING TO TAKE A BIT OF DOING

[*From the London Sunday Times*]

Oxford Street has changed its character in recent years, and one of the last remnants of its old fastidious self was the headquarters, at No. 158, of Messrs. Mappin & Webb, the Queen's silversmiths.

Punctually at one o'clock yesterday afternoon the door closed for the last time on the discreet interior and the massive, unshowy stock was taken out of the windows. The street had gone too far downhill, it was felt, from Mappin's point of view, since their cashboys wore Eton suits and the staff came to work by horse-bus. (Miss Wilkins, the senior assistant, joined the shop when the windows were still draped with purple velvet and many neighbours also bore the Royal Arms.)

It was the general manager, Mr. Frank Russell, who described the trouble to me in one memorable phrase. "We really couldn't go on here," he said. "Almost every day we have to wipe ice-cream off our window."

Mappin's hope before long to supplement their City and Regent Street branches with a new shop "in Knightsbridge or Kensington"—where ice-cream eating is an indoor sport.

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Penelope hears that this crowd had one of the best times anyone has ever had. They picnicked in a field near the stadium before the game and were thoroughly entertained by Billy Condon who, among other antics, placed his shoe between two slices of bread and offered a filet of sole sandwich to all-comers!—*Memphis Commercial Appeal.*

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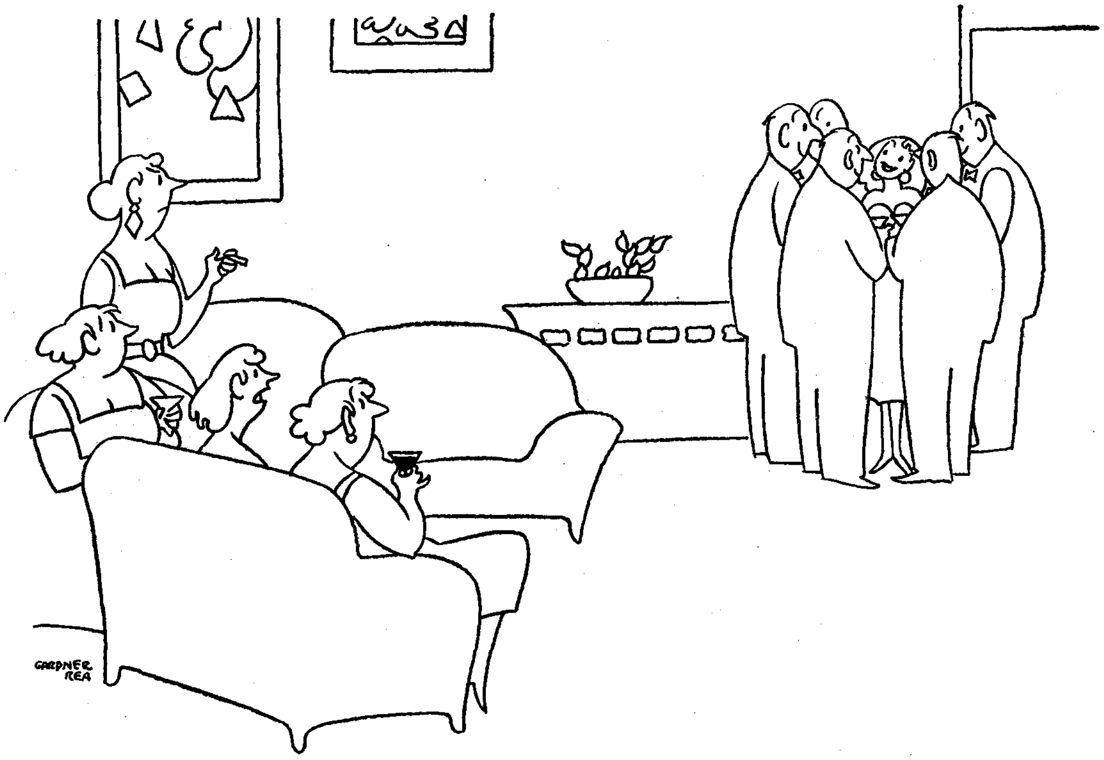
## SABBATICAL

DURING the three and a half years that Dr. James Bryant Conant, the sixty-three-year-old president emeritus of Harvard University, has been living in Western Germany—first as United States High Commissioner and since May 12, 1955, as our Ambassador there—he has paid particularly close attention to the needs and hopes and fears of the two and a quarter million people of West Berlin. The situation in Germany at the outset of his stay had a lot to do with this. When he arrived, on February 10, 1953, the creation of the European Defense Community seemed imminent, and the Russians indicated their displeasure by sealing off the East German border and imposing on West Berlin what amounted to a blockade—the Little Blockade, the Germans called it, to distinguish it from the spectacular blockade of 1948, which prompted the airlift. To be sure, the Little Blockade wasn't airtight; though the Russians halted all surface transportation between the two Berlins, they didn't stop the subway—perhaps because that would have been too gross a violation of the four-power agreement of 1945, which stipulated that free movement be permitted in the city—and anti-Communist East Germans, frightened by the prospect of being forever trapped behind the Red lines, were converging on East Berlin and taking the subterranean route into West Berlin at the rate of three thousand a day. To discourage this exodus, the Russians had instituted a terrifying program of spot checks on subway trains, pulling off scores of fugitives, and the West Berliners were having their most anxious moments since the big blockade. It was Dr. Conant's urgent task, assigned him by President Eisenhower, who had just taken office, to assure the West Berliners that, come what might, American forces would remain in Berlin to protect and feed them, as in the previous crisis, and he announced just this in his first public address to them, which he made over RIAS, the West Berlin radio station, eight days after he reached Germany. By summer, the Little Blockade had just about died out, but Dr. Conant continued to spend much of his time in the refugee-crowded city. West Berliners had already come to look upon the Allies, and the Americans in particular, as their defenders, rather than as their conquerors, and Dr. Conant did what he could to foster this viewpoint. He believed from the start that the sooner the United States was represented in West Germany by an ambassador, instead of by a high commissioner, who was in effect a military overseer, the better it would be all around, and he was delighted when the nation won its sovereignty last year and he could make the switch in roles. At the same time, he became Chief of the United States Mission in Berlin, for the city, whose fate is a matter for separate negotiation between the East and the West, has, of course, remained under four-power control. Nowadays, Conant, usually accompanied by Mrs. Conant and three or four assistants, travels to West Berlin by private train from the American Embassy in Bad Godesberg, on the outskirts of Bonn, at least once a month and more often twice; he has an office, a staff, a house, and a car in Berlin, and usually spends three or four days there, attending to various diplomatic and social chores and enjoying some of its cultural attractions. These visits have done a lot to build up a sense of partnership between Dr. Conant and the West Berliners, and while he cannot make his presence felt as sharply among the East Berliners, he customarily drives over to their section in his Cadillac sedan, with the American and the ambassadorial flags flying from its front fenders, so that they—and the Russians, too—will know he's in town.

SEVERAL weeks ago, I wrote to Dr. Conant, whom I had known while he was president of Harvard, to tell him that I was planning a trip through Western Germany and would like to see him, and in reply I received an invitation to spend a couple of days making the rounds with him in Berlin. I had lived in Berlin from 1921 to 1925, when I was a schoolboy, and had not been back since, so I jumped at the chance to see the city again in the company of such an expert guide. In addition, I was eager to discover how Dr. Conant—a slight, scholarly New Englander, who had been a professor of chemistry before he became a university president—had adapted himself to the life of a diplomat, and whether he would seem much changed. The morning I arrived in Berlin, I went to his office, on the Clay Allee, and found him as tranquil as he had always been, and only



*"Isn't it irritating the way men tend to congregate at parties?"*

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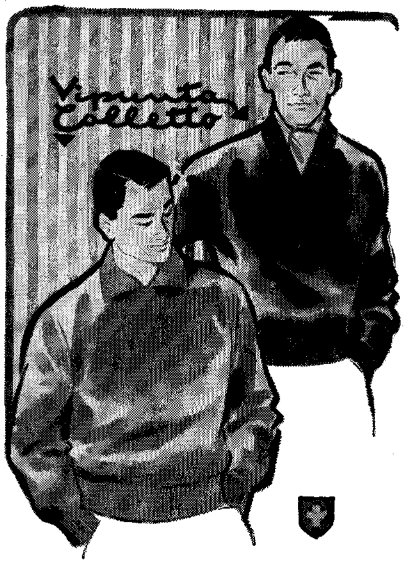
a trifle grayer. He saw two or three callers, and then we set out on what he called a good-will tour—the kind of thing that, as a conscientious ambassador to a nation striving to regain its national pride, he is always prepared to undertake.

Our destination was a refugee center operated by the German Red Cross, and the purpose of Dr. Conant's visit was to turn over to its library two hundred and twenty books, some of them in English but most of them in German, that had been donated by people in the United States. On our way there, in the Cadillac, I asked the Ambassador why he continued to visit Berlin so often now that the city had pretty much settled down again. "A combination of duty and pleasure," he replied. "The Russians may be relatively quiet at the moment, but we still have to let the West Berliners know we're standing by them, and to do so we must show an interest in small things, like this ceremony we're heading for, as well as in the big, formal public events. The Berliners are an outgoing people, and they've succeeded in preserving their sense of humor. They make one feel at home. Of course, the city has by no means fully recovered from the war, but there's a good cosmopolitan life here again, and on the whole the people have made an astonishing comeback—economically and in practically every other way. They're the real commandos of the Cold War. Culturally, they're wonderfully alert. The museums are excellent. There's no theatre to amount to anything in Bonn or Düsseldorf, but here there's plenty of it. My wife and I both love the theatre. She loves music, too, but I just go along to that. The East Sector also has good theatre and opera; the competition between the sectors is quite spirited, as a matter of fact. My staff takes in the shows across the way—unofficially, of course—but I don't feel that I can. It would look as if I were expressing approval of things in general over there. Anyway, I have enough to keep me busy here in the West Sector. You might say I'm trying to build bridges—between West Berlin and Western Germany, and between both of them and the United States. Two years ago, for instance, we held an atoms-for-peace exhibit here—it later went all over Western Europe—and I was able to help out with a few suggestions, because I knew something about the subject."

Dr. Conant's oblique reference to his scientific past (as a member of various secret government committees during



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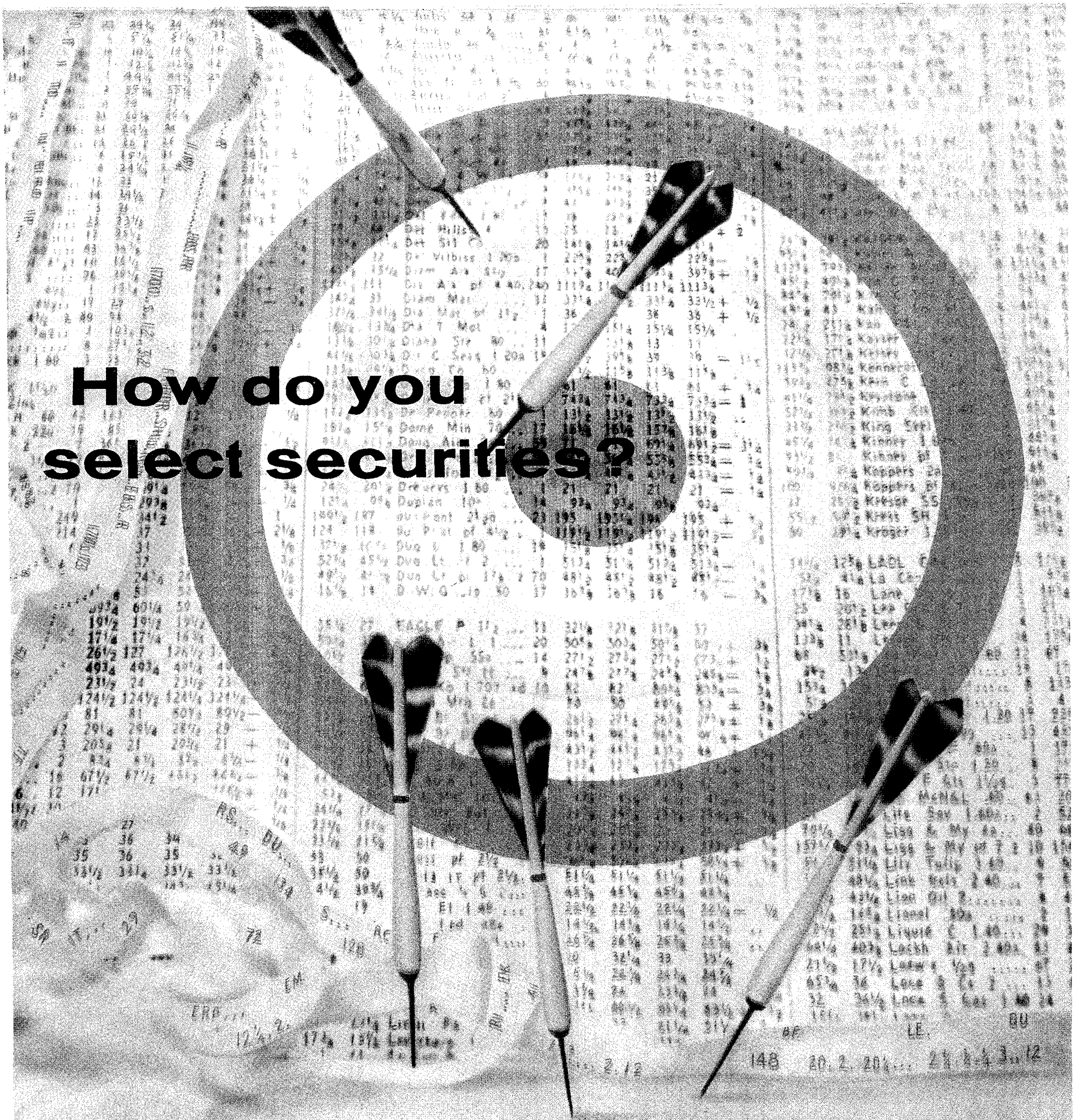

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IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MICH. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY the war, he had a good deal to do with the development of the atomic bomb) prompted me to ask him how he felt about the two big changes that had occurred in his career—the first when he gave up teaching to take over as Harvard's chief administrator, and the second when, after twenty years in that role, he retired to accept the post of High Commissioner. He looked happily reminiscent. "That's a big order, and I'm afraid there won't be time to go into the whole story right now," he said, "but I can tell you one thing—Germany has been a thread running all through my life. It began way back in the summer of 1916, when I got my Doctor's degree in chemistry at Harvard. It was standard procedure in those days for research students in science to spend a year in Germany. My father-in-law, Professor Theodore Richards, who taught chemistry at Harvard, had gone there, and so had everybody else. Most students went either to Berlin or to Munich, where the big scientists were. The University of Berlin was at its height then, and there were workshops and institutes galore. Berlin was a real intellectual center. Well, it was still possible to study here in 1916, since America had not yet entered the war, but the prospect looked rather unpleasant, so after some thought I decided to go to Zurich, instead. Then I dropped that idea, because two undergraduate friends of mine got me involved in helping them set up a chemical plant. We had developed our own process for manufacturing benzoic acid, which is used as a preservative for pickles and such things. The war had cut chemical imports and driven prices up, and we thought, in our ignorance, that—just like that—we could open a factory. So we organized a little company, bought a shack somewhere in Queens, and began turning out acid. Unfortunately, we knew nothing about working on a large scale, and in August, just after we had got started, we burned the plant down. But we'd had it insured, so we set up a new one right away, in Newark. Around then, I got a letter from the chemistry department at Harvard offering me a job as an instructor. It was the bottom of the ladder, of course, but I really wanted an academic career, so I worked out an arrangement with my two partners and went on back to Cambridge. Now a much worse disaster struck our little business. There was another fire, and one of my partners—Stanley Pennock, an All-American football player—was killed. It was a terrible thing, and it

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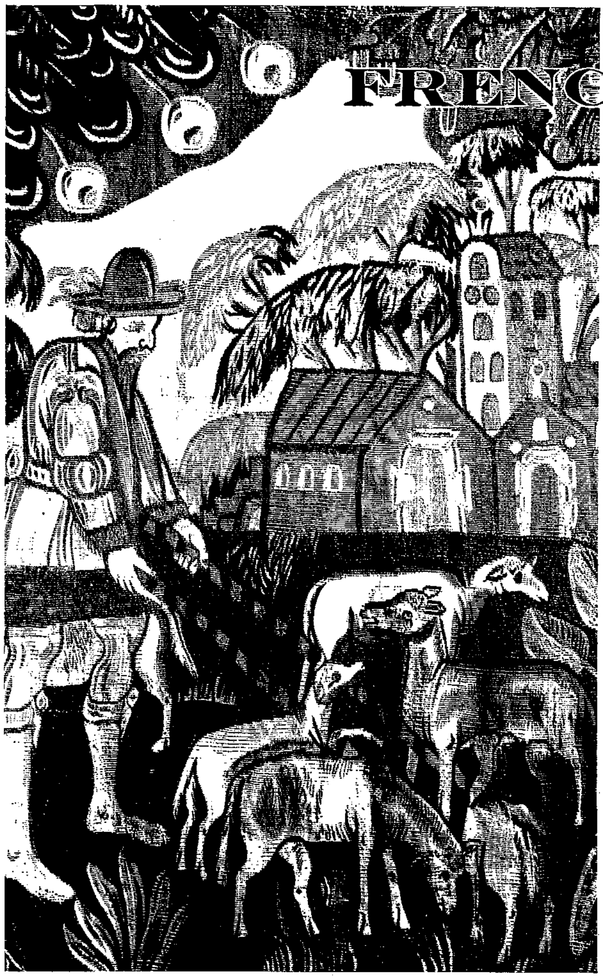

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finished our venture in free enterprise. All told, we made enough to pay back our investors, but there wasn't any profit.

"Well, presently Germany reëntered my plans. It was never really out—just in the wings. When we entered the war, I went into the Chemical Warfare Service—I spent a lot of the time doing research in Ohio—and after the Armistice I was very conscious of the fact that I still hadn't studied in Germany. But, what with the postwar inflation there, it wasn't possible for me to do anything about that until 1925. By then, it was pretty late in my academic career to go off studying somewhere, and many people frowned on the idea, including Professor Richards, whose daughter I had married in 1921. I was determined, though, and we set out for Munich—my wife and I and our son Jimmy, who was two. We settled in two rooms in a *pension*—a place that had been taking in Harvard men for generations. As a student, I was in an odd position. I was nine years beyond my doctorate and, though I had published some research, had nothing like standing in my field. Fortunately, Professor Richards had given me a letter of introduction to Professor Otto Hönigschmid, a first-rate analytical chemist, and he shepherded me around. I spent a lot of time here in Berlin, and also visited the Universities of Bonn, Frankfurt, Leipzig, Göttingen, Würzburg, and Tübingen. My German was only beginner's German then, but I had to depend on it, and that helped me learn the language fast. My wife stayed on at the *pension* with Jimmy while I was doing all this travelling around, and I used to write my letters to her in German, too. Thanks to Hönigschmid, I met some of the top people in the academic world, and through them I got some glimpses into international politics. Almost everyone I talked to was anti-French, anti-British, and anti-American. I argued for hours over the Treaty of Versailles and who started the war. The Germans were bitter about everything, and no wonder—so many of them were on their uppers. I had the impression you could count the supporters of the Weimar Republic on the fingers of your two hands. I saw the beginnings of anti-Semitism, too. There was a lot of talk about the recent Communist uprisings and Hitler's beer-hall *Putsch*. When my year was up, we returned to America with no confidence in the stability of Germany but with considerable respect for its scholars. . . . Oh, here we are. I'll tell you more about it later on if you like."

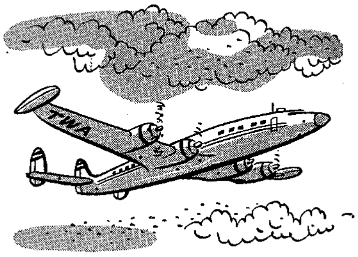
THE refugee center occupies a former office building in the Kreuzberg district, close to the sector border—an area that was almost completely devastated during the war by Russian gunfire and Allied bombing. Little has yet been done about rebuilding it. Most of the rubble has been cleared away, but what is left—acre upon acre of haggard, blackened shells of buildings—looks almost worse than it would if the debris were still there. When we arrived, the books Dr. Conant was to present were heaped up on the sidewalk in front of the center, like the belongings of a dispossessed family, and they didn't make the scene any more cheerful, but at least the sun was shining brightly. Dr. Conant climbed out of his car and shook hands with some Red Cross officials, and then a group of refugee children stepped forward and, as one of them handed him a bouquet, burst into a German folk song. Dr. Conant stood squinting in the sunlight until the song was finished. "*Danke, danke, vielen dank*," he said, in his flat New England voice, and began a short speech, in German: "We know that it is important for the people seeking refuge from Communist oppression to have books that represent the history, culture, and convictions of the free world. . . ." His audience consisted mostly of youngsters, and they listened attentively to the slim, gray-haired man, except when an airplane passed overhead and one little boy cried out, "*Ein Flugzeug! Ein Flugzeug!*" At this, a little girl next to him dropped a rubber ball and there was a scuffle to recapture it, but Dr. Conant took it all in stride and kept on talking. At the close of the ceremony, Dietrich Blos, the head of the Berlin Red Cross, thanked him. "Usually, there's just enough money to feed and house these families, and I'm glad the United States is thinking of their minds, too," he said. Dr. Conant, whose interest in youthful minds is as lively as ever—indeed, he expects to devote himself to public education back home when he leaves the diplomatic service—beamed and said that he would like to see something of the center.

As we walked down a corridor, one of Herr Blos's assistants told me that the number of refugees escaping from the East into West Berlin is now about a hundred and fifty thousand a year; on some days as many as a thousand come over. There are several reception centers for refugee families in West Ber-

# Having a Wonderful Time

### BY Millie Considine

An old Italian proverb says: "See Naples and die." I have a better one: "See Italy and *Live!*" It is hard for anyone who has ever been to Italy to speak of it without sounding almost *too* enthusiastic and lyrical. Generations of writers have tried to describe it—but it still has to be seen to be believed. Until you have actually stood in awe yourself before Michaelangelo's Sistine Chapel, St. Peter's Cathedral and the timeless Forum, Colosseum and arches in Rome . . . until you have wandered around the tiny movie-set harbor of Porto Fino . . . until you have taken a gondola through the unique and wonderful canals of Venice . . . until you have stood on a hill above Florence and gazed down over that incredibly lovely, artistic city . . . until you have gone into Capri's blue grotto, then sat in the plaza at cocktail time watching the sometimes weird, sometimes beautiful people there . . . until you have experienced the infinite variety of travel pleasures that await you on this wonderful boot-shaped peninsula . . . well, all I can say is, *you just haven't lived!*



Bob and I feel equally lyrical about the luxurious Trans World Airlines Ambassador flight to Rome—certainly our favorite way to get to our favorite place. First-class takes on a whole wonderful new meaning aboard a giant, whisper-quiet TWA Super-G Constellation. Everything's special—the superb meals, the spacious, comfortable sleeper seats (at no extra fare!), the complimentary beverages in the beautifully decorated lounge, the attentive service of TWA's gracious hostesses. These and other good reasons explain why all my friends fly TWA to Rome. *P.S.* Be sure and contact Mary Gordon, TWA's Travel Advisor, before you go. She'll tell you all about Rome's wonderful shopping bargains and where to find them . . . the best places to eat . . . plus other tips to make your trip twice as much fun.

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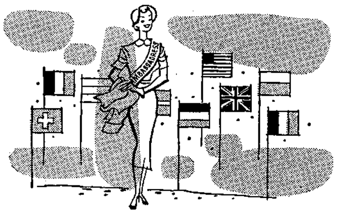
I feel quite safe in predicting that the "United States Ambassadress of Fashion" will be delighted with her Italian stopover on her world tour as winner of the Seamprufe Hosiery Contest. This is the fabulous contest I wrote about a few weeks ago. So many hundreds of women have written asking about the contest, I'd like to give more details—especially about the Italian part of the trip.



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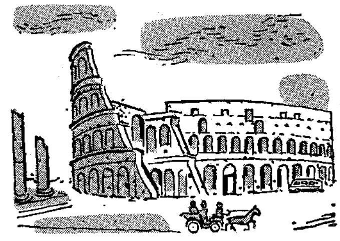

The "Ambassadress" and her "Charge d'Affaires," Mrs. Cobina Wright, Sr., will be given an official greeting upon arrival in Rome and will be feted by the city's internationally-famous personalities. Here, a famous Italian woman personality will present "The Ambassadress" with a Fontana creation. Thanks to the famous Fontana sisters, Italy has become a top fashion country. The Fontanas take pride in designing for many real and "movie" queens, including the Queen of Afghanistan, Audrey Hepburn and Ava Gardner. The dress they whip up for the "Ambassadress" is sure to be as beautiful as everything else in Italy.

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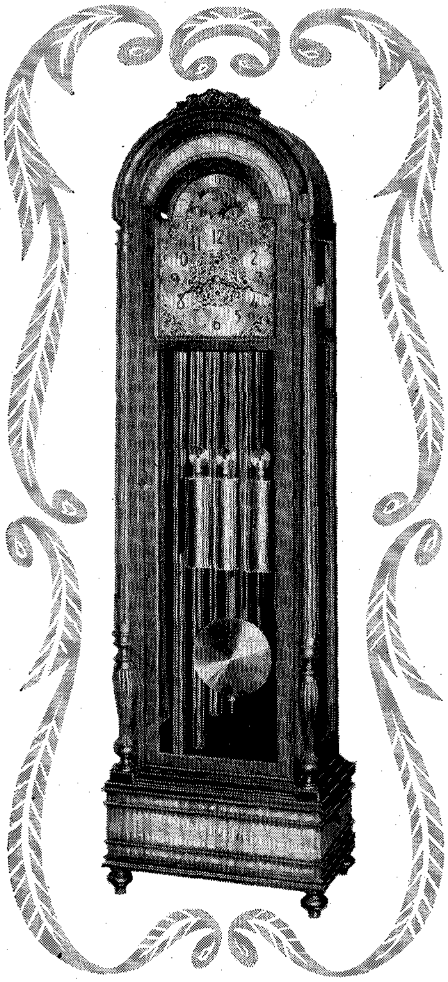

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lin, but the one we were in is the biggest, handling a fifth of the total. Its principal purpose is to provide food and lodging for the refugees while they are being checked up on physically by Red Cross doctors and the adults among them are being checked up on politically by West German security officers. Within two weeks of their arrival, the refugees who pass the political and medical tests are generally on their way to West Germany, where there are plenty of jobs for them these days. If something in the political past of the parents is suspicious, they and their children are usually classified as economic-hardship cases until they can get on their feet in West Berlin. People who are unmistakably Communist infiltrators are arrested, but that happens rarely. The Kreuzberg center was full of women and children and Red Cross nurses, and Dr. Conant inspected it with interest, stopping for a few minutes in the kindergarten, where he posed for photographs with a little girl hugging a battered fur dog, and the library, where he observed that the books seemed to have had plenty of readers.

THE Conants had invited me to lunch, and as the Cadillac approached the Ambassador's Berlin residence, near the Grunewald section, I was struck by the fact that even here, where the fighting had been relatively light, many of the houses still bore the pockmarks of machine-gun bullets and shell fragments. "The scars are permanent fixtures, I'm afraid," Dr. Conant said, frowning, when I remarked on this. A few moments later, we passed the campus of the Free University of Berlin, and his face brightened as he called my attention to a resplendently modern building that had been put up with Ford Foundation money. "There's something we can really be proud of," he said. "The university was started eight years ago, in an old warehouse not far from here, by some professors and students from Humboldt University, in East Berlin, who had left because they didn't think political indoctrination was synonymous with education." Dr. Conant often addresses the students of the new university, and, indeed, is a frequent speaker at gatherings of students of all ages, everywhere in West Germany. Before arriving in Berlin, I had been told that some months ago, when the teacher of a grade-school class in Bad Godesberg asked her pupils to name the leading German statesman, a little girl piped up, "*Herr Doktor Conant.*" When I

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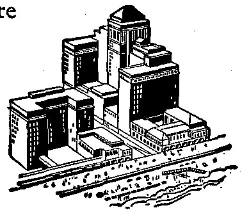

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mentioned the incident to the Ambassador, he smiled and said she must have been a *very* little girl. But he was obviously proud of his standing with older students, for he told me that one day last winter, when he and his wife were hiking across a snow field in Bavaria, a young man whom he did not recall ever having seen before approached them on skis and said, "*Ach, guten morgen, Herr Doktor Conant!*" It turned out that the youth was a student at the Free University, and felt that he had come to know the Ambassador while listening to him speak there. Dr. Conant laughed as he related this, and added, "I guess I'm better known here than I'll ever be in the United States—or even just in Cambridge."

I had also heard that Dr. Conant's talks at German educational institutions make an extraordinary impression on the students because he willingly answers questions after he has finished—an unheard-of departure from the local pedagogical tradition. I spoke of this now, and asked him what the questions were about. "They used to be mostly about European integration, but now they're mostly about the unification of Germany," he replied. "Faculty-student relationships often come up, too. These young people can hardly believe it when I tell them that back home a college professor, and even a college president, is generally on very friendly terms with his students. In Germany, the *Rektor* of a university—the equivalent of our president—is a man apart. Sometimes I joke about this aloofness with students, and with their professors, too—gently, of course, so as not to hurt anybody's feelings." He smiled, and went on, "This whole German situation is a marvellously fascinating human problem. Inevitably, there are disappointments as well as satisfactions, and I don't mind telling you that I'm busier now than I've ever been before, but as far as I'm concerned, there was a lot more grief in being president of Harvard than there is in this job. At Cambridge, I held myself personally responsible for everything, and felt I was in for life. But here in many ways I'm simply Washington's agent, carrying out instructions. And I can't imagine being an ambassador for life, so this is only a sort of unique sabbatical. Above all, there's no money-raising, thank heaven! That's what I used to hate most."

OVER a cocktail with Dr. Conant and his wife in their garden before lunch, I urged the Ambassador to

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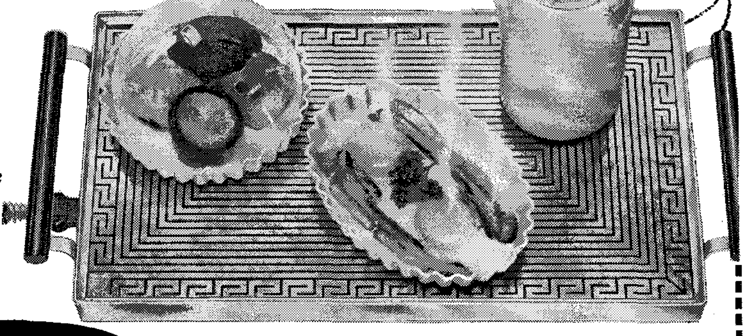

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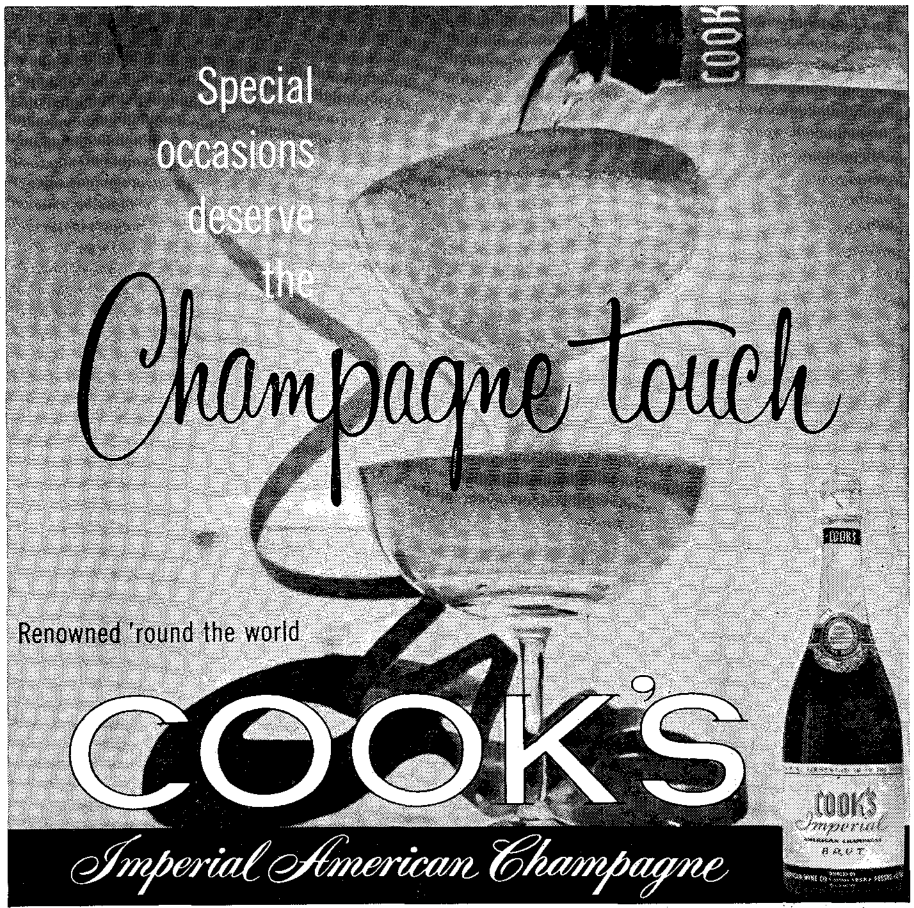
resume the story of his forty-year, on-again-off-again association with Germany, and he obliged. He and Mrs. Conant returned to Germany on a vacation in the summer of 1930, he told me, and stayed at a hotel near Freiburg, in the Black Forest. "The Nazis were making their first big electoral gains, and there was not only bitterness in the air but a real spirit of revenge, too," he said. "I remember asking a German scientist at the dinner table one night what the election news was. 'You foreigners!' he snapped. 'You're more interested in our voting than we are. But you don't understand German politics. Our foreign policy will remain the same no matter what happens.' " Dr. Conant paused, and then said, "I'm afraid I was an accurate prophet when we got back home that fall. I predicted nothing but trouble ahead. After Hitler took over, I never expected to see Germany again. I tell my friends that 1933 was quite a year for Germany, America, and me—Hitler rose to power, Franklin Roosevelt took office, and I became president of Harvard. That last event would probably never have happened if I hadn't made those trips abroad. I'm sure it was what I had seen here in Germany that made me speak my mind to the Fellows of Harvard College when they came to me for an opinion on what sort of person should succeed Lawrence Lowell as president. For a young man—I was forty then—I had acquired some pretty firm ideas about what education ought and ought not to be, and I was pretty brash; in fact, I'm afraid I was quite critical. Apparently, I showed so much interest in the job that the Fellows voted to give it to me."

In one way or another, the German problem continued to pursue Dr. Conant. In 1934, it brought about his first crisis as president of Harvard. Just before that year's Commencement, he had to decide what to do about Ernst (Putzi) Hanfstaengl, the head of foreign press relations in the new Hitler government, who was a Harvard graduate and embarrassingly proposed to exercise his privilege of returning for the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his class. "There were some people who thought we ought to bar Putzi from the Yard," Dr. Conant recalled. "But I didn't think we could do that. After all, he was a Harvard man. Two days before Commencement, there was a reception, and I can still see Putzi coming down the line. He brought me greetings from two German scientists. I was cool toward him—very cool. Then, in a public letter to the Harvard Corporation, Hanfstaengl, obviously acting on Hitler's instructions, made us an offer of a scholarship for a Harvard undergraduate to study in Germany for a year. This was a propaganda trick, of course, and I urged the members of the corporation to turn it down in harsh terms. They did. We announced that we were unwilling to accept anything from a government that had done what Hitler's government had done to the universities of its country. Now there were some people who thought we had gone too far. Two years later, during our tercentenary, we had another German crisis, and this time I was once again accused of being too lenient. We invited professors from all over the world to Harvard, and we decided, in spite of Hitler, to invite some Germans. We were violently attacked in certain quarters, but I think our position was the proper one, for it was based on freedom of thought. Later that year, we accepted an invitation to send a representative to a celebration at Heidelberg, and that got me in more trouble. Then there was a celebration at Göttingen, and we decided to turn that one down. Still more trouble. All in all, those were painful times. Germany seemed to be haunting me. In 1939, my class had its twenty-fifth reunion, and I remember writing in the classbook that my life appeared to be inextricably linked to Germany and that not only I but my classmates would be affected for the rest of our lives by what was happening there."

During the war, Dr. Conant devoted whatever time he could spare from his job at Harvard to the fight against Germany. In 1941, he was appointed chairman of the National Defense Research Committee, an ultra-secret group that was charged with exploring the possible use of atomic energy in warfare, and later he became deputy director of the Office of Scientific Research and Development, under Vannevar Bush. In recent years, as a peripatetic ambassador, he has made his subordinates envious by the ease with which he can fall asleep whenever the opportunity presents itself, even in the most uncongenial surroundings; he often dozes off while still dressed in black coat and striped trousers and sitting bolt upright on the train carrying him back to Bad Godesberg from some distant ceremony. I now learned how he had acquired this gift. "During the war, I had so many things to attend to in both Boston and Washington that I had to catch up on my sleep on the train as I shuttled back and forth," he said. "It was often impossible to get a Pullman berth on short notice, so a lot of the time I made the trip sitting up in a coach. Fortunately, insomnia is not one of my troubles, or I'd have become a frazzled wreck. It's a gift, being able to sleep like that. In my opinion, it's not true that you need less sleep as you get older. I'm not much good at late parties, and I still need seven or eight hours of sleep a night."

In December, 1945, Dr. Conant was back in Germany again, very briefly, when he was delayed for several hours at Berlin's Tempelhof Airport while on his way to Moscow for a Big Three conference, which he was to attend as adviser on atomic matters to Secretary of State James Byrnes. "At the time, I was more pessimistic than ever about the future of Germany," Dr. Conant told me. "Later, I did some writing about disarmament and other things that clearly marked me as a fellow who didn't have much sympathy for the Germans. It was a hopeless undertaking, I felt, to try to reëducate them. Well, I was wrong." For the next half-dozen years, Dr. Conant continued to divide his time between university administration and atomic matters, and then, in the fall of 1951, shortly after he had returned from some meetings of educators in Australia and New Zealand, Secretary of State Dean Acheson invited him to Washington and proposed that he take a leave of absence from Harvard in order to become High Commissioner for Germany. "There had already been a lot of criticism at Harvard because I was away from Cambridge so much, and I felt I ought to turn the offer down," Dr. Conant told me. "Furthermore, I had promised a fellow university president, Dwight D. Eisenhower, that I would deliver some addresses at Columbia. Though I did refuse the post, I'm afraid I still kept moving around—not only on my trips to Columbia but as chairman of the Committee on the Present Danger, which some of us formed in 1951 to push the cause of universal military service. Then, a few weeks after Ike was elected, he took me aside one day down at Columbia and told me he'd like to have me take over the job in Germany. I have a pretty good hunch that my friend Jack McCloy, who did such splendid work as High Commissioner from 1949 to 1952, was behind both offers. At any rate, this time I accepted. You might say I was motivated by a feeling for symmetry and orderly



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procedure. I'd rounded out twenty years as president of Harvard and I was very close to sixty, the age at which the bylaws allow you to retire as president emeritus."

Dr. Conant said that he was pretty much "resensitized" to Germany by the time he flew to Bonn; to the best of his recollection, the process had begun with Acheson's proposal and had been speeded up when McCloy visited Harvard in January, 1953, to deliver the annual Godkin Lectures. "Jack described the situation to me so fully that I was really loaded down with information when I got on the plane," he went on. I told him I was curious about his first impressions when he stepped off it. "They were pretty divided," he said. "Of course, my frame of mind was quite different from what it had been on my previous trips. This time, I was thinking of Germany as a bulwark, not of Germany qua Germany. West Berlin's response to the Russian blockade had alleviated some of my pessimism, but while I had plenty of facts and figures, I had no real comprehension of what the Germans as a whole would be like and no idea how many Nazis might still be hiding under the bushes. I was very much in favor of E.D.C., and I still feel that it would have been the best way of rearming Germany, but what I didn't realize at first was that the Germans were more frightened of their rearmament than we were. I was utterly amazed at the mood of the country—the degree to which it had repudiated Hitler and all he stood for. One thing certain is that after I landed here, there was little time for looking back. I was thrown right on top of an ant heap. In addition to the crisis in Berlin, the morale of the Americans in Germany was appallingly low, because of the pending liquidation of the postwar bureaucracy and the general uncertainty over what further changes the new administration in Washington might make. If I hadn't experienced all the grief of running Harvard, I don't think I could have lived through my early days as High Commissioner."

After lunch, a man named William Sailer dropped in, and Dr. Conant credited him with being another factor in his survival of those early days. Sailer, a forty-four-year-old bilingual historian and sociologist, was born in Stuttgart of an American father and a German mother, attended school in both Germany and the United States, served with the Psychological Warfare Branch of the American Army during

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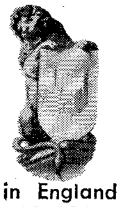

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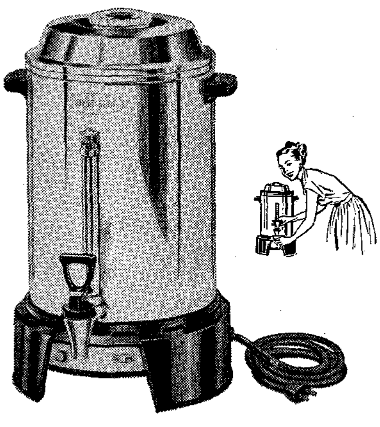

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the fighting in Europe, and then joined the High Commissioner's staff. He has been a kind of Sherman Adams to Dr. Conant, and the Ambassador assured me that he couldn't have got along without him. But Sailer took a more modest view of his role. "It was just an accident, really, that I was able to help out at all," he said. "Dr. Conant needed someone to teach him German in a hurry. The very idea of teaching a president emeritus of Harvard anything was rather awesome, but the German he remembered from his earlier trips was, for his purposes, pretty much out-of-date, and we had to pitch in. He had to acquire a whole new vocabulary; there were a lot of important words that didn't exist, in their present sense, when he was here before—words like '*Mitbestimmungsrecht*,' literally 'the right to have a say,' which means the right of workers to participate in the formulation of industrial policy, and '*Wiedergutmachung*,' literally 'making good again,' a term used to designate the restitution rights of Nazi victims. I got hold of some transcripts of debates in the Bundestag and recorded them on tape, and we played them over and over, stopping and going back whenever Dr. Conant lost track."

Dr. Conant's vocabulary is excellent now, and he insists on making all his speeches in German and on writing them himself. "I just stand by to give him whatever help he may need, which isn't much any more," Sailer explained. "We sit down and work out a draft, and I fix it up where it needs fixing, and then we go over it again together. That's all there is to it." According to Sailer's estimate, the Ambassador has made a hundred and fifty major speeches and five hundred informal ones since his arrival in Germany.

I remarked that an average of something like two hundred speeches a year seemed staggering. "College presidents have perpetual bees in their bonnets, and that gets them into the habit of speaking a lot," Dr. Conant said, with a deprecatory grin. "We're all terrible windbags. Also, I enjoy speaking German. I speak it to German officials unless their English is better than my German. Chancellor Adenauer speaks little or no English, and we get along very well in German. Whenever I make a mistake, I can tell, because he gives me a fatherly little smile."

LATER that afternoon, we were joined by John Bruce, the Ambassador's press attaché, and then Dr. Conant, Sailer, Bruce, and I drove

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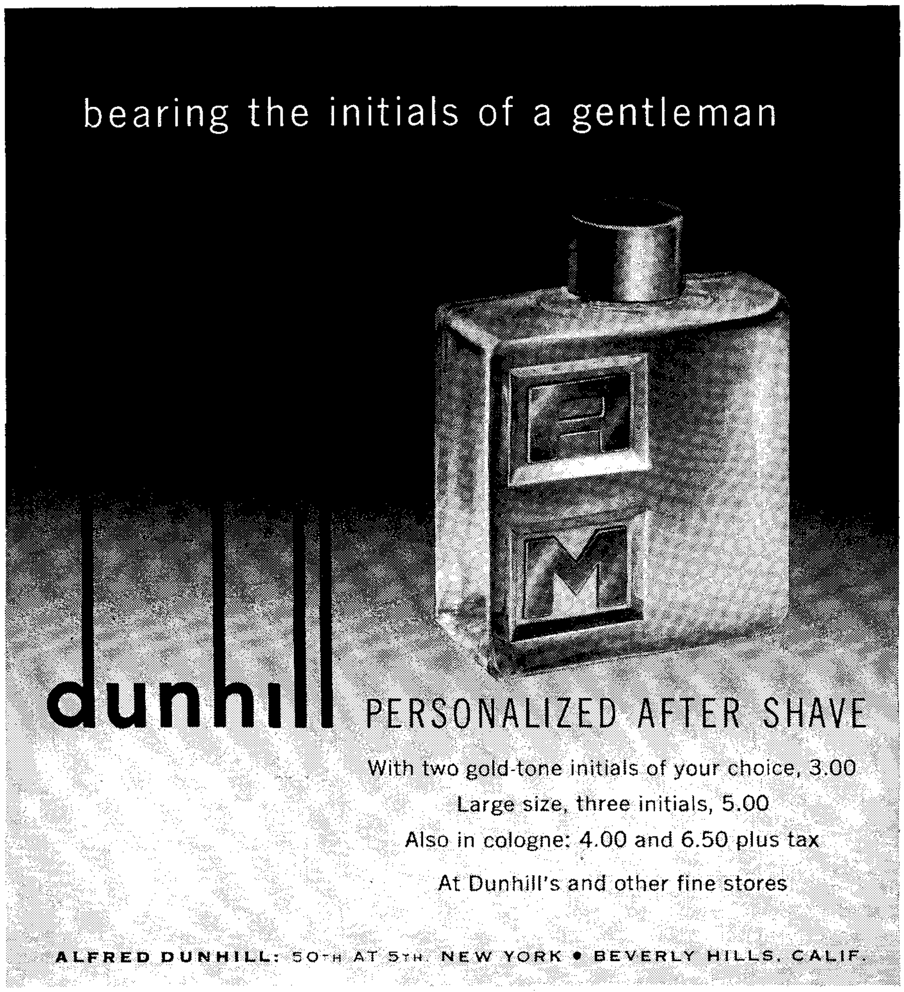

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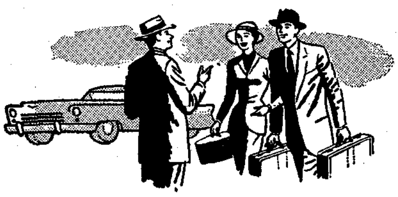

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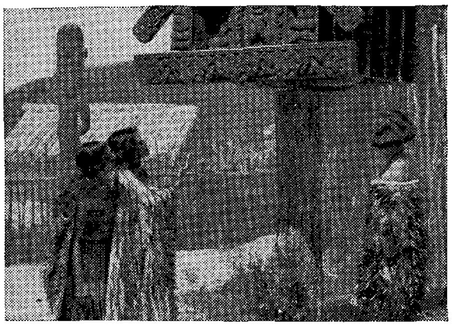

across the city to visit an orphans' home. The 287th Military Police Company, Berlin Command, of the United States Army had just raised several hundred dollars to provide country vacations for the children, Dr. Conant told me, and added that many American military outfits have been chipping in to help support German orphans; he was visiting the home to underline this fact, he said, because so much publicity was being given to the bad side of the behavior of American troops in Germany—crimes of violence against civilians, and the like. "The vast amount of good that's done by our men overseas and the essential kindness and decency of the large majority of them get blotted out by a few unfortunate acts," Dr. Conant said as we rode along. "I want to accentuate the positive."

When we arrived at the home, Dr. Conant accentuated the positive by hopping out of the car and grabbing the hand of a young woman who came forward to meet him. "I'm very glad to be here," he said. The girl, who seemed appreciative, if a bit flustered, introduced herself as the assistant director of the home, and explained that the director had gone to a hospital to visit his wife but would be back shortly. Dr. Conant said he'd wait, and, escorted by the assistant director, went on the inevitable tour of the premises, dutifully peering into each room, smiling at the children, and murmuring "*Schön! Schön!*" Back downstairs, we found that the director had returned, and Dr. Conant shook his hand and expressed concern about his wife's illness. After a brief chat, in which the Ambassador said he hoped that the children would benefit from their vacations, he led the way to the Cadillac, and we drove off, to the accompaniment of wavering cheers from several of the director's small charges, who had followed us outside.

HAVING gathered from Mrs. Conant that this was to be one of the rare evenings when she and her husband had nothing scheduled and could catch up on their reading, I declined Dr. Conant's invitation to ride back to the house with him, and got out with Sailer and Bruce when the car reached the Kurfürstendamm, West Berlin's main avenue. We strolled along the street for a while, window-shopping, and I was astonished both at the number and variety of commodities for sale and at how low the prices were. Sailer explained to me that, in recognition of West Berlin's precarious economic position, the Bonn government had sus-

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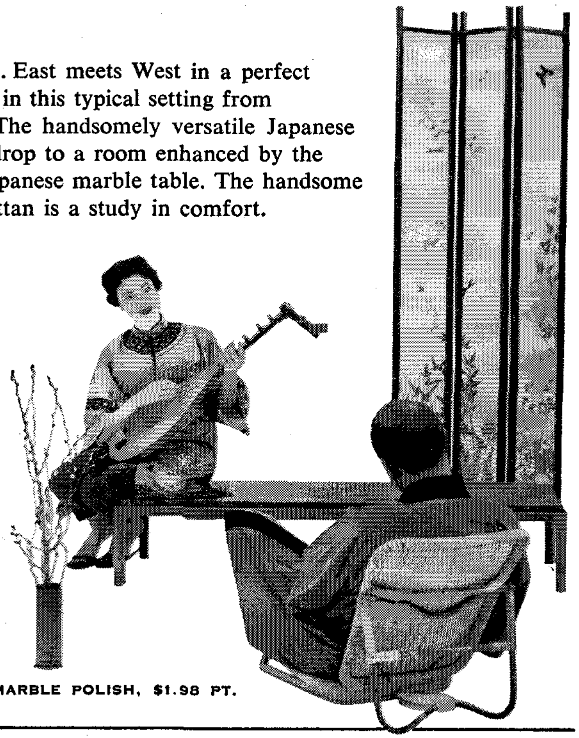
pended all sales taxes in the city, thus making it the bargain center of the nation. From all over Western Germany, people who can afford the trip come to West Berlin to do their shopping, and the city's new department stores, built on the ruins of its old ones, are always swarming with customers. These out-of-town buyers, many of them merchants purchasing stock for their own tax-burdened stores, are largely responsible for the recent turn for the better in West Berlin's economy, though the opening up of some new factories has helped, too; in any event, unemployment—a grave problem in the years immediately following the war—is way down, and many West Berliners are growing stout again. Sailer, Bruce, and I stopped off for dinner at a sidewalk café, and for the equivalent of seventy-five cents we had a meal consisting of soup, roast pork and vegetables, salad, and ice cream. An orchestra played spiritedly, the atmosphere was festive, and everyone around us seemed happy and at peace with the world. "You wouldn't think they'd been through what they have," Sailer said. "Sometimes, though, I think they're still running on nerve." I asked him how Dr. Conant himself was bearing up, under the strain of his relentless schedule, and he replied that he was doing famously. "He's visited every large and medium-sized city in West Germany, as well as a lot of small ones," Sailer said. "When he became Ambassador, the travelling stepped up. He was so happy about the change that he went around tearing down all the 'High Commissioner' signs in his headquarters, and made us pay a nickel every time we absent-mindedly used the old title. He revisited every one of the nine Länder, or states, calling on their Minister Presidents, and also did no end of things he'd never done before, like drinking Lüttje Lage, which involves holding a glass of schnapps and a larger one of beer in the same hand, emptying the schnapps into the beer, and downing the concoction at a gulp. After a week



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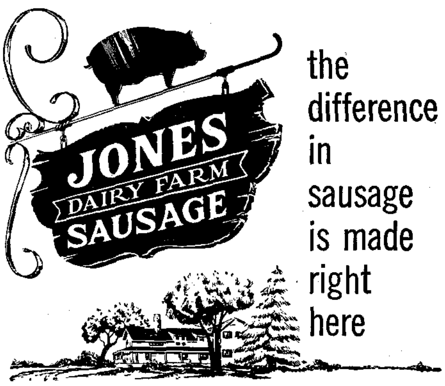
or two of this bouncing around, I'm ready to drop, but he's fresh as a daisy. Maybe it's because he's so wiry."

THE next day, Dr. Conant did a bit of bouncing around, and I could see what Sailer meant. I joined him at nine o'clock, and we drove to the Platz der Luftbrücke, a square in front of the Tempelhof Airport, where a ceremony was to be held in commemoration of the thirty-nine Britons, thirty-one Americans, and five Germans who lost their lives in plane crashes and other accidents during the airlift. In the middle of the square, there is a monument to these men—a curved concrete slab, representing one end of a bridge. The ceremony was brief and moving, with no speeches. Two bands played the national anthems of the Allies and Germany, and Dr. Conant and Lieutenant General William H. Tunner, the commander of the United States Air Force in Europe, joined British and French generals in laying wreaths at the foot of the monument. A gang of laborers, bare to the waist, who were repairing the approach to the airport paused to watch, but few other civilians were on hand. The final notes of taps drifting across this site of one of the most resolute battles of the Cold War sounded more tragic than heroic—sadder, somehow, than usual—and afterward there was a hush that reminded me of the momentary stillness when a plane's engines are cut after flight.

From the square, Dr. Conant entered Tempelhof and walked over to one of the hangars, where some six hundred Berlin school children—lined up and tagged—were waiting to be flown to vacation camps in West Germany. Across the hangar was a less orderly throng—mothers and fathers and brothers and sisters who had come to see the children off. Handkerchiefs fluttered in both groups. The children's departure was the occasion for another ceremony—this one including speeches—and Dr. Conant had agreed to participate in it. "Here is a man who needs no introduction in Berlin, Germany!" a speaker shouted when Dr. Conant appeared, and the applause almost drowned out the roar of plane engines on the field. After looking up at a flag of Berlin—a black dancing bear on a white background bordered by two red stripes—that hung overhead, Dr. Conant told the crowd that "the unusual position of this city makes unusual measures necessary even for the vacation trips of school children . . . for West Berlin is still an island of liberty in a sea



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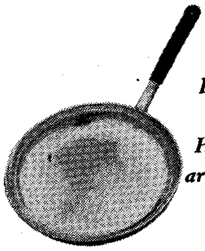

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of oppression and tyranny." Four minutes had been allotted to each speaker, and the Ambassador observed this limit. Several other dignitaries, however, went way beyond it, and the youngsters, who had already been standing there for a couple of hours, grew more and more restless. "How long does this go on?" I heard one boy ask another. "I hear there's more at the other end," the second boy said. The first boy groaned and remarked, "I thought this was supposed to be a vacation."

After the children had at last been loaded on planes, Dr. Conant suggested that we ride over and take a look at East Berlin. We crossed the border at Friedrichstrasse, where three East German policemen were stationed. The Ambassador received a salute from one of them, which he acknowledged by momentarily removing his hat and placing it over his heart, but the two others scowled and looked away. "Sometimes they frankly recognize official American cars and other times they pretend not to," Dr. Conant said. "It's a kind of game, figuring out what they'll do." East Berlin was ornamented with political streamers and placards, along the lines of "Long Live the Unity and Solidarity of the Working Classes." "The East Berlin leaders have been having a hard time since the debacle in Moscow," Dr. Conant said. "The new line hasn't been handed down to them yet, and for the moment they're not saying up with whom or down with whom." Ruined areas were more conspicuous than in the West Sector, I thought, and there was considerably less traffic. When I mentioned these impressions to Dr. Conant, he said, "Well, they've made great progress here in the last three years. Material progress, that is. There is a lot more traffic than there used to be, and everybody is much better dressed. There's a difference in the way people look at us, too. In the old days, they were afraid to look up at all when an American car drove through, and we got only a few furtive glances. Now the East Berliners stare at the flags on our fenders so hard they sometimes fall off their bicycles."

We were approaching a People's Bookstore, and Dr. Conant told the driver to stop. "I visit these places all the time," he said. "I want to see what they're pushing. It gives me a slant on which way the wind blows." The salesgirls in the bookstore did not show by their expressions that they recognized the Ambassador, but they scurried about in a way that betrayed them. Dr. Co-

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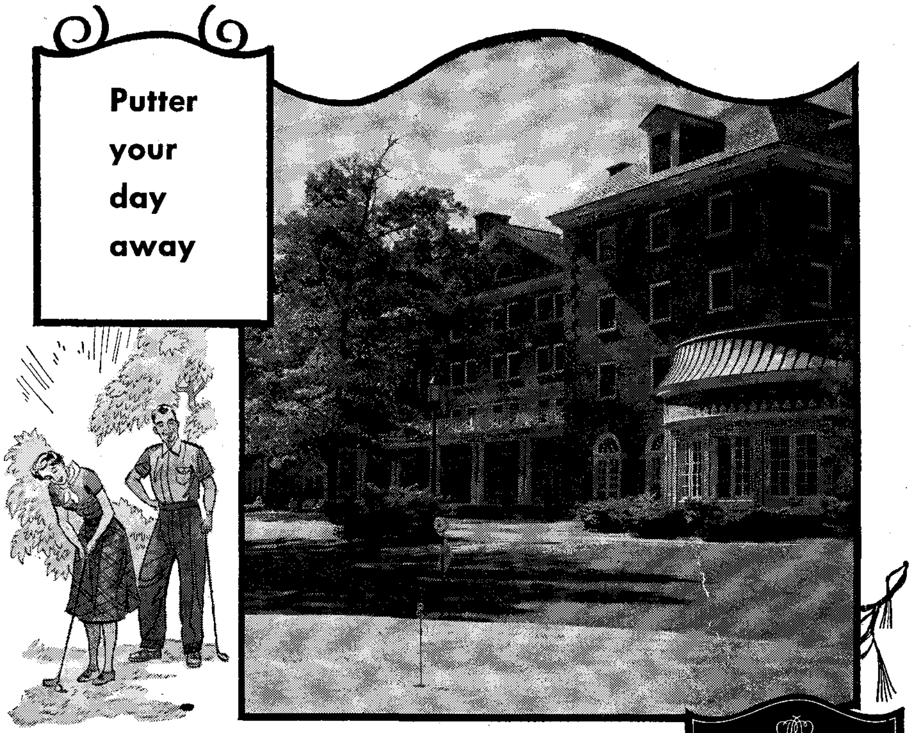

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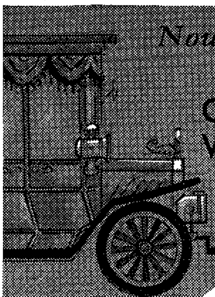
nant strolled around with the deliberation of a veteran browser. "I've already bought more books here than I have time to read," he said. "Last week, I picked up a pretty good little history of the atomic bomb by a Viennese physicist named Broda. I'd never heard of him, but the account is fairly complete, and the only outright propaganda I noticed was in the last few pages. There were many gaps, of course. Compton wasn't even mentioned." He walked over to a shelf in one corner. "Here, look at this," he said. "The philosophy section. Fifty volumes of Marx and Engels—required reading at Humboldt University. A lot of Lenin, quite a bit of Stalin and Mao Tse-tung. Just a little Kant and Hegel. You won't find any other Western philosophers or historians, except for a few German Communists. All the rest are *verboten*."

Getting back into the car, we rode down Stalinallee, East Berlin's postwar main street—a mile-long thoroughfare, flanked by a double row of white apartment buildings, that runs like a slender ribbon through a wasteland of ruins and rubble. "Moscow modern," Dr. Conant said. "I prefer the new Kurfürstendamm—the chaos of individual enterprise—although I'm not sure a rustic from the hinterland wouldn't be impressed by the uniformity of all this. I think it's hideous myself." Near the point where construction workers clambered down from their scaffolding and marched up Stalinallee as part of the rebellion of June 17, 1953, Dr. Conant had the driver stop again, and led me off on my second window-shopping expedition in twenty-four hours. No one knows for certain what the average wage in East Berlin is, but on the basis of Dr. Conant's informed guess I gathered that staples are not unreasonably expensive, home appliances like radios and refrigerators are quite expensive, and things approaching the status of luxury goods—a well-made pair of shoes, a fancy cut of meat, a bottle of slivovitz—are exorbitant. Here on this ultra-fashionable Communist avenue, I suspected, even the fortunate bureaucrats and cultural élite must do more looking than buying.

As we were about to reënter the Cadillac, which was surrounded by a cluster of curious passersby, a member of the East German Volkspolizei standing among them surprised me by saying to the driver, "It's a wonderful automobile. I suppose it uses a lot of gasoline?"

The driver told him what mileage he



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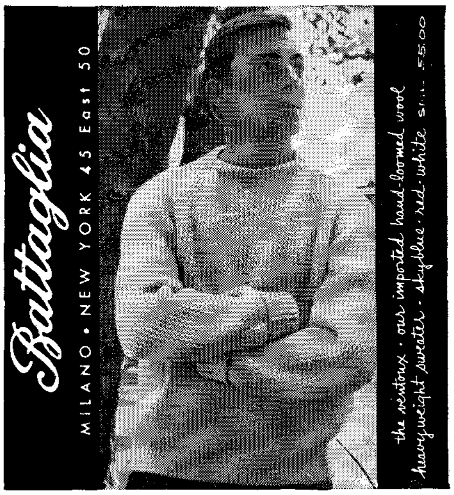

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got, and the policeman chuckled. "We don't have to worry about gasoline," he said.

"Why not?" the driver asked.

"We don't have any cars," the policeman replied, and several of the onlookers laughed.

The policeman's candor prompted me to ask him, "Do any workers live in these apartment houses?"

"Oh, some," he said, shrugging. "They say it's a matter of lottery." He pointed to a huge statue of Stalin across the way. "That's coming down soon," he volunteered, with another chuckle. "They're going to put a restaurant there, instead. It's a good thing. We need restaurants."

I asked him if the name of the thoroughfare would be changed.

"You can't change names just like that," he said. "But statues can vanish overnight."

We drove over to Unter den Linden, formerly Berlin's proudest boulevard but now bare of the famous blossoming trees that I remember from my boyhood; they have been replaced by a few saplings. As we passed the Soviet Embassy, Dr. Conant told me he had been there several times to discuss administrative matters relative to Berlin. "I argued with the Russians like the dickens, but we settled very little," he said, and added, "It was cold as could be in there. The windows leaked."

Back in West Berlin, we proceeded through the remains of the Tiergarten—that once lovely park whose beautiful shrubs and tall trees gave way to potato patches during the war. Near the Kroll Opera House, where Hitler made some of his most inflammatory speeches, Dr. Conant stopped to check on the progress of Congress Hall, a permanent structure, with a fine auditorium, that the United States is helping the Germans put up as its contribution to an International Building Exposition scheduled for next year. After chatting briefly with the architects and contractors and examining a number of blueprints, Dr. Conant expressed satisfaction with the way things were going, and we drove along to the Kurfürstendamm, with its chaos of individual enterprise. Soon we came to another bookstore, and he proposed that we visit it—to compare it with the one in East Berlin, he said, but I could see that his motive was not primarily sociological. He simply can't stay out of bookstores. When we entered this one, the proprietor hurried forward to tell him of several books that had just come in. Dr. Conant inspected them, bought a couple, and then

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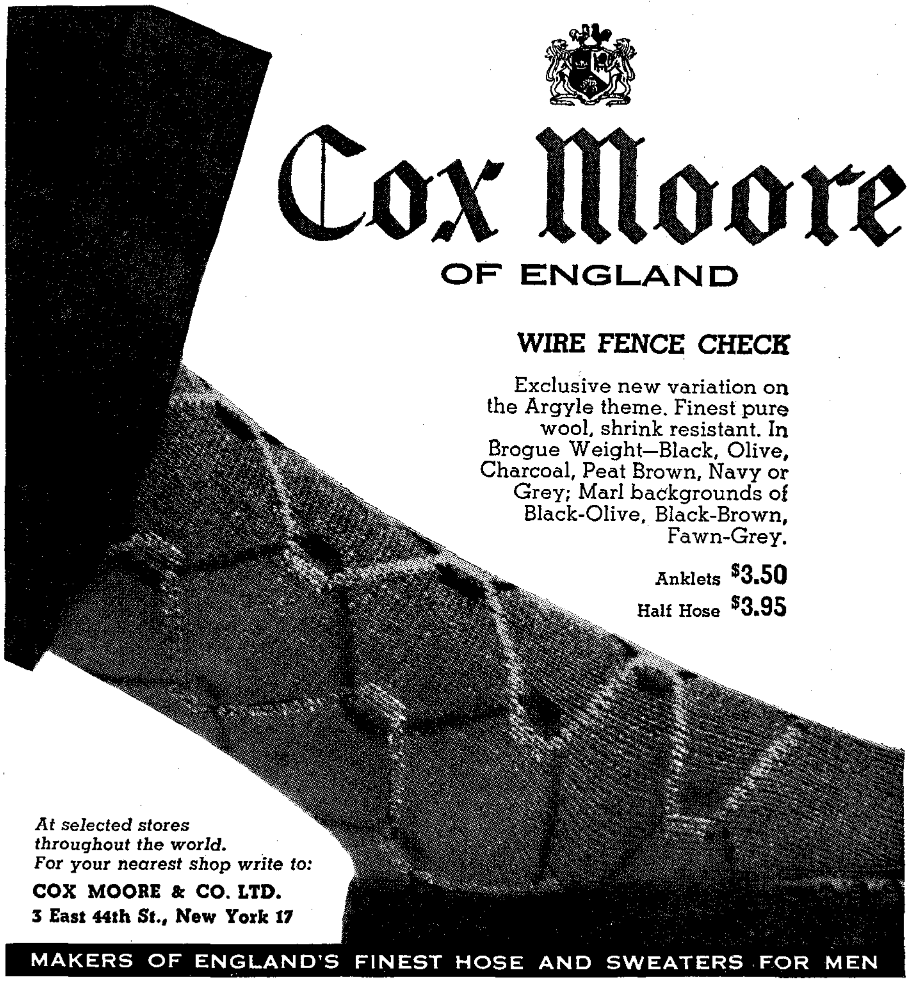

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led me over to the philosophy section, where he ran his finger lovingly along a row of books that included practically every well-known name in the field. Nearby, in the education section, I noticed a German-language copy of Dr. Conant's own book "Education in a Divided World." Dr. Conant insisted that the translation be called "Gleichheit der Chancen" ("Equality of Opportunity"), even though the expression conveys no meaning in German—or, rather, it didn't at the time. It has since been picked up by other writers and now appears frequently in German publications, much to its author's satisfaction.

DR. CONANT looked as if he would be happy to continue browsing all afternoon, but he had to hurry home, because he and his wife were giving a garden party before dinner for some members of the West Berlin Senate and House of Representatives. I had asked the Ambassador if I could hitch a ride back to Bad Godesberg with him, and that night, after both the party and the dinner were over, the Conants, Sailer, Bruce, and I boarded the Ambassador's train together, at the Lichterfelde West Station. The train has two sleepers and a diner—leftovers from a pool of railway cars that were used by the top Nazi officials. The State Department pays the West Germans a flat yearly fee for the use of the train, and German engineers run it, but on each trip to and from Berlin a Russian engineer comes aboard for the three hours it takes to cross the Russian Zone. A burly, affable American master sergeant named John Golema is in charge of the train; a former traffic manager for a Chicago business firm who also spent some time in New York, he was in the Transportation Corps during the war and decided to remain in the Army. Sergeant Golema has travelled two hundred thousand miles on the train since 1945. As he and I stood at a window watching a succession of suburban stations slide by, he said, "You know, this part of the trip always reminds me of the B.-M.T., way out in Brooklyn." Sure enough, all the stations we were passing as the train gathered speed had the stark and lonely look of the concrete stations along the open-cut stretch of the Brighton Beach Line. At half past two in the morning, the Sergeant told me, the train would stop at the western border of the Soviet Zone, near Helmstedt, and he would climb out and exchange greetings with the Russian guards posted there. "It's

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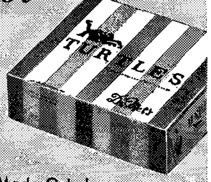

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a formality," he explained. "I know a little Russian—enough to say hello and talk about the weather. In a couple of minutes, we're off again." Sergeant Golema slammed the window down, saying, "We're in the Soviet Zone now," and almost immediately I could feel the roadbed getting rougher. He went to inform West Berlin by military radio that we had entered Russian territory, and I went into the diner to have a nightcap. Sailer and Bruce had had the same idea, and we chatted for a while. The Conants had retired as soon as they came aboard.

I saw them again the next morning, when we all met for breakfast. The roadbed was smoother by then, but since the train was snaking along at a brisk clip, the diner swayed from side to side. As usual, Dr. Conant had slept soundly, undisturbed by the lurching over the tracks in the Russian Zone or the stopping and starting at the border. He was wearing a neatly pressed gray flannel suit, and was planning to go right to his office at the Embassy when the train reached Bad Godesberg.

"Let's see, I'll be coming home for lunch today, won't I?" Dr. Conant asked his wife.

Mrs. Conant said she was expecting him.

"That's good," Dr. Conant said. "It will give me a chance to change into my blue suit. There's a German-American scholarship affair this afternoon, and I imagine it will be pretty formal." Then he turned to me and said, "There'll probably be some scientists there, and—who can tell?—I may find myself talking a little chemistry."

—Robert Shaplen

•

Due to space limitations, G. Harry Stine's regular column, Conquest Of Space, will not appear in this issue.
—*Mechanix Illustrated.*

Seems reasonable.

•

Natives of Easthampton, Mr. and Mrs. John Pappas recently moved to 855 Main St. They have a son, 14-months-old. He is a steward at the Mainliner diner.—*Holyoke (Mass.) Transcript-Telegram.*

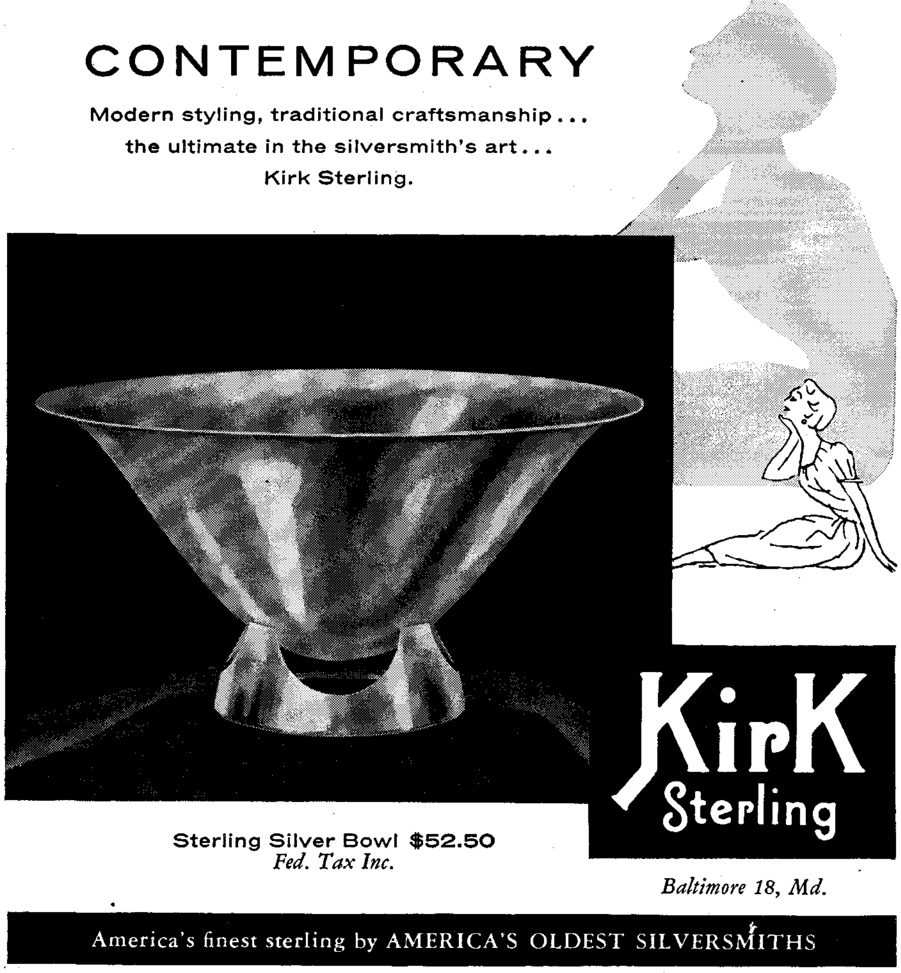
They can afford to move.

•

**RULINGS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.**

[*From the Honolulu Star-Bulletin*]

Meanwhile, the City Attorney's office ruled today that the funeral expenses of the former mayor could be paid out of Mayor Blaisdell's fund for celebrations and entertainment.



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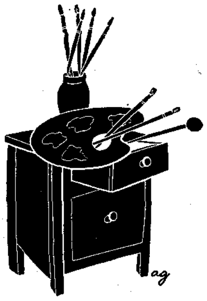
# THE ART GALLERIES

## *Four of a Kind*



THERE have been so many "tie-ins" and "package deals" in other areas of activity, from radio and television on up, that it was inevitable the idea would invade the art world. There it takes the form of simultaneous showings on similar subjects, usually grouped around one major exhibit. The idea is not entirely new, though, for I can remember that at the time of the first big Picasso show there were reverberations not only in other galleries but in store windows and decorators' shops. But the practice has grown now to the point where practically every large museum show arrives accompanied by up to a half-dozen gallery affairs, all bearing on the same period or theme, and I'm not sure that it's always well advised. For one thing, there is bound to be a certain amount of overlapping, which makes for tediousness. Furthermore, as the quantitative drain on the work increases, the quality is bound to lessen. There is also the fact that one can eventually get too much, even of the best of good things.

Not all of this applies to the present situation, in which we find three gallery showings—one of contemporary British sculptors at the Galerie Chalette, another of contemporary British sculptors *and* painters at E. & A. Silberman, and still another of paintings by the contemporary British abstractionist Ben Nicholson at Durlacher—all more or less related to the Museum of Modern Art's big "Masters of British Painting, 1800-1950" collection, which is running concurrently. The overlapping, however, is there, and in view of this it might be convenient to do a little of the same thing myself.

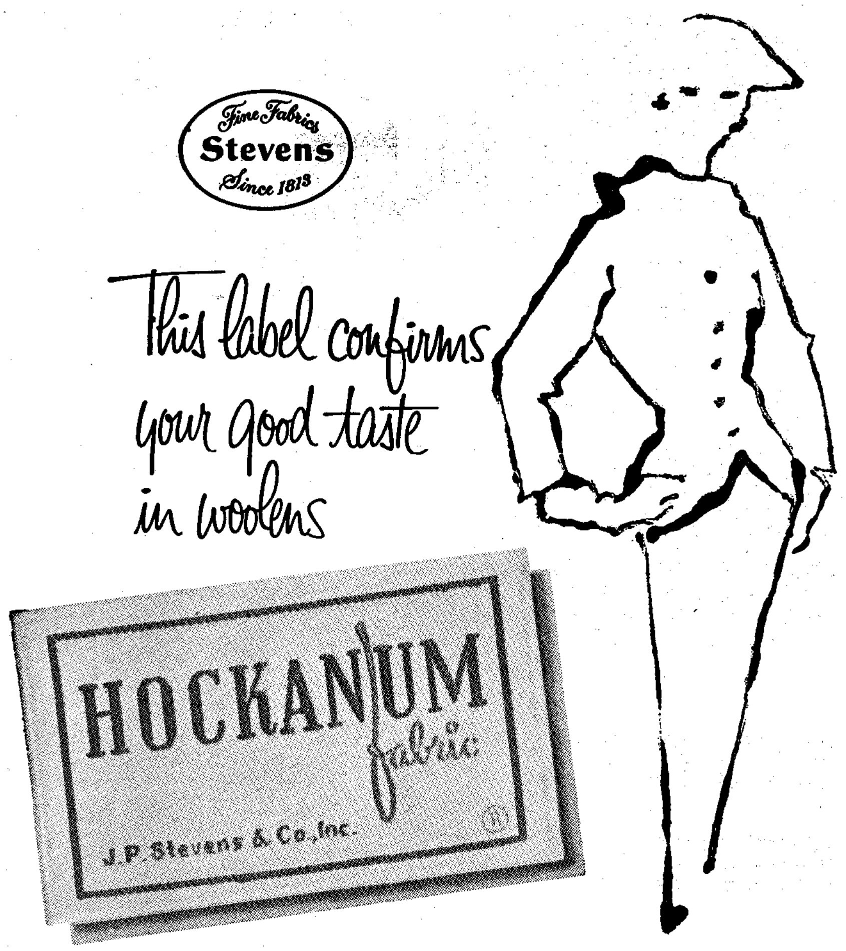
You'll find mostly small pieces at the Chalette, then, but to make up for that the range is far wider than in the Silberman exhibit, which is focussed mainly on paintings. It's wide enough, in fact, to include—in addition to established artists like Henry Moore, Reg Butler, and Kenneth Armitage—such others as Trevor Bates (see his vigorous "Striding Bird"), Marlow Moss (her neatly involuted "Development of Conic Section" and the glittering, ascending "Vertical Construction Based on Octagon"), Eduardo Paolozzi (the extravagantly Expressionist "Man Afraid"), and F. E. McWilliam ("Dog and Groom" and the small but striking "Leafman Seated"), and on the whole it's a lively, illuminating collection. In the sculpture section at the Silberman, Lynn Chadwick, curiously omitted at the Chalette, has a concisely handled "Three Figures," and McWilliam comes through with a large standing figure called "Eve," which, though revealing his debt to Giacometti, has considerable appeal of its own. But as I've said, it's the paintings that predominate here, and again, along with well-known men like John Piper, Graham Sutherland, and Nicholson, there is room for some relative newcomers of interest. Ceri Richards is one, represented by a dramatically patterned semi-Surrealist study called "Do Not Go Gentle into That Good Night," after a poem by Dylan Thomas. I'd cite, too, William Gear's cool, precisely patterned "Structure on Red," and "Structure, White Element," as well as the more loosely composed but handsome "Blue Still-Life with Brown Glass," by William Scott.

Twenty-one paintings and reliefs make up the Nicholson collection at the Durlacher, all done in the past two years and all revealing his unfailing compositional sense and his impeccable good taste in its expression. There are times, to be sure, when a touch of the imperturbable enters, and there's a lack of emotion in the majority of his pieces that imparts a "drained" quality; his work also is a bit repetitious in subject. But to say this is merely to set certain limits to the range of his talent. Within these limits, it is practically flawless, and there are few other living artists who can use line alone with the grave rectitude and cool purity he displays in such paintings as the yellow-and-white "November 1955 (Converging Forms)," the small, strict relief called "March 1956 (Décor for Ballet)," and the big table still-life called "March 1955 (Graffito)."

NICHOLSON is one of the nine contemporary modern artists featured in the Museum of Modern Art's collection, which (as an instance of overlapping) means that he is in no less than three of our current showings; Graham Sutherland, Francis Bacon, and a handful of others trail him, at two apiece. It's some time, though, before one arrives at contemporaneity in the Museum affair, for the range is from the beginning of the nineteenth century to the present, and the number of paintings included is well over a hundred. Even these are not too many, and the air of the exhibition is brisk and lucid as it unravels the at times tangled pattern of British art. For the most part, only a few artists are chosen to represent each period—if British painting can be said to have had "periods," since, apart from the Pre-Raphaelites and a few random cliques like the Camden Town Group, the Chelsea Group, and the Beaux-Arts Realists, its history shows no "schools" or sustained and concerted movements. In any case, the method of selection works out very well indeed, for it permits greater emphasis on individual developments, to the partial exclusion of their chronological importance.

Thus, Constable and Turner begin the procession by themselves, with what is in many ways the best section of the show. It's so good, and so extremely "modern" in atmosphere, that I suspect some sleight of hand was involved in the selection—a sly stacking of the cards to get just the right examples to point up contemporary or near-contemporary relations. One can hardly look at Constable's "Salisbury Cathedral from the River," "Weymouth Bay," or the big, shaggy landscape called "Stoke-by-Nayland" without being vividly reminded how much the Impressionists owed to him, or at Turner's pink, cloudy "Interior at Petworth" and the swirlingly patterned "Snowstorm" without thinking how heavily, if perhaps indirectly, a good many even more recent artists are indebted to *him*.

William Blake, the mystic, comes next, with a small but stunning array of examples, of which I liked best "The Wise and Foolish Virgins" and the statuesque "Satan Arousing the Rebel Angels," and then the Pre-Raphaelites have a small chamber of horrors all their own, where one can ponder at leisure the sentimentality of William Holman Hunt's "The Awakening Conscience," the syrupy sweetness of Millais's "The Blind Girl," or the fustian morality of Ford Madox Brown's huge apotheosis of the poor but honest laboring man called "Work." Meantime, a number of artists now only vaguely remembered have been revived. Save for Blake and a couple of others, the basic influence in nineteenth-century British art was Dutch, and one sees its effect in such pieces as Richard Parks Bonington's broad, peaceful "Scene in Normandy" and the equally placid landscapes of John Crome and John Sell



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Cotman, while farther on we have the curiously Surrealist fantasies of Samuel Palmer.

It was Whistler, in a sense, who opened the door to modernism, with his application of flat Japanese techniques to Western subjects. To my mind, he is poorly represented in the exhibition. But Walter Sickert, another of the forerunners and an avowed disciple of Degas, is not, and there's a sizable group of his paintings (notably the big, colorful "The Raising of Lazarus") to remind us of his peculiar power. Next to the Constables and Turners, the best section in the show is devoted to the contemporary moderns. Here again the display is limited to only a few artists—mainly Sutherland, Bacon, and the ubiquitous Nicholson—but the selection is large and varied enough in each case to constitute a small retrospective. I thought the Sutherlands were particularly handsome, from his early and slightly Kandinskyesque "Sun Setting Between Hills" through the green "Thorn Trees" and the dark, imposing "Three Standing Forms in a Garden, II." Nicholson has a cool, graceful "Still-Life (Winter Landscape)," among others, and the Bacons (see "Dog" and "Portrait of Robert Sainsbury") are all admirably chosen to reveal his ability to show sheer space as somehow sinister. As I've said, there's a certain amount of stacking of the cards, and the result is to suggest a current of what might be called "proto-modernism" running through the whole collection, which is deceptive. But that makes, too, for a feeling of contemporaneity, and so contributes greatly to the show's undeniable sparkle.

—ROBERT M. COATES

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# FOOTBALL

## *The Age of Anxiety*

THERE wasn't much reason for anyone—not even the victors, sitting around the locker rooms and counting up their spoils—to draw an easy breath at sundown last Saturday. On the adding machine, Princeton, the defending champion of the Ivy League, looked great (Princeton 39, Columbia 0), but the adding machine made no mention of Columbia fumbles or of dropped Columbia passes, and it didn't point out that not many holdovers from last year's championship team are around this fall or that a lot of Princeton's most executive ballcarriers are young men whose weight is down in the hundred and seventies, sixties, and (in one case) forties. And there was Yale, which quite a few of us suspect may be the Ivy League champion this season. Yale, after having an inexplicably hard time beating little Connecticut the weekend before, had a hard time (an only slightly more explicable one) beating Brown on Saturday. Dartmouth, which had begun its semester by beating New Hampshire, a team not in the habit of losing opening games, was bowled over on Saturday by Pennsylvania, a team that since October of 1953 had been in the habit of losing every game it played. And there was Cornell, which, according to people who should know, had at last accomplished the miracle of putting forth a good line the same year it put forth a good backfield. The result so far: Colgate 34, Cornell, 6; Navy 14, Cornell 0. Colgate, which isn't in the Ivy League but may be guilty of wishful thinking, has three more matches with Ivy League teams this fall, and it could easily take them all, yet it, too, can start worrying, after unexpectedly tripping and falling over Holy Cross last weekend, 20–6.

There are, of course, exceptions to this rule—notably Army and Navy. To hear them tell it, these two squads suffered such damage at graduation time last spring that they are currently on a footing with the armed forces of, say, Liberia, but those who have watched Army roll over V.M.I. and then Penn State and those who have watched Navy roll over William and Mary and then Cornell think that their particular tales of woe must have been garbled in transmission.

THE season's saddest tale of woe is Columbia's. Next to Penn, Columbia has been the most consistent loser in these parts for the past few years. Last fall, it managed to beat Brown (a feat not distinguished by its originality of concept), and nobody else. This fall, it started off losing to Brown, 20–0, before coming apart against Princeton on Saturday. It could lose every game this season, and it is definitely going to lose its practically lifetime coach, Lou Little, who reaches the mandatory retirement age in December. Princeton's shortage of manpower, in contrast to what it has had on hand in other years, seems rather severe until it is compared with Columbia's shortage. When Benham, Columbia's rapid, energetic, and guileful quarterback, is in there running the show, Columbia, win or lose, is always worth watching. After an extra-hard tackle removed him from the match with Princeton, almost everything went wrong, partly because Benhams are not easily replaced and partly because Princeton simply had more of every sort of player.

Princeton might have just as much trouble without its own pet quarterback, Sapoch. Sapoch is not nearly as noticeable a performer as Benham; in fact, when he was playing freshman football (real football buffs get up earlier than the rest of us, so that they can look at freshman games), it was hard to see why his coaches were so high on him. Last Saturday, it was much easier. Morris's third-quarter seventy-yard touchdown sprint against Columbia wouldn't have happened if Sapoch had not mowed down the one Columbian who was in a position to stay Morris in the swift completion of his round. Less spectacular, but just as important, is Sapoch's durability. Last year, his first on the varsity squad, he seemed to be always around, and on Saturday, when it was decided, late in the day, that the third-string team should finish out the game, Sapoch remained at his post to run it most of the way, once taking out two Columbians, not one, when a ballcarrier much less experienced than Morris was having his own crack at the Columbia goal line.

—J. W. L.

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[*Headline in the World-Telegram & Sun*]

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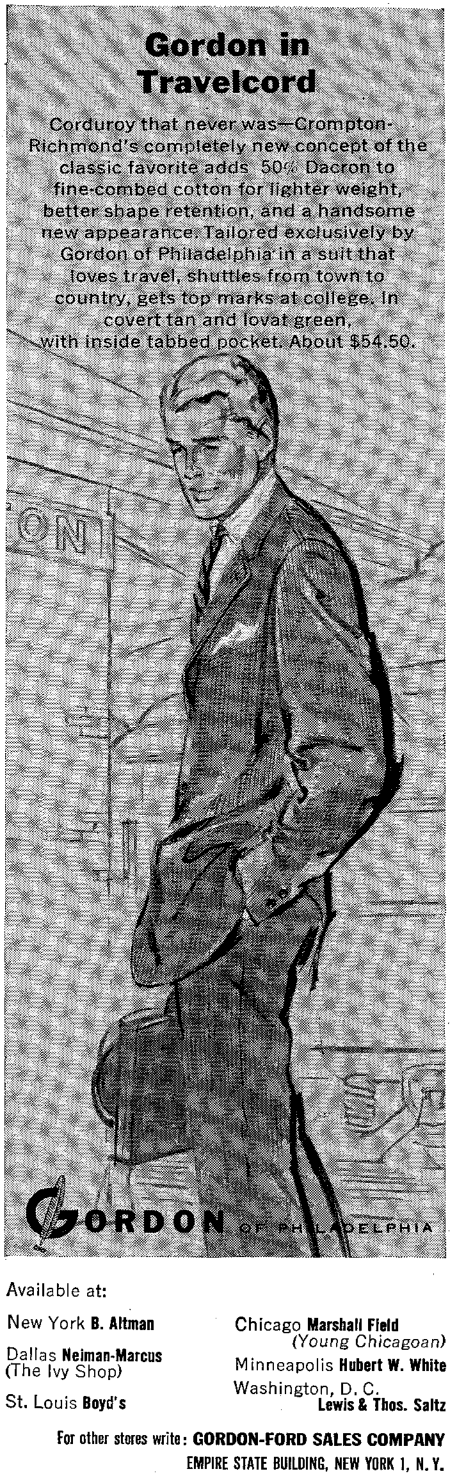
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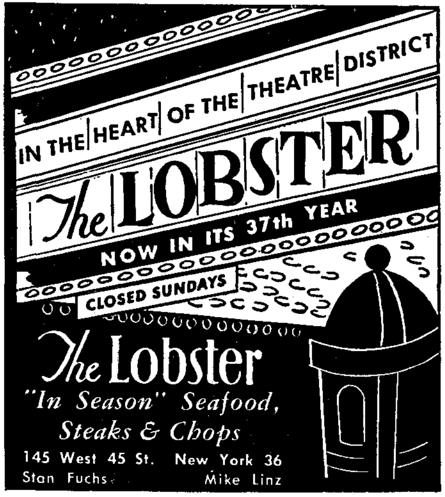
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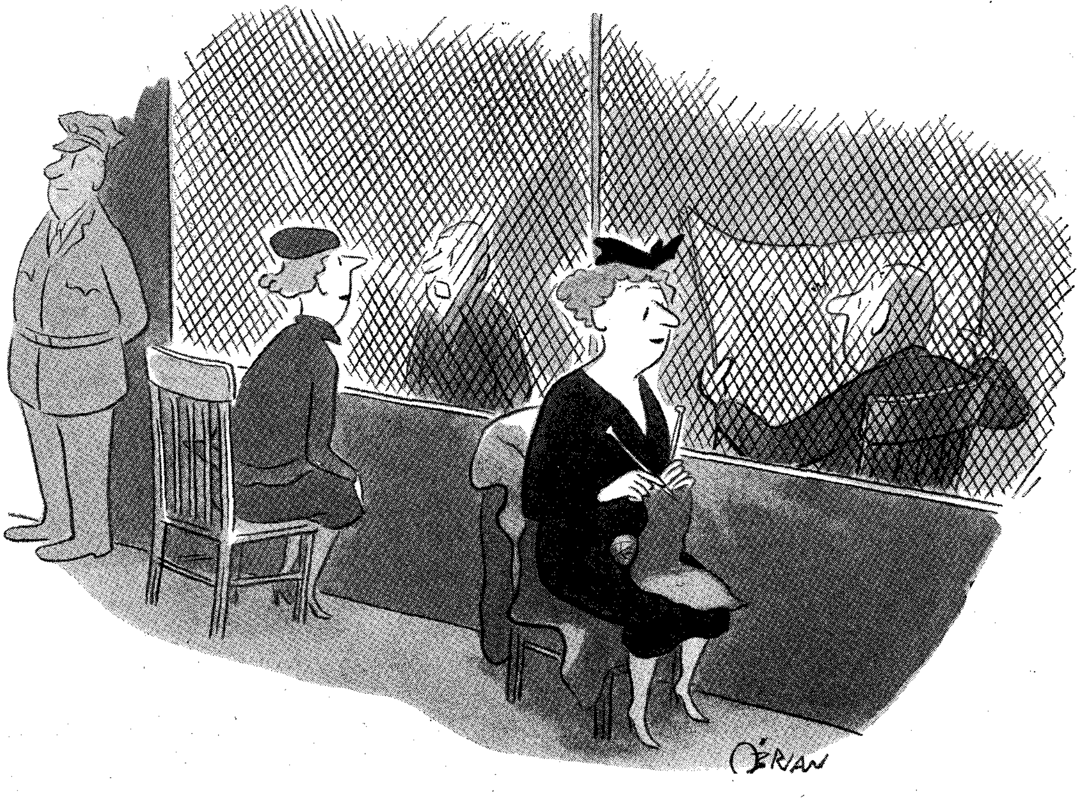
# A REPORTER AT LARGE

## THE CAMPAIGN: NIXON

FOR several days recently, I flew through the West, the South, and the Middle West aboard the Dick Nixon Special, an American Airlines DC-6B that had been chartered by the Republican National Committee to carry the Vice-President on a fifteen-thousand-mile tour and set him down in thirty-two states between September 18th and October 3rd. The plane also carried Mrs. Nixon, who appeared by her husband's side in municipal lyceums, school auditoriums, hotel banquet rooms, and Shrine mosques from coast to coast. (In Oklahoma City, where the Vice-President was afflicted with a severe virus infection and acute laryngitis, Mrs. Nixon essayed her maiden political speech—a two-minute plea for the reëlection of President Eisenhower, on the ground that he has been a good President.) The Nixons occupied a semicircular lounge in the tail of the aircraft. Forward of them was what was said to be the largest retinue ever to accompany a candidate for the Vice-Presidency. There were, as a rule, two or three political associates and advisers; two or three technicians and theoreticians from the world of television and advertising; two press secretaries; three transportation-and-communications expediters; two typists; two Secret Service men; one physician; and about thirty reporters. The trip itself was said by those who planned and managed it to be the longest, fastest, and busiest that any candidate for any office has ever made. Undoubtedly it was the longest and fastest. Airplanes were little used in national campaigns before 1952, and most of the airborne tours that year returned to their point of origin in less than a week. It is an open question whether campaigning by plane is any harder on the candidate than campaigning by train. A train makes more stops and is roomy enough to accommodate hordes of local luminaries, who ride through their districts in it and insist on exchanging views and compliments with the candidate. The airborne candidate, by pleading lack of space, can gain a certain amount of seclusion and, if he has a constitution adaptable to altitude, a certain amount of repose.

Comparisons to one side, the Nixon trip was an arduous exercise in electioneering. The Vice-President made two or three scheduled addresses a day, except on Sundays, when he rested. The talks were never less than half an hour long, and most of them were regionally broadcast or televised. The fact that he delivered essentially the same talk in every city made things easier in some respects and harder in others. On the one hand, he was spared the labors of composing in flight; all he had to do was work in a flattering local allusion ("Pat and I are so glad to be in the state that . . ."), the names of some local candidates, and, for the benefit of the reporters, a few affirmations and accusations not previously made. On the other hand, he had to contend with the problem of keeping an audience entertained while fighting off his own boredom. On most working days, Nixon held one or two press conferences, and at them he repeated himself only rarely. These conferences were a distinct Nixon innovation; in 1952, the Presidential candidates held only one press conference each in the entire course of the campaign. Besides delivering his set speeches and holding meetings with reporters, Nixon made informal talks to the people who gathered to greet him at airports and in hotel lobbies, and he very often seized the opportunity to speak to gatherings he chanced upon at street corners, on school playgrounds, and elsewhere. Nixon is not to be outdone by Estes Kefauver in the handshaking line, and he is a great believer in the value of a picture of himself having a sidewalk interview, inspecting a construction job, or getting his hair cut. It is said that on a trip to Latin America last year he had his hair trimmed—a tiny bit at a time—by six barbers in one week.

Throughout the fortnight's journey, Nixon was carrying the main burden of the Republican campaign. To his delight, he is doing so no longer. In the past week or so, largely because Nixon was beseeched by Republican leaders everywhere to urge the President to take to the road, a number of additional trips have been scheduled for Mr. Eisenhower, and it is beginning to look as though from this point on he will be staging a campaign as vigorous as the one he staged four years ago. He has agreed to speak in his own behalf, and has abandoned his policy of simply standing on the record his administration has made. When Nixon set out from Washington on the morning of September 18th, however, he did so in the belief that he was to spend the next two months on what politicians regard as the most difficult of all missions—that of stating another man's case for him. The President drove out to Na-



tional Airport that morning and breakfasted in the Terrace Dining Room with Nixon and several other Republican campaigners, who were making almost simultaneous departures. "The record itself is sufficient, if it is made sufficiently clear to all Americans," he said at the time. "And that should be our campaign." He said there was no "need to indulge in the exaggerations of partisan political talk" or to "claim perfection." The President was in a rosy and confident mood; he cited the judgment of Elder Lightfoot Solomon Michaux, a Washington eccentric, that the successor to the New Deal and the Fair Deal might be described as the Heaven-Born Deal, and added that he thought a suitable charge to his surrogates would be "Give 'em heaven." The historical allusion was lost on no one, but not everyone considered it apt. "Truman gave them hell and got the votes," a morose Republican leader said later. "This doesn't sound like standing on the record. It sounds like sitting on it."

It will not in this campaign be determined whether the celestial or the infernal approach has the greater political utility. Eisenhower and Nixon, Stevenson and Kefauver are all promising peace and bliss and social welfare in the event of election, and perdition if the other side wins. But one thing that was certainly determined early in the Nixon trip was that a candidate for Vice-President cannot carry the full load of a Presidential campaign. Nobody travelling with Nixon could doubt that a man who is, as the popular phrase has it, only a heartbeat from the Presidency is nevertheless, in the mind of the average citizen, a considerable distance away. A Vice-President, even one as widely publicized and as controversial as Nixon, is not a national figure in the fullest sense. He is not in himself a spectacle, as any President is; not many people will come out to see or hear him simply because they want to find themselves in the presence of power or to gain an experience they can pass on to their grandchildren. Nowadays, of course, it is seldom easy to provide an audience for a political meeting; most people, if they care to watch the proceedings at all, prefer to do so by television. As a rule, though, a President can fill a hall, and even a candidate for the Presidency can do fairly well. It was plain to see, as one followed Nixon about, that a Vice-President is not much better off than a senator, and nowhere near as well off as a movie star of the first rank. There

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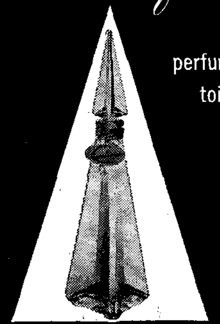

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were seats to spare at many of Nixon's meetings—particularly those in the larger cities, where the presence of a well-known politician is not much of a novelty and where there is formidable competition in the entertainment field. (In the smaller cities, the crowds were larger. Nixon drew far better in Springfield, Missouri, than in Houston, Texas, which is nine times as big.) A more impressive test, though, was on the streets. Those who planned the Nixon trip gave it plenty of advance publicity and invariably followed the established custom of bringing the candidate into town at one of the two busiest times of day—during the lunch hour or just after five o'clock. But the Nixon motorcades, though they always featured motorcycle policemen who had been given leave to use their sirens whenever they felt the urge, and though the Vice-President and Mrs. Nixon waved and smiled unflaggingly from a gay convertible, caused very little stir along the sidewalks and rarely caused serious delays in traffic. Small boys who wished to gape had no need either to climb or to crawl; there was always plenty of room at the curb. Some people even failed to recognize Nixon on sight. Once, he stopped for a chat with a stonemason, who did not at all resent the odd intrusion but who later, after giving his name and address to reporters, asked them if they happened to know the name of the man he had been talking to. The majority of citizens identified Nixon readily enough, and such crowds as there were seemed well disposed. There was seldom any unpleasantness. But some people were less than overwhelmed by their encounter with him. In one city, Nixon stopped to transact a small bit of business in a rather shabby-looking shop along the route of the motorcade. The proprietor knew very well who his customer was, but he did not lose his equilibrium to the point of neglecting to note that the man next in succession for the most august office on earth was accompanied by local officers of the law. "Get the hell back and close up the handbook," he said to a clerk before asking the Vice-President if he could serve him in any way.

THE main business of a campaigner is not to draw mobs into the street or fill the back rows of auditoriums. The country is far too large for any one man to see or be seen by any significant portion of the electorate. The generally accepted theory at present is that the most important things are to get pub-

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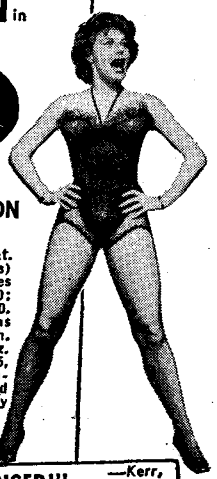

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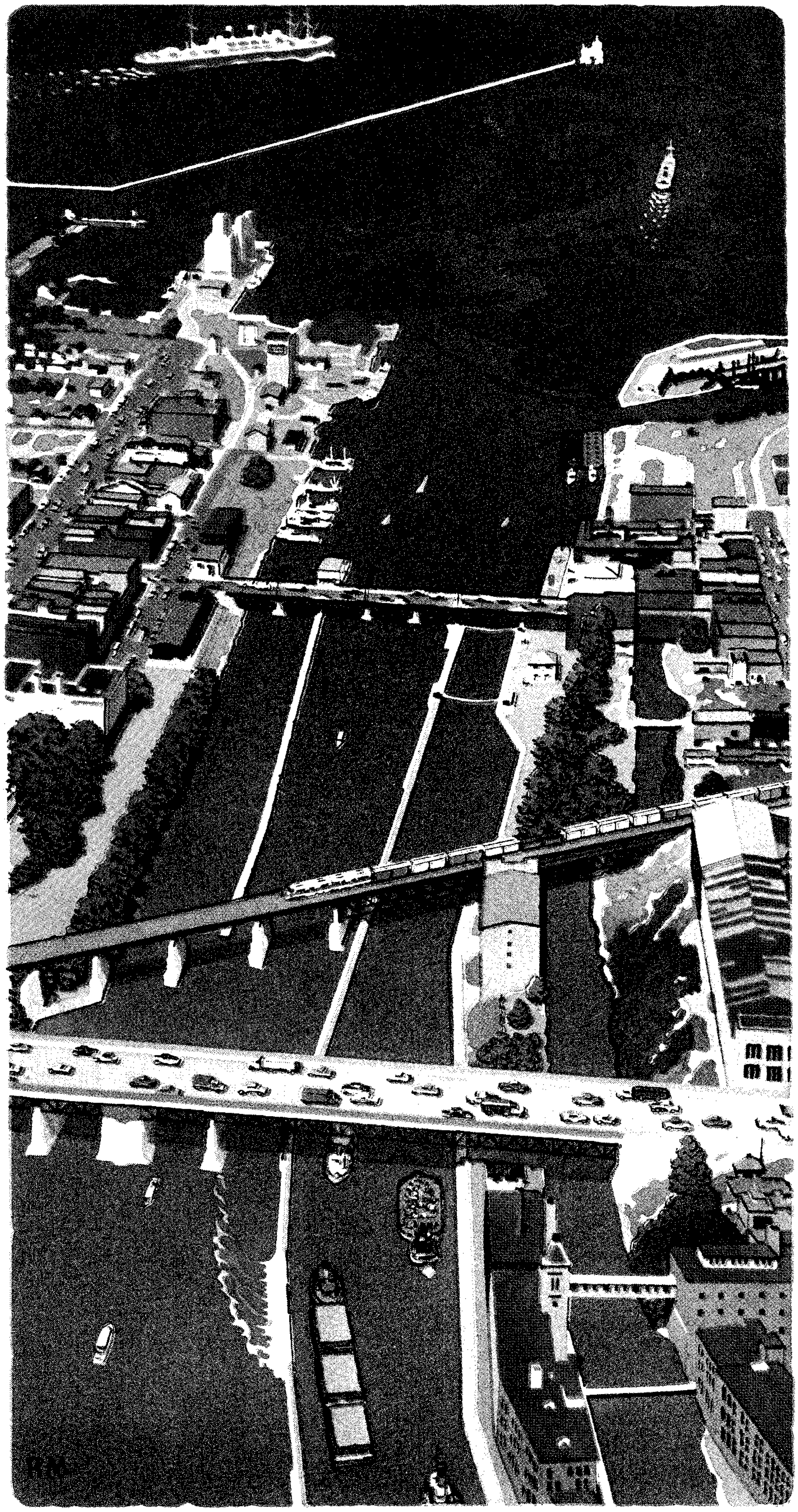

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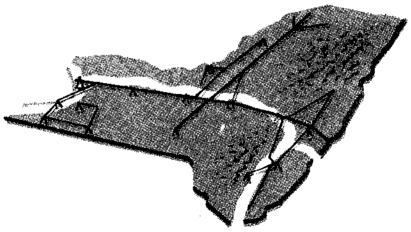

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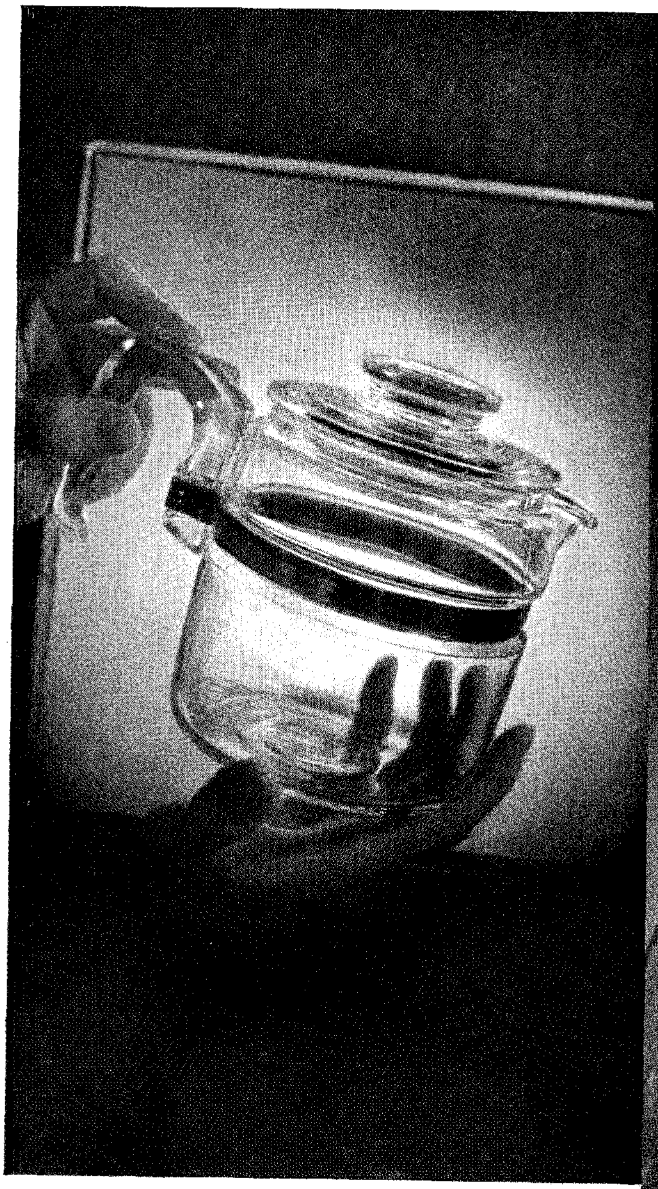

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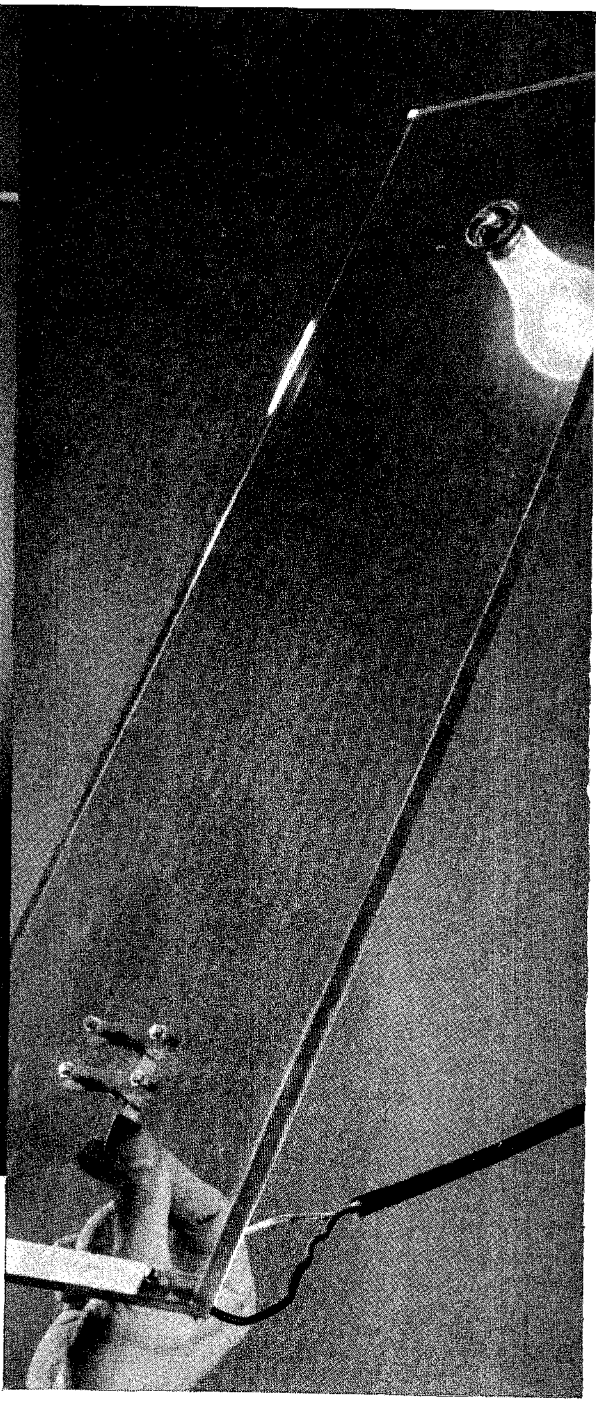

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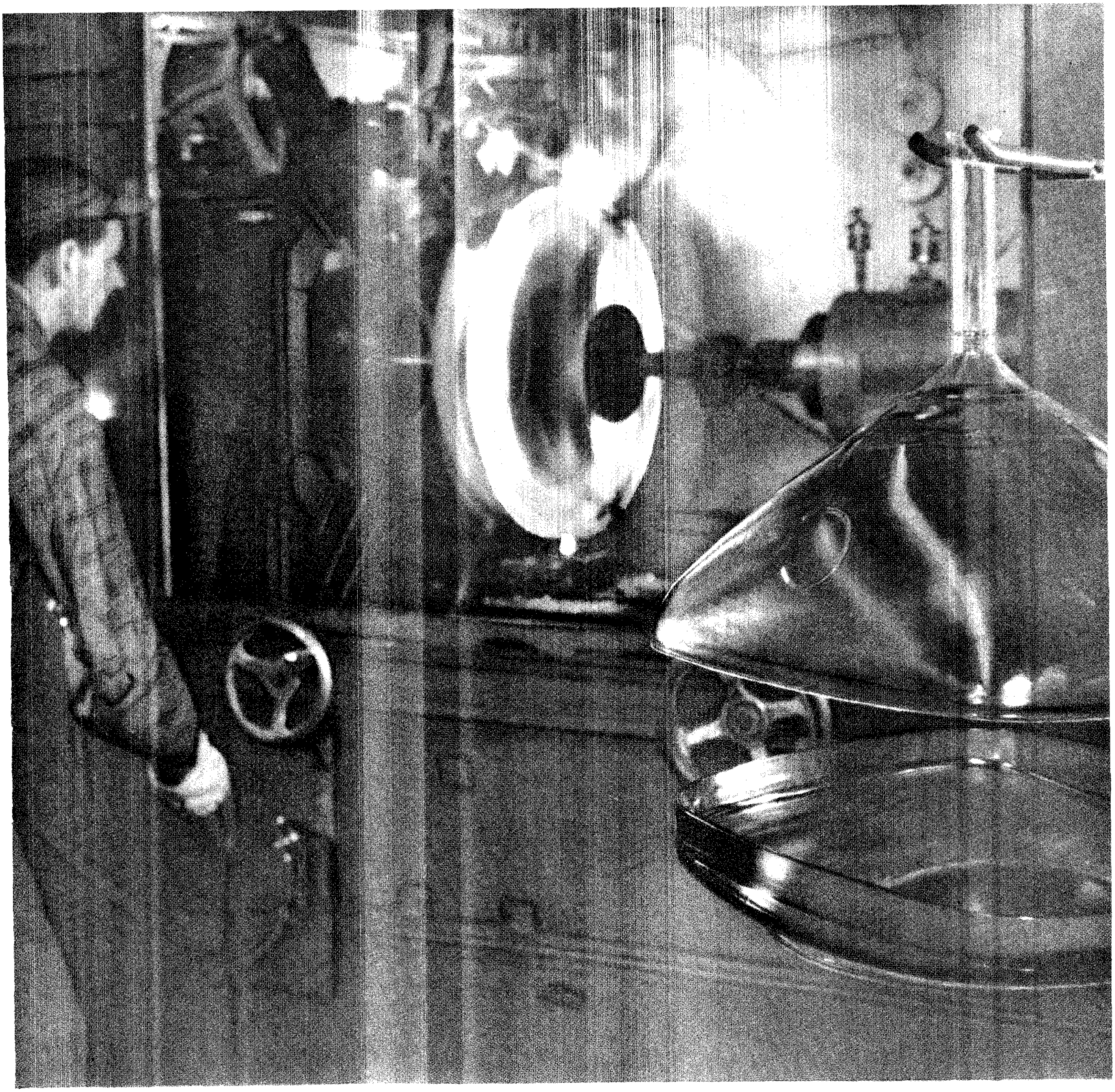

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licity and to pump enthusiasm into the party workers. Nixon has had plenty of experience in both departments, and the feeling of most of those who made the trip with him was that in dealing with them he handled himself smartly and efficiently—particularly in view of the large handicaps he labored under. His handicap in attracting publicity was related to his handicap in attracting crowds. The judgment of newspaper publishers and editors is to some extent a reflection of the values of the market place and the curbstone, and although the Nixon plane carried a heavy cargo of correspondents—the majority of them in the hire of publishers by no means unfriendly to the Eisenhower administration—the Vice-President's pronouncements hardly ever got the prominent displays that he and his managers had hoped for. His headlines were no match for those of Adlai Stevenson, and after the first few days of the trip, despite the frequent press conferences and the efficient service that the two press secretaries rendered the reporters, he rarely made the front pages of the metropolitan dailies. In part, this was, as he frequently pointed out, because he was bound to a party line handed down from above and consequently had less freedom to improvise than Stevenson had, but in larger part it was because, to all appearances, not many Americans are much concerned over what a Vice-President says or thinks or does. Even when Nixon went to such lengths as boasting in the South of his membership in the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, he could attract very little attention. Had Stevenson or Eisenhower made any such announcement, the echoes would be heard for the rest of the year. With Nixon, there was no echo at all; the story was dead within a matter of hours.

Nixon worked under a handicap of a very different order in making his appeals to party workers. In their egalitarian world, a cat may look at a queen, and a Vice-President may be every bit as good as a President, if not better. In recent years, a good number of them have been indifferent to Mr. Eisenhower's charms but most appreciative of Nixon's. "We like Ike, but we'll stick with Dick," Representative Dewey Short, of Missouri, said in introducing Nixon; although the "but" where an "and" seemed called for may have been only a slip of the tongue, it had a meaningful sound, and Mr. Short was wildly cheered. He was cheered again when he told Nixon, "You're among

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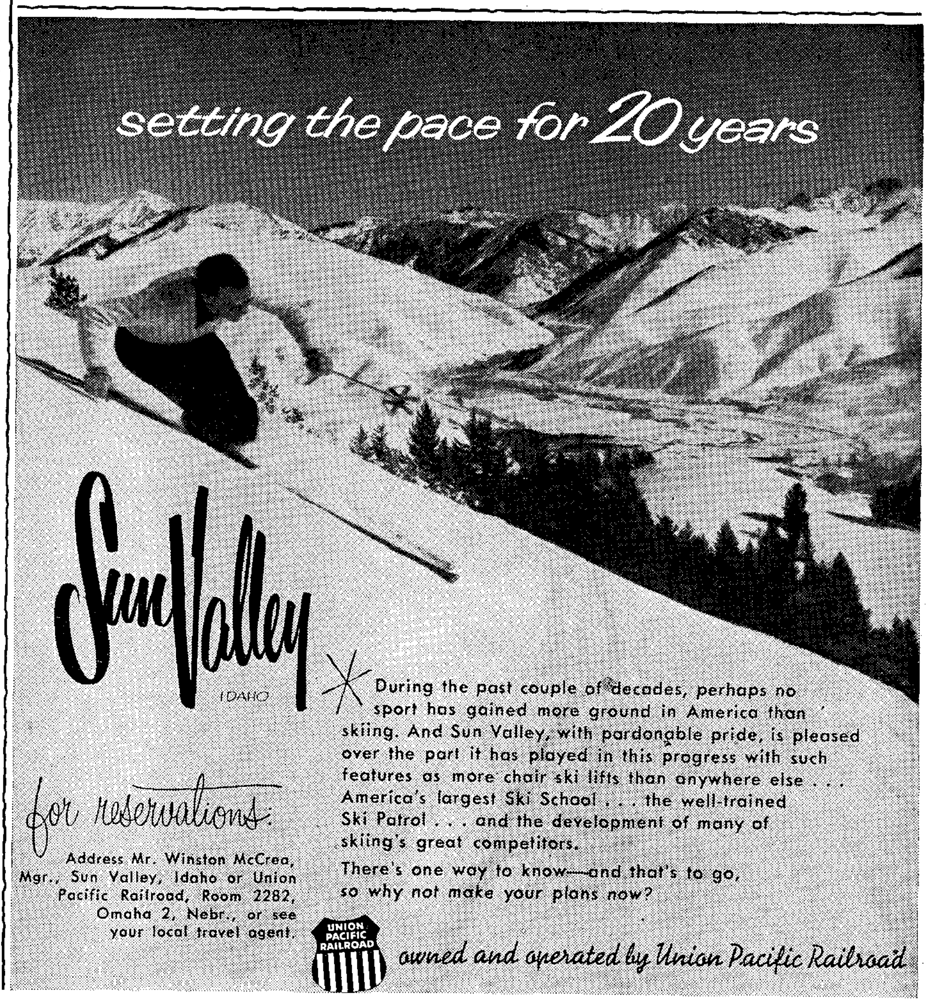
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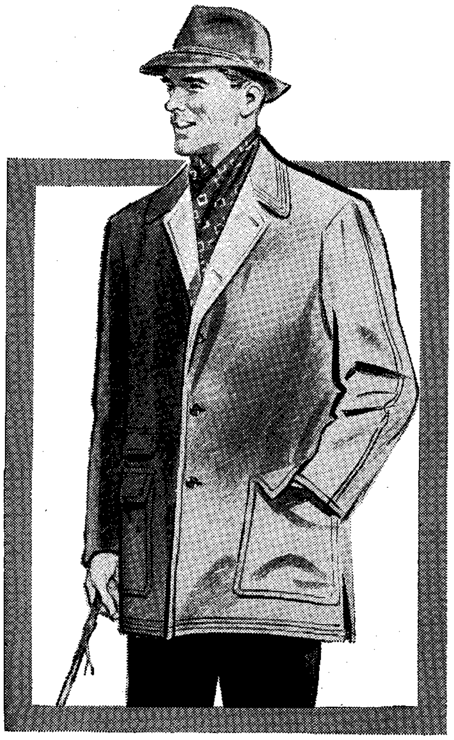

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friends—take off your gloves and sock them." Nixon is hugely admired by those who perform the grubbiest and most onerous chores of Republican organization. They have always liked the aggressiveness that characterized his campaigning in the past. They have always liked his partisanship. Many of his *mots* are cherished among them—for example, his 1952 observation that Adlai Stevenson had "a Ph.D. from Dean Acheson's College of Cowardly Communist Containment." The assignment given Nixon in this campaign was to perform his accustomed task of rousing the precinct workers but under no circumstances to employ the methods that he had found successful in the past. He was to hide the best-developed and most impressive of his talents. The qualities that had endeared him to Dewey Short had made him something of a *bête noire* to people of other persuasions, and since some of these people were needed to assure an Eisenhower victory, it was important that he offend them as little as possible. He was to deprive the Democrats of any opportunity to make his personality a campaign issue. He was not to be aggressive. Above all, he was not to be partisan. The President had laid it down that there was no need "to indulge in the exaggerations of partisan political talk." And Leonard Hall, the Chairman of the Republican National Committee, had laid it down that the Party orators were to sell the President first and the Party second—or, as Nixon was to put it, "The name of the party is immaterial. . . . The Eisenhower program is bigger than any political party." Nixon's job was to make his audiences, which would be largely composed of persons of intense Republican convictions, experience the effulgence of the Eisenhower personality, which some of them had been unable to feel even when exposed to the President himself, and make them comprehend the transcendent wisdom of the Eisenhower program, which many of them were inclined to regard as no better than a necessary compromise with historic Republican principles. And Nixon was to do this without exploiting those attractions of his own that had been tested and not found wanting in the past. It was as if Marilyn Monroe were put into an oversized Mother Hubbard and told to outdo herself in seductiveness.

At the least, it was a challenge, and Nixon accepted it without any show of regret or reluctance. Indeed, there is reason to suppose that he saw the need for the present strategy well ahead of many of his colleagues; when Dewey

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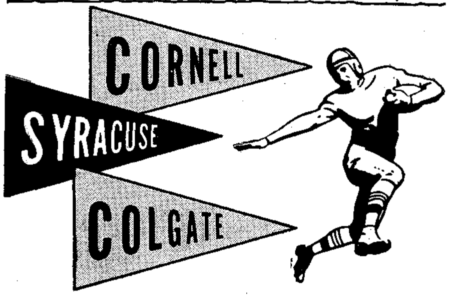

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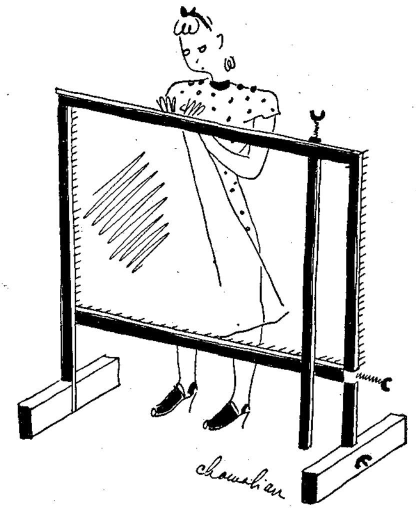
Short appealed from the new Nixon to the old, he was calling for a kind of performance that Nixon has not once put on in the year since President Eisenhower's heart attack. And one received the impression that Nixon himself very much prefers the new Nixon; for those who get a chance to play it, the role of the statesman—sober, responsible, forward-looking, concerned with matters of large and perhaps historic importance—is always more congenial than that of the politician haranguing the clubhouse workers. In any event, five days before this tour began, the Vice-President sought the seclusion of a room in the Mayflower Hotel, in Washington, and worked almost until takeoff time on what was to become the "basic speech." "He just climbed into his pajamas and thought and thought and wrote and wrote," one of his press secretaries said. "He doesn't want ghostwriters. Oh, we help with research, and we give him ideas now and then, and sometimes we throw in a phrase or a sentence we think might be helpful. But it all goes through that meat-grinder of a mind he's got, and, believe me, it comes out an entirely different grade of hamburger. He has his own vocabulary and his own rhythms, and none of us can really catch them. And he'll never use anything that doesn't *sound* like him." Nixon emerged from the Mayflower with a document that he and his aides felt was perfectly tailored to the needs of this strange campaign. The basic element of the basic speech is the celebration of President Eisenhower—"the greatest leader of the atomic age," "a man who ranks among the greatest of the legendary heroes of this nation," "a man of destiny, both at home and abroad." The speech is salted with phrases of this sort, and although, for variety, Nixon sometimes shifts the order of his arguments, he always concludes with the proposi-



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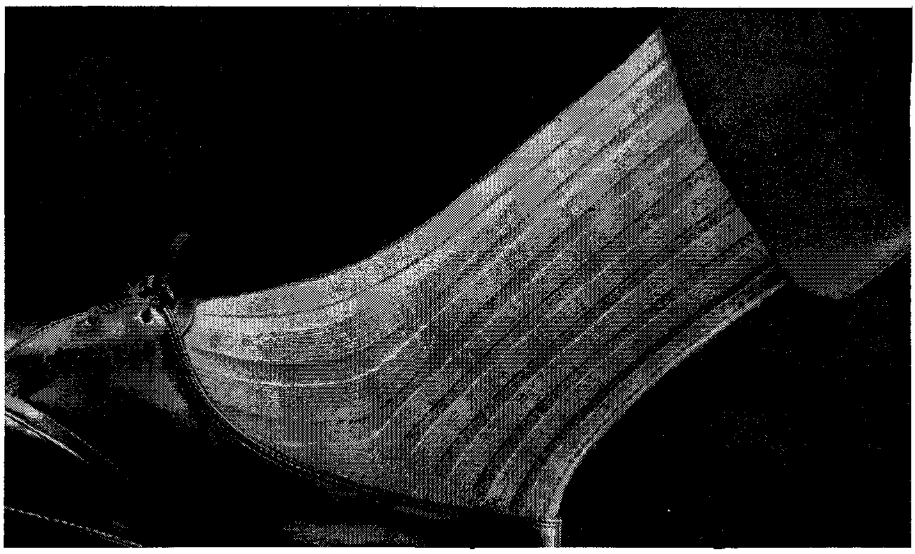

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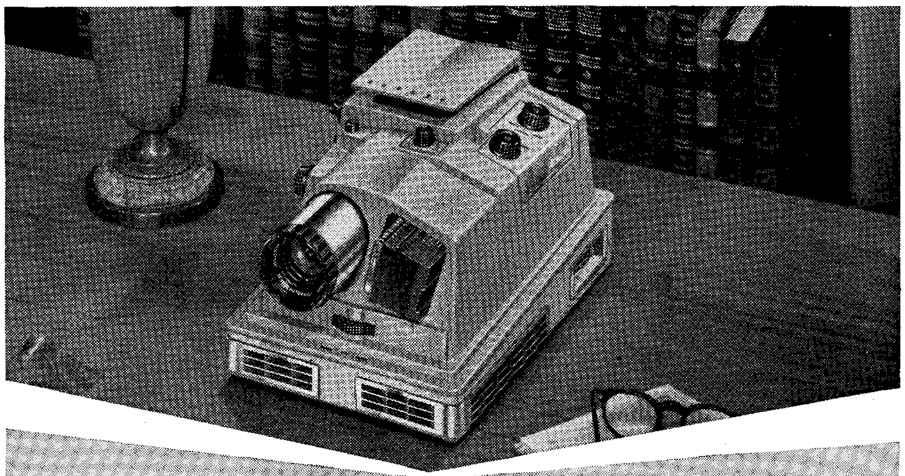

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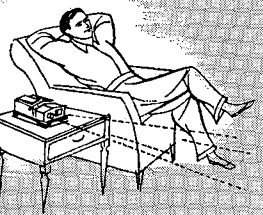

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tion that Mr. Eisenhower's candidacy gives every American the opportunity to rise above party and faction:

And so my friends, this is what I say. Now is the hour in world events when America and the world desperately need the best leadership it can produce, and settling for second-best leadership, however well-intentioned, at this critical juncture, would be tragic for the United States, particularly when we have the best in President Eisenhower. And finally may I tell you, as you go out and work in this campaign to keep [name of state] in the Eisenhower column, which you will be working for, you are working for an administration that has brought peace and prosperity and progress to America and you are going to be working for a man whom every American can proudly hold up to his children as one who has faith in God, faith in America, and one who has restored dignity and respect to the highest office in the land.

It is a tribute to Nixon's gifts as an orator that his sentences, as spoken, *seem* to parse, and even seem fairly crisp and well constructed. Listening to him, one gets the impression that his style is simple and declarative, like good advertising copy, even when the rhetoric and the sentiments it seeks to convey are soggy.

The main body of the speech is built around this year's Republican slogan, "Peace, Prosperity, and Progress." Nixon devotes a few minutes to each of these items. He first cites President Eisenhower's dedication and service to one of the worthy abstractions, then rebuts the Democratic criticism. On "Peace," for example:

President Eisenhower brought peace. . . . You know, I think our record can be summed up in one sentence. We ended one war, we avoided others, and we have built a strong America. . . .

Then the rebuttal:

Now I realize that some folks will give you an argument on that. In fact, I have been reading and hearing—as you have—that there is no peace in America and in the world today, and about all I can answer to that is this: I say that it isn't surprising that individuals who defend the administration who never recognized that the war in Korea was a war probably don't know the difference between war and peace. But believe me, the American people do. . . .

And then, of course, there are others who say that maybe there is peace but that the prestige of America as the result of the leadership of the President of the past four years is at an all-time low around the world. You know, I think I am somewhat of an expert along the path of that subject, because in the last four years Pat and I have visited thirty-two countries all over the world. And you know what we have found in every country? There is no man in the world today who is more respected

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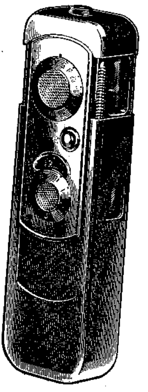

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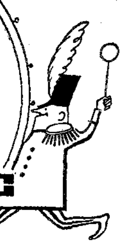

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> as a symbol of peace and freedom than the President of the United States, Dwight D. Eisenhower.

On "Prosperity":

> For the first time in a generation America has prosperity without war. The Eisenhower years have been the best four years of our lives.

The rebuttal:

> Now let's consider what some of the arguments are on this score. We hear that this administration is interested only in the few, not the many. Do you know that there are more jobs at higher wages with greater take-home pay and better security than ever in the history of the country?... If they never had it so good under Truman, under Eisenhower they have it a lot better. Let's keep it that way.

On "Progress":

> The Eisenhower administration is an administration that looks to the future and not to the past. We aren't satisfied with the way things are; we don't want to go back to things as they were, but we have developed a dynamic new program which presents a bold vision of the future to all Americans. It is the most exciting vista of progress for the future that any people ever had in the history of civilization.

The rebuttal:

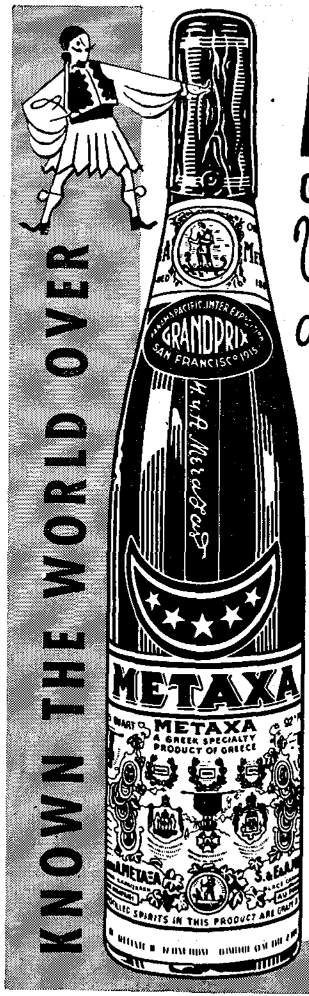
> I guess all of us hoped that at Chicago the Democratic Party would come up with some new faces, some new ideas. But the way I would analyze the campaign up to this time is that all that our friend Mr. Stevenson is offering to the American people in 1956 is the same old Truman jalopy with a 1956 paint job. It was hopelessly inadequate way back then. It is hopelessly obsolete today. I say the American people want the new Eisenhower model.

The basic speech contains a few flourishes that have nothing very much to do with any part of the slogan. Nixon is fond of morality as a theme, and, in fact, seems to regret that the slogan was not expanded to include it. As he has been saying:

> This administration recognizes that it is equally important to an individual to be able to raise his family in an atmosphere of national morality as it is to see that they are well-fed, clothed, and housed. That is why the whole moral tone of the national administration has risen during the past four years from one of casual and even callous indifference to one of high principle and integrity.... Of course, you will find corruption in either party in a country as big as ours, but under the great leadership of President Eisenhower, we clean up fast.

And in most versions of the speech he has used what he calls his "favorite description" of the difference between the contending forces in 1956:

> We start with the individual and work up; they start with the government and



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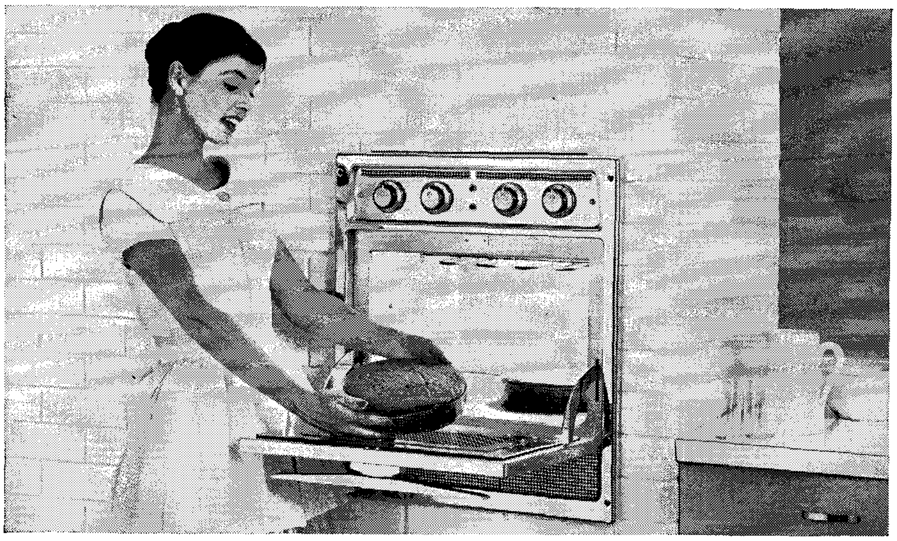

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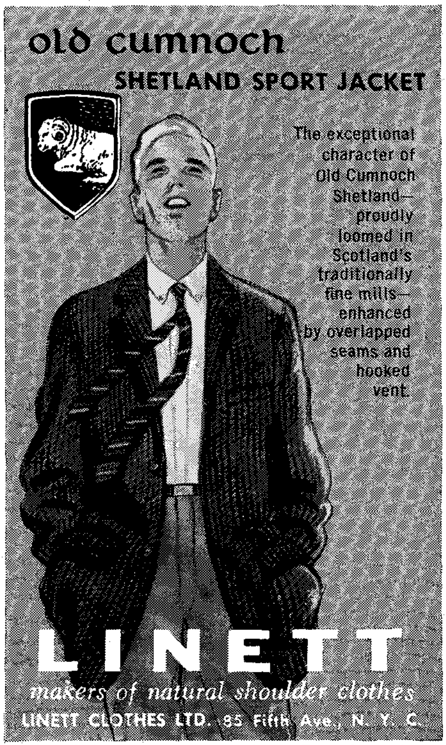
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While I was on the Dick Nixon Special, the Vice-President delivered the basic speech ten times, in seven cities. He never failed to carry the audience and win what appeared to be its approval and gratitude. To be sure, the audiences were to a large extent claques; with a few exceptions (a student convocation at the University of Louisville, for instance, where Nixon deleted a few of his punch lines and worked in one reference each to Hegel and Arnold Toynbee), only the saved came out to hear the words of salvation. But in politics it is always as important to inspirit the saved as to make converts, and while Nixon had to be careful not to turn away any uncertain seekers after the truth, his real assignment was to lift up the hearts of those who get out the vote. Some of them were a bit disappointed and talked longingly of the old Nixon, but most of them took him as he was and liked him. Most of them, indeed, seemed to feel about him as Governor Joe Foss, of South Dakota, did when he introduced him in Rapid City. "He's just an ordinary soul," Governor Foss said. "He never made a million dollars. He owes money on his house. He has some kids and dogs. He has proved what we believe out here—that the ordinary citizen, if he works hard, can climb to the top." "NIXON BEST TONIC PARTY HAS," one Republican committeeman wired headquarters. "PLEASE SEND HIM BACK SOONEST." It has just been announced that he is taking off in a couple of days on a ten-thousand-mile tour of fourteen states.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

•

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Oh, good fun!

•

### ANSWERS TO HARD QUESTIONS

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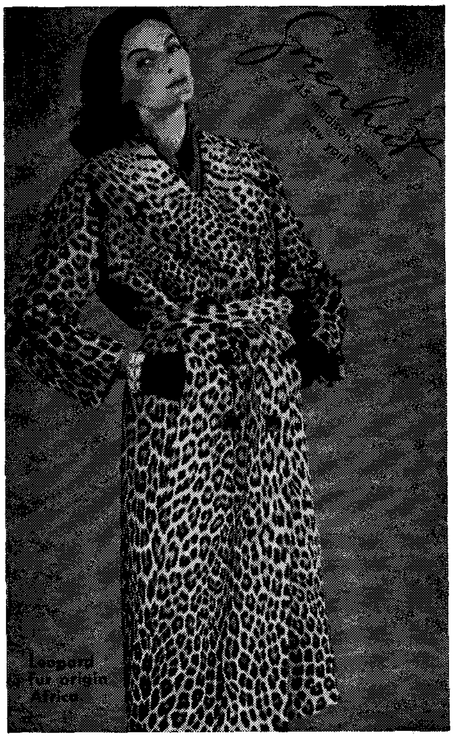
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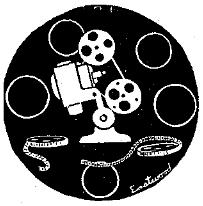
# THE CURRENT CINEMA

## *Down in the Depths*



"THE SILENT WORLD" is a French documentary film about underwater exploration that was put together by Captain Jacques-Yves Cousteau, co-inventor of the Aqua-Lung and dean of the frogmen. Although there have been quite a few pictures showing us what goes on below the surface of the sea, Captain Cousteau's enterprise is the most comprehensive so far, and it includes enough unusual stuff to compensate for some occasionally uncertain camera work and a commentary, in English, that gets too high-flown for comfort every now and then. In his tour of the depths, Captain Cousteau plunged through many seas and came upon an infinite variety of things, all presented for our inspection. For instance, we see great schools of porpoises gambolling about the Gulf of Aden, examine the wreck of a ship on the bottom of the Gulf of Suez, pursue a couple of dozen whales in the Indian Ocean, and accompany a diver so deep into the Red Sea that it is touch and go whether he has reached the point of no return. The picture also contains many and varied shots of the strange formations that protrude from the floor of the sea, and by way of something truly frightening there is a sequence showing ravenous sharks tearing up the carcass of a whale. Captain Cousteau is generous with his explanations of the technique of skin-diving, and by the time the film has run its course, he has succeeded in making us feel as if we were, in truth, taking part in his expedition. It's pleasant enough vicariously, but it looks like an awfully chancy business to indulge in for real.

IN "The Grand Maneuver," another French film, René Clair, who directed it, does a very pretty job of displaying a provincial town in the tranquil days before the First World War. Using color with enormous skill, he makes his locale a marvellously attractive place, but, unfortunately, the story he is telling has so many conflicting moods that it's hard to say whether the picture is supposed to be merry or sad. At any rate, it never quite jells as it goes about relating the romantic ups and downs of a handsome dragoon and a milliner who has a highly conventional gentleman as her protector. The complications start when the dragoon, to prove that soldiers are more adept than civilians when it comes to the ladies, bets that he can seduce any woman in town, the woman to be chosen by chance. The milliner is picked for the test, but the dragoon, instead of making an offhand conquest of her, decides that she is the girl of his dreams. While the hero and heroine go through a lot of emotional backing and filling, M. Clair introduces several other affectionate types, to demonstrate that love makes the Gallic world go round. However, he winds the thing up on a very glum note, leaving his principals, played by Gérard Philipe and Michèle Morgan, looking as mournful as a pair of characters in a Dostoevsky novel.

"THE BEST THINGS IN LIFE ARE FREE" purports to be an account of the careers of Buddy DeSylva, Lew Brown, and Ray Henderson, a Tin Pan Alley team that turned out hit tunes by the dozen in the nineteen-twenties. The movie is moderately amusing, and while it can't work up much suspense (the Messrs. DeSylva, Brown, and Henderson rose quickly to the top and stayed there), it has a raft of fine old tunes that ought to make you forget its weaker spots. Full of nostalgia for the prohibition era, it has some funny moments when it introduces the strange gangsters of the period, and as the most conspicuous of the badmen, Tony Galento is hilarious. As DeSylva, Brown, and Henderson, respectively, Gordon MacRae, Ernest Borgnine, and Dan Dailey are all satisfactory, and Sheree North is pleasing indeed as a singer who can shake a very mean hip.

—JOHN McCARTEN

•

A fire starting in the kitchen of the home of Mr. and Mrs. Leo Connor, Wionkhiege Hill, yesterday was extinguished by Mrs. Connor before the arrival of the Greenville Fire Company. Deputy Chief Ernest Hawkins inspected the house with other firemen to make certain the blaze did not enter a petition.—*Providence Bulletin.*

It's a free country.

•

WASHINGTON, Sept. 6 (AP)—The Community Facilities Administration today announced approval of a $400,000 loan to Bradley University, Peoria, Ill., for a student —*Chicago American.*

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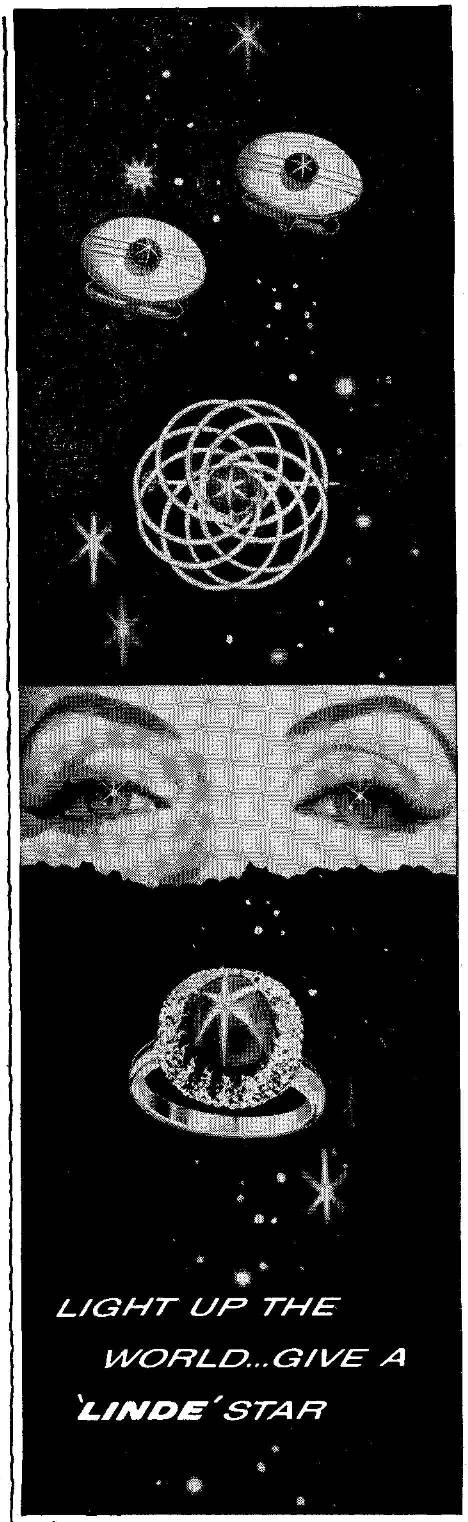

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# THE RACE TRACK

## *Overseas*

MAURICE FREED

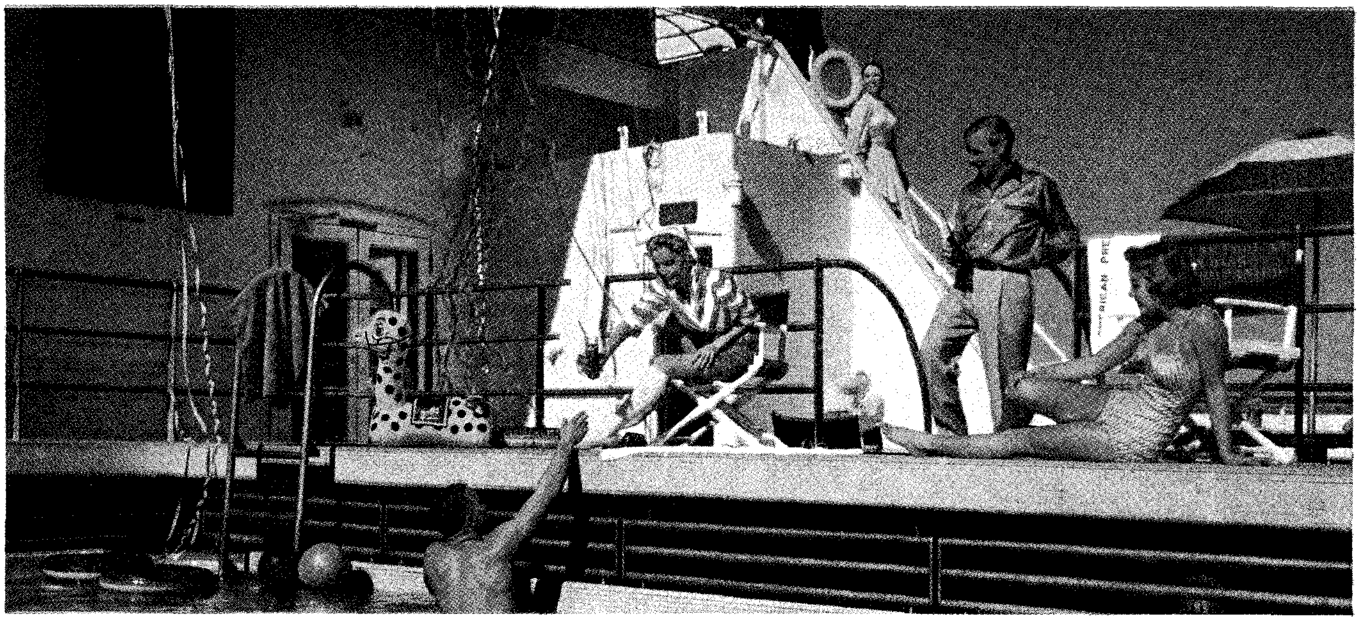
WHEN the news came last Sunday that Career Boy had finished fourth in the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe at Longchamp, I was almost as delighted as if he'd won. I fancy that C. V. Whitney, who sent Career Boy and Fisherman abroad, was delighted, too, for his pair met eighteen of the best racers in Europe on their own stamping ground and put on a good show. Ribot, the four-year-old Italian racer that Europeans call the Horse of the Century, did as expected, finishing with a great rush through the stretch and winning easily from Talgo, an English-owned, Irish-bred ridden by Mercer, the lad who rode Wilwyn to victory four years ago in the first Washington, D.C., International. Tanerko, a French horse, was third, less than a stride ahead of Career Boy. From all accounts, the race followed the pattern of the United Nations Handicap at Atlantic City last month in that Fisherman led for more than a mile of the mile and a half and Career Boy was far behind. Ribot, Norfolk, Apollonia, and Tanerko kept close to the pace, and then, a couple of furlongs from home, Ribot's jockey turned him loose and that was that. It was his sixteenth start and sixteenth victory—an extraordinary string of successes—and it was also his final appearance, for he is going to the stud. They say he's a very plain-looking animal, and he may be, but he is also quite a runner. Anyway, I wish that Career Boy had settled down sooner, and that Fisherman, who has been a pet of mine for a long time, had been a year younger. Although Fisherman finished ninth, he came in far ahead of three topnotchers of the French turf—Sicarelle, Vattel, and Apollonia.

THERE is a good deal more to the Futurity, which will have its sixty-seventh running at Belmont Park on Saturday, than a gay scamper for two-year-olds down six and a half furlongs of the Widener Course. The Futurity Stakes is what is technically known as a produce race (there are only a few such races nowadays), in which horses are entered before they are foaled; it has been won by as many famous racers as almost any fixture you can name, and its renown isn't lessened by the fact that its purse usually tots up to six figures. Although it has lost some of its glamour through the years—as, indeed, most of the stake races hereabouts have—it has always been a thriller, and this year's Futurity should be no exception. I suppose Bold Ruler will be the favorite, on the strength of his fine performance the other afternoon in the Anticipation Purse. As no doubt you've heard, he ran six furlongs in the lickety-split time of 1:08⅗, beating Missile, Miquelet, and half a dozen other colts. Be that as it may, this department's choice is Nashville; he's the sort who does everything well, and I'm sure he'll rise to this occasion.

THE fillies' counterpart of the Futurity—the Matron Stakes—which was won by Romanita last weekend, was an exciting affair. There were a dozen entries, and for most of the six furlongs Jet's Charm, Lucky Mistake, and Marullah went stride for stride out in front. Then Romanita came bearing down on them, took the lead by inches in the last fifty yards, and held it to the end. This was all very rousing, but the race was something of a disappointment for me, because Alanesian didn't run. It seems that after winning the Astarita Stakes several weeks ago, she developed knee trouble, and her stable has retired her for the season.

AS the years go by, it becomes more and more evident that the country is flooded with fast horses—sprinters but not stayers. Perhaps one way to develop racers who are capable of going a mile and a half or more—though it seems to me just about the last resort—is to put them to jumping. At any rate, that apparently worked with Flying Fury, who was a flop until he won over hurdles at Monmouth last summer. Returning to flat racing at Saratoga in August, he finished second in the Merchants' and Citizens' Handicap, at a mile and three-quarters, and at Belmont last Saturday he was the easiest sort of winner in the Manhattan Handicap, at a mile and a half. Atkinson, who rode him, deserves full marks; he timed every move perfectly. Earlier in the week, Atkinson also did some excellent race riding on Greentree's Riley in the Lawrence Realization Stakes, at a mile and five furlongs. Riley hadn't been jumping, though; he simply beat mile-and-a-quarter horses.

—AUDAX MINOR



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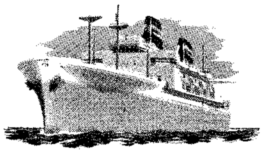

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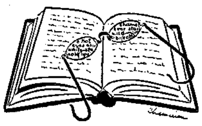
# BOOKS

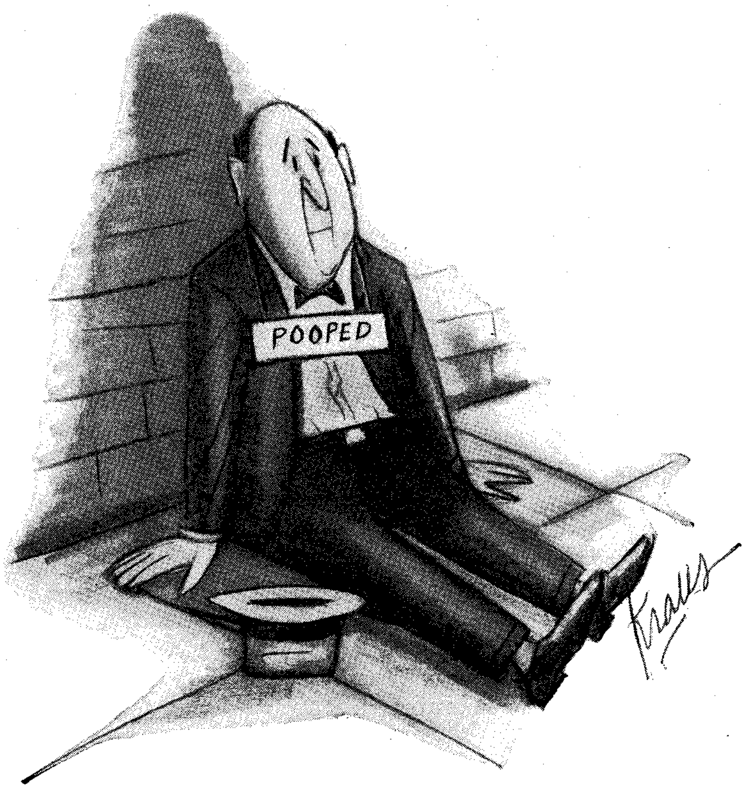
## *Reader's Indigestion*



TWO mysteries have enchanted the London public this summer—the Widows of Eastbourne and the success of "The Outsider." The question in the first case is whether the deaths, at the seashore resort of Eastbourne in the last generation, of some or all of a few hundred rich elderly ladies were facilitated by a local doctor whom many of them remembered in their wills. The second mystery, whose public is admittedly smaller, is how and why a badly written work of amateur philosophy by a hitherto unknown young author has become the most-discussed best-seller in several years. I have no theories on the first mystery, which had best be left to Scotland Yard, but I have talked about the second with a number of Londoners, almost all of whom at least agree that there *is* a mystery, and I have slogged my way through the book. And I think there are some interesting answers.

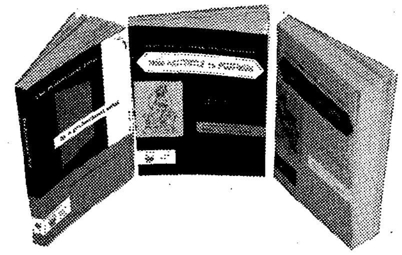
The author of "The Outsider," an American edition of which was recently issued by Houghton Mifflin, is an earnest, humorless, and self-confident young man named Colin Wilson. As readers of *Time* and *Life* already know—the Luce papers have taken him up in a big way, perhaps because his message is both positive and religious—he is the son of a factory worker, left school when he was sixteen, lived and read in a Left Bank garret in Paris, and completed his self-education with daytime reading in the British Museum and nighttime camping out in a sleeping bag on Hampstead Heath. Such are the outlines of the Wilson Myth (his sleeping bag is now as famous as the one into which Hemingway bundled Jordan and Rabbit), on which the subject has coöperated by climbing back into his sleeping bag for *Life* photographers and submitting to the whole routine of celebrity. Some of his fellow-intellectuals see a certain irony in the speed with which the author of "The Outsider" has become an insider, but such nuances don't seem to bother Mr. Wilson, an ambitious and energetic go-getter who is gently but firmly convinced that he has a mission and that he can carry it through. Unlike Hamlet, he considers it a blessing, not a spite, that he was born to set right a world satisfactorily out of joint. He has a first novel, also about an Outsider, ready for publication, as well as plans for a second one, and his publisher has announced that he is at work on a sequel to "The Outsider." This will discuss "the need for a new religion if our civilization is to be saved, the need for a departure as completely new as Christ's break with Talmudic tradition."

It is said that when Victor Gollancz, who has had much experience with intellectual books, published "The Outsider" in London this May, he had only modest expectations. Although the theme was a major one—his jacket describes it, without too much exaggeration, as "an inquiry into the nature of the sickness of mankind in mid-twentieth century"—this was not necessarily a passport to popularity; every year many weighty books fall from the presses with no more than a dignified thud. Nor did the treatment, which is heavy-footed and even academic, seem auspicious. Therefore, Mr. Gollancz printed a first edition of fifteen hundred and hoped that a second might be required. Three months later, almost twenty-five thousand copies had been sold, and the book was still selling at a great rate, even though summer is an off season. So it is likely that Mr. Gollancz will dispose of forty or fifty thousand copies by the end of the year.



"THE Outsider" presents an approach to life that the author feels is the only possible one for a serious and intelligent person today. His method is, essentially, to describe the problems of a large number of individuals, fictional and real, who have felt themselves to be Outsiders and to explain wherein they succeeded in solving or not solving their problems, and why. Among these individuals are T. E. Lawrence; van Gogh; Nijinsky; Nietzsche; Blake; Tolstoy; George Fox, the seventeenth-century Quaker evangelist; Ramakrishna, the Indian mystic; and Gurdjieff, an ambiguous Balkan prophet. They also include the protagonists of Barbusse's "L'Enfer," Sartre's "Nausea," Camus's "The Stranger," Granville-Barker's "The Secret Life," Hermann Hesse's "Steppenwolf," and several of Dostoevsky's novels. There are, in addition, extracts from and comments on works by Joyce, Kafka, Kierkegaard, T. E. Hulme, Rilke, Hemingway, Eliot, Yeats, Shaw, Wells, and many, many others. (Scope is what the book has most of.) The common denominator of this motley gathering is, or is alleged to be, their Outsiderness, a quality Mr. Wilson defined quite simply in a recent interview: "The ordinary person, the Insider, is cogged to the social current. The Outsider is cogged to the current of life itself." Less simply, the book builds up the picture with innumerable and partly contradictory definitions, such as:

> The Outsider is a man who cannot live in the comfortable, insulated world of the bourgeoisie, accepting what he sees and touches as reality. "He sees too deep and too much," and what he sees is essentially *chaos*. . . . The Outsider is a man who is



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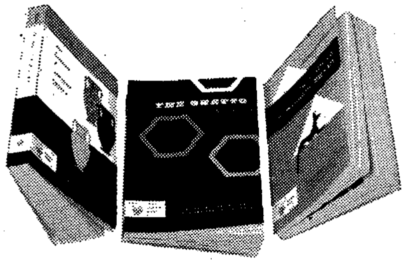

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awakened to chaos . . . the only man who knows he is sick in a civilization that doesn't know it is sick.

From the Outsider's viewpoint, the world justifies complete pessimism. . . . The Outsider does not make light work of living; at the best it is hard going.

*The Outsider's problem is the problem of denial of self-expression.* . . . It is a living problem—the problem of *pattern or purpose* in life. . . . His problem is [that] . . . nothing is worth doing. . . . The divided kingdom must be unified. The deluded vision of personality that our Western civilization fosters and glorifies increases the inward division. . . . The war against it is therefore inevitably a revolt against Western civilization.

The Outsider's chief desire is *to cease to be an Outsider.*

The Outsider's problem *is* the problem of freedom. . . . A man becomes an Outsider when he begins to chafe under the recognition that he is not free. . . . The Outsider wants to be free; he doesn't want to become a healthy-minded, once-born person because he declares such a person is not free. . . . And what characterizes the "bondage" of the once-born? Unreality, the Outsider replies.

The Outsider would seem to be a basically religious man . . . who refuses to develop those qualities of practical-mindedness and eye-to-business that seem to be the requisites for survival in our complex civilization. . . . By "religion" I am not trying to indicate any specific religious system. Religious categories . . . are such simple ideas as "Original Sin," "salvation," "damnation," which come naturally to the Outsider's way of thinking.

This thesis has a certain dash, and it is quite up-to-date in replacing the antiquated rationalistic-materialistic rebel, Marxian or Freudian, with a new mystical model. The author develops his argument with vigorous, bold strokes, like a man painting a barn in a hurry, and though one may find his notion of any thinker with whom one is familiar both superficial and vulgar, his line of thought is at least clearly marked. That a twenty-four-year-old should have the determination to carry out so ambitious a scheme, however crudely and with whatever outpourings of clotted journalese, must induce a legitimate pride in his parents, his teachers, and (in this case) his pastor. But these virtues, which are outweighed by far greater defects, hardly explain the almost unanimous acclaim with which the English reviewers greeted "The Outsider"—especially since none of them, so far as I know, were relatives.

A good sale for the book—though by no means the remarkable sale it has had—was practically guaranteed when the two London journals whose opinions count most heavily with book

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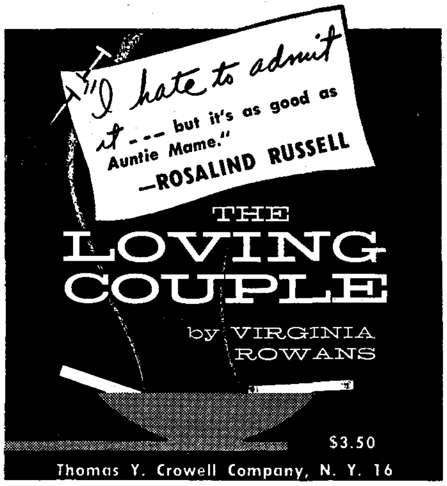

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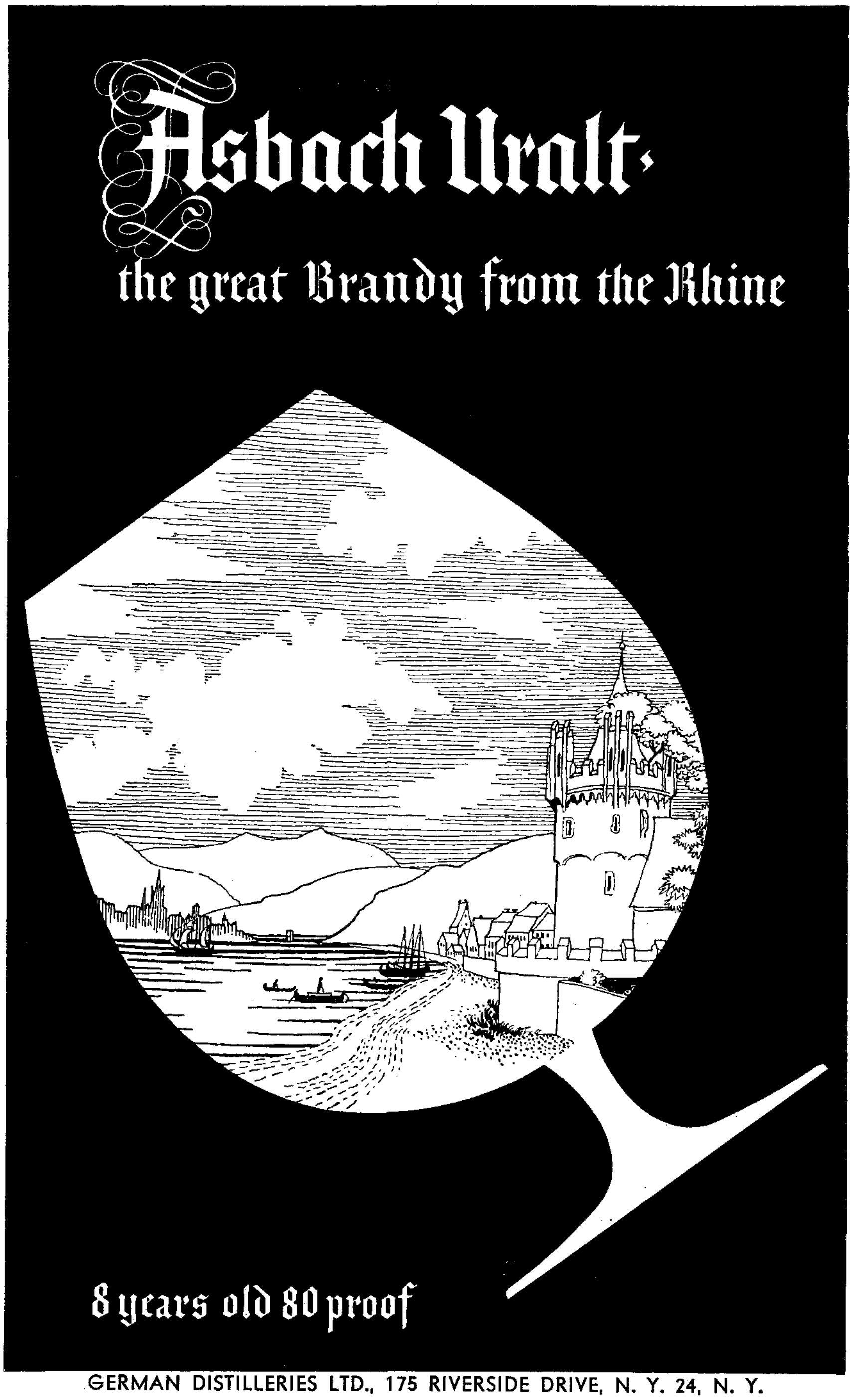
buyers, the *Sunday Times* and the *Observer*, a Sunday newspaper with a circulation of nearly six hundred thousand, came out on May 27th with enthusiastic reviews. "This extraordinary book. . . . He has a quick, dry intelligence . . . has read prodigiously and digested what he has read, and he loves what is best," Cyril Connolly wrote in the *Sunday Times*. Philip Toynbee, of the *Observer*, found the book "an exhaustive and luminously intelligent study . . . of a kind which is too rare in England." These big guns were merely part of a barrage—"most remarkable book on which the reviewer has ever had to pass judgment" (*The Listener*); "an astonishing book" (Liverpool *Daily Post*); "thunderstruck by the amount he has read" (Elizabeth Bowen in *The Tatler*); "an astonishing book; I think Colin Wilson will be a truly great writer" (Edith Sitwell); "immensely interesting . . . For all its seriousness, it has an eager-eyed young freshness" (*The Lady*); "brilliant, original, provocative . . . a subtle, patient writer, full of eagerness and ideas. . . . This remarkable book" (V. S. Pritchett, broadcasting on B.B.C.); "astonishing book . . . I admire his high seriousness, intelligence, and sensibility, and I feel he is a most welcome and valuable recruit to English literary criticism" (Maurice Cranston, also on B.B.C.).

Even when "The Outsider" was unfavorably reviewed—notably in the *Times Literary Supplement*, whose anonymous critic did a thorough and scholarly job; in *The Spectator*, whose Kingsley Amis, an infant prodigy of slightly earlier vintage, expectably attacked it as highbrow, a charge that is, alas, unfounded; and in *Encounter*, whose Dr. A. J. Ayer mangled it on the Procrustean bed of logical positivism—little was said about what seems to me the book's major defect, its barbarous style. This is odd, because English reviewers usually are more sensitive to style than their American colleagues; the aberration could be related to the English diffidence in the face of abstract ideas—a philosopher may seem to them a strange bird, to be exempted from stylistic requirements, just as foreigners aren't expected to speak correctly. Even that literary dandy Cyril Connolly, whose own periods are as faultless as a Savile Row suit, passed over Mr. Wilson's baggy prose with a mild complaint about "a general gracelessness and a hurried pontificating manner inclined to repetitions." The consensus was that the book is important because of what it says, apart from how it says it. I think



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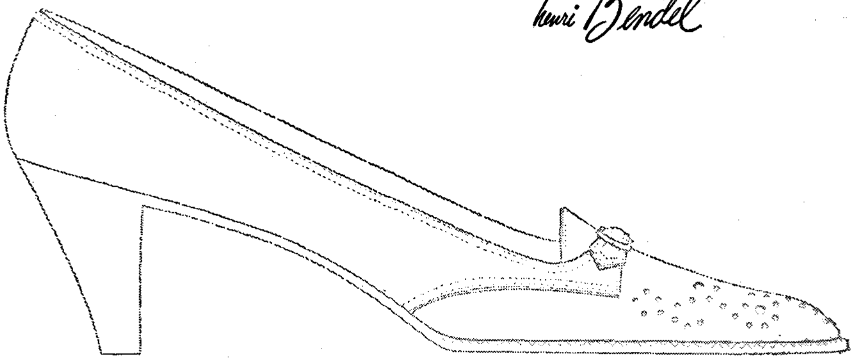

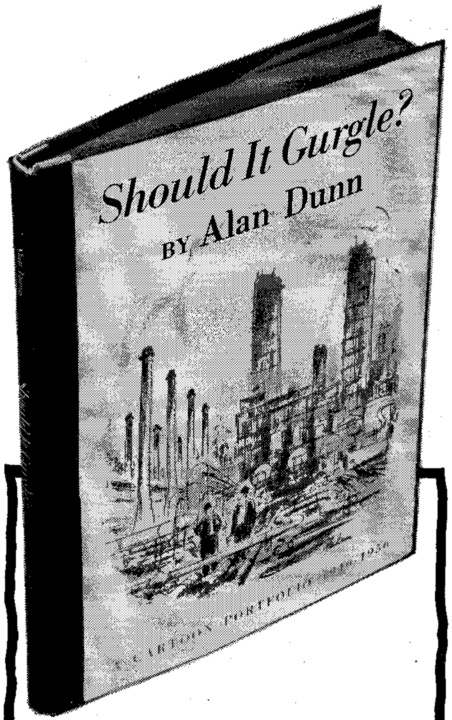

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this is a false distinction. An idea doesn't exist apart from the words that express it. Style is not an envelope enclosing a message; the envelope *is* the message.

THE form of "The Outsider" is a series of summaries—of novels, of philosophical works, of lives—with interpretations by the author as connective tissue. The summaries are summary indeed:

> After reading the treatise, he hits rock-bottom of despair; he is exhausted and frustrated, and the treatise warns him that this is all as it should be; he decides that this is the last time he allows himself to sink so low; next time he will commit suicide before he reaches that point. The thought cheers him up and he lies down to sleep.

The author's glosses are equally crude. Like an unarmed man confronted by a burglar, Mr. Wilson picks up the first banality that comes to hand and brings it crashing down on the subject: "white heat of feeling," "plain sailing," "hair-splitting," "can be counted on the fingers of one hand," "cock a snook," "can't write for toffee" are some of the blunt instruments he uses. There are a good many sentences like "This, of course, is the hurdle on which hundreds of Nietzsche-critics have broken their shins;" "With these lines, [T. S.] Eliot was over his stile, out of the Outsider's position;" "There is no point in the novel at which Stavrogin gets on a soapbox to explain himself;" "No, Axel is on the right path, even if killing himself is a poor way out." I don't think a style as debased as this can convey any serious meaning.

Not that Mr. Wilson doesn't realize that there are many stiles, and styles, on which he might break his shins. Of self-awareness, one of the many chief problems of the Outsider, he writes, "It calls for . . . exactitude of language. . . . It is a subject which is full of pitfalls for the understanding. And writing about it drives home the fact that our language has become a tired and inefficient thing in the hands of journalists and writers who have nothing to say." It is confusing to find a writer using tired and inexact phrases to demand vigor and exactitude. His next sentence gives a clue: "Language is the natural medium for self-analysis." There is perhaps a connection between his literary aphasia and that lack of self-awareness that causes him to expound Blake, Nietzsche, and Kierkegaard in the language (and spirit) of a rather unimaginative greengrocer:

> The visionary is inevitably an Outsider. And this is not because visionaries are a

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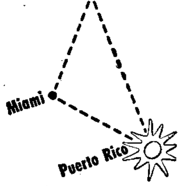

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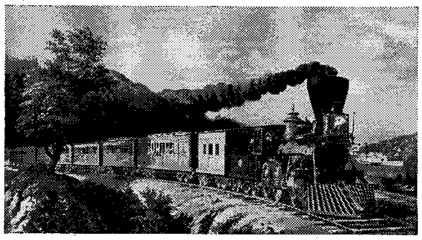

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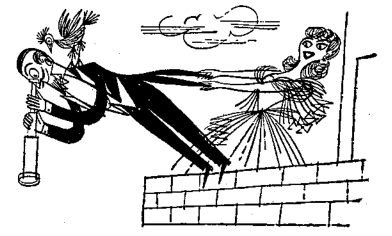

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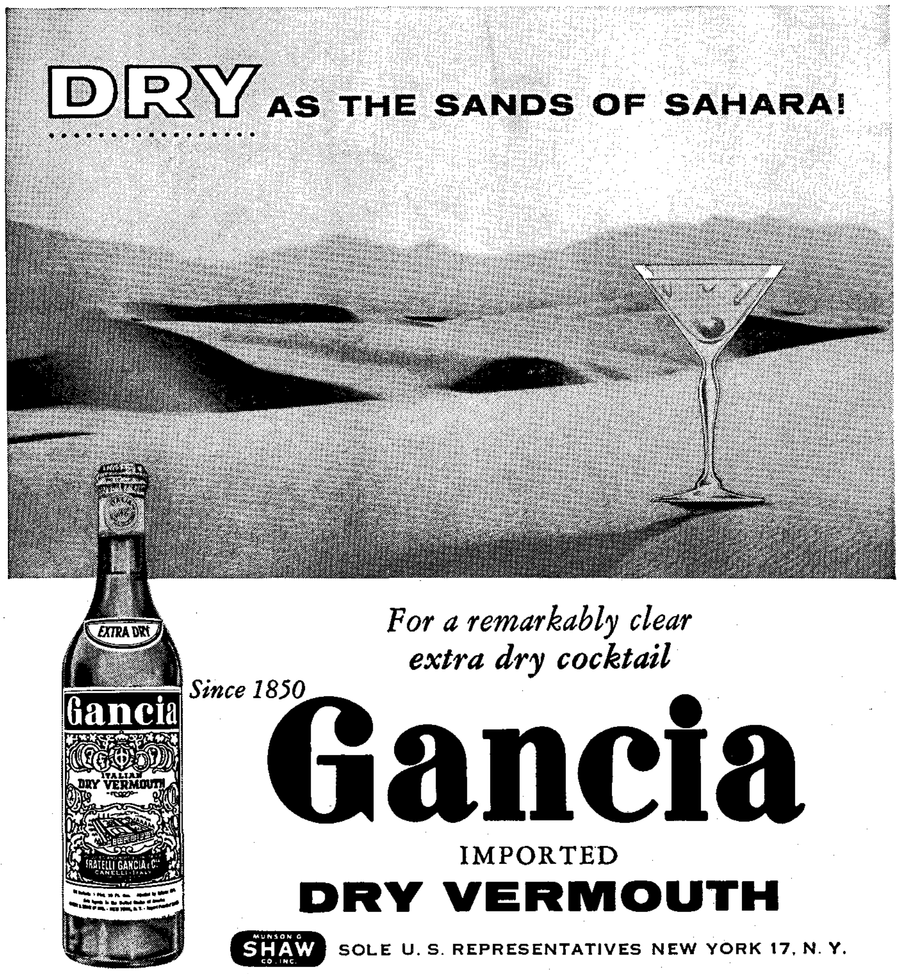
relatively small minority in proportion to the rest of the community; in that case, rat-catchers and steeple-jacks would be Outsiders too. It is for the very different reason that he starts from a point that everybody can understand, and very soon soars beyond the general understanding. He starts from the "appetite for fruitful activity and a high quality of life" [this phrase, taken from Shaw, is perhaps the author's one broken-backed formulation in seventy years of writing; it took a literary tactlessness of a high order to dig it out and resurrect it].

Many English reviewers have praised "The Outsider" for its "direct," "fresh," and "vigorous" writing, which seems to indicate that the English have become habituated to the forensic-expository style of the law courts, the Oxford Union, parliamentary debate, and letters to the editor. This style has great merits, and in the hands of a Shaw it is remarkably effective, but it is not suited to the discussion of the profound and subtle philosophical problems Mr. Wilson is dealing with. Mr. Wilson is no Shaw. "It is unfortunate that lack of space prevents a longer examination of Blake's work," he writes (meaning he'd rather use the space for something else, a point that could have been made simply by using the space for something else). "The sentence I have italicized is the important one." (Thanks.) "At this point, we can pass the threads of the argument into the hands of another Russian writer, and leave him to unravel them further for us." (Just pass the argument, please.) Every curve in the line of discourse is announced in advance ("as we shall see") and then recalled ("I have tried to show"), lest the most modestly endowed citizen fall off the train. This scaffolding sometimes achieves a really monumental effect:

> In going on to speak of Eliot's development in "Ash Wednesday," I have made a point which is not especially relevant in this chapter; I have done this for the convenience of not having to split up the story of Eliot's development. Still, readers who feel dubious about the connection of the last two paragraphs with what has gone before can dismiss them as unproved; we shall have to return to the subject later from a completely different angle, and for the moment it is not important.

Thrown into the cement mixer of Mr. Wilson's mind, Dostoevsky's Stavrogin comes out:

> Conceive him as a Russian combination of Evan Strowde and Oliver Gauntlett [characters in a long-forgotten play by Granville-Barker that Mr. Wilson revives because it fits his argument], add a touch of Pushkin's Eugene Onyegin, and you have a reasonably accurate picture. His story unfolds as a series of romantically paradoxical acts: he kisses some one's



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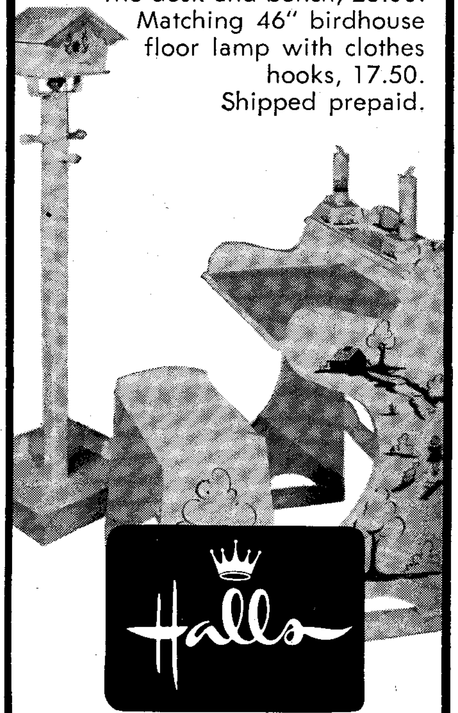

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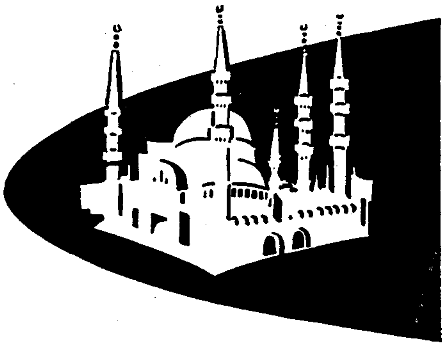

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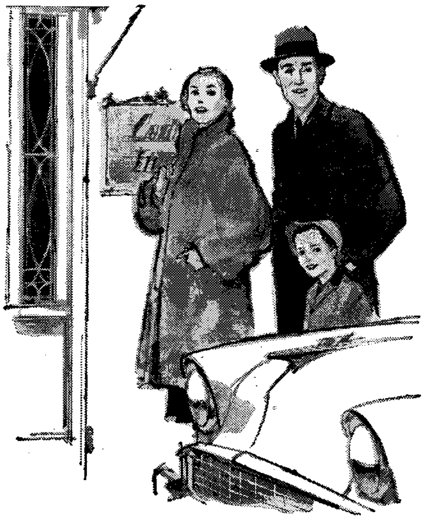
wife in the middle of a respectable social gathering; he pulls the nose of a retired general. . . . In short, he plays the Rimbaud-roaring-boy in the drawing room atmosphere of the town.

Or there is Mr. Wilson's evaluation of Hermann Hesse, a pretentious second-rate German novelist to whose work he devotes many pages: "Considered as a whole, Hesse's achievement can hardly be matched in modern literature. . . . Hesse has little imagination in the sense that Shakespeare or Tolstoy can be said to have imagination, but his ideas have a vitality that more than makes up for it." In a novelist, nothing makes up for imagination (nothing "makes up for" anything anyway), and certainly not "ideas." But "ideas" that can be botched into the jerry-built structure of his argument are all that Mr. Wilson wants from the poets, novelists, mystics, and philosophers he exploits; he reduces their work to fragments with his rough-and-ready summaries and erects his thesis with the rubble. At times, one has the impression that the masters of modern literature were Mr. Wilson's research assistants. " 'The Brothers Karamazov' is Dostoevsky's biggest attack on the Outsider theme," he writes. And: "To facilitate his [William Blake's] analysis of Outsider problems, he divided man into the same three divisions that we arrived at in Chapter IV. . . . His system . . . provides a skeleton key to every Outsider in this book." Many hands make light work.

THE reasons for the success of "The Outsider" are of two varieties. One is related to the special situation of the younger generation in England, the other to a more general phenomenon of our time—the development of a sizable reading public whose cultural aspirations exceed its knowledge and sensibility. Since the war, there has been a lot of worrying about the younger generation. Like a parent with a backward child, the elders have applauded, almost desperately, any sign of talent. For an ambitious younger writer, London is now utopia: Important journalistic jobs are open to him, his critical views are printed in influential magazines and newspapers, his plays or novels are received appreciatively. The counterpart of "The Outsider" in the theatre, in both popularity and merit, is "Look Back in Anger," a play by John Osborne, also in his twenties; it consists largely of complaining monologues by the pretentious and disagreeable young hero, which middle-aged audiences lis-



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ten to respectfully as an authentic expression of the Youth Problem. And there was the success, two or three years ago, of Kingsley Amis's novel "Lucky Jim" (also published by Mr. Gollancz, who has been demonstrating his flair for the intellectually fashionable ever since he published John Strachey's "The Coming Struggle for Power" in the thirties), a very funny book but one whose spectacular reviews and sales can be explained only by the youth of both author and hero. Thus one may account for the reviews that launched the "Outsider" boom—those by Cyril Connolly and Philip Toynbee, both of whom are normally (that is, when confronted by the work of their coevals) critics of discernment. The boom may also have been helped because Mr. Wilson is socially and culturally underprivileged, for intellectuals in a class-conscious country like England can be lenient in judging outsiders (the very title of the book has an air of snobbish guilt). "The Outsider" seems, furthermore, to have attracted many readers from the younger generation itself—the pony-tailed or sideburned patrons of the *café espresso* joints that have sprung up all over London in the last couple of years. They identify themselves with the Outsider as an earlier generation romantically become Werthers; some of them imitated Goethe's hero to the extent of killing themselves. I anticipate no such results, though, in the case of Mr. Wilson, or, in fact, any results at all. Both young and old, finally, are fascinated by the idealistic nature of his message, as well as by his parade of culture. Up to now, the mood of the younger generation has been materialistic, even cynical, with an overtone of rebellion not only against bourgeois culture (this has been, after all, *de rigueur* since the nineties) but against culture in general. Kingsley Amis, as both critic and novelist, is typical of that generation. That a young man should have read so many books and have taken their ideas with such grim seriousness, that he should have advocated a religious solution—all this is novel and encouraging. The earnest, Kierkegaard-quoting Mr. Wilson is a kind of young man very different from Mr. Amis, who in his review of "The Outsider" boasted that he had never heard of Kierkegaard.

Or is he? This leads me, as Mr. Wilson would write, to my next, and last, point, which I have put at the end because it seems to me to have a quality of finality.

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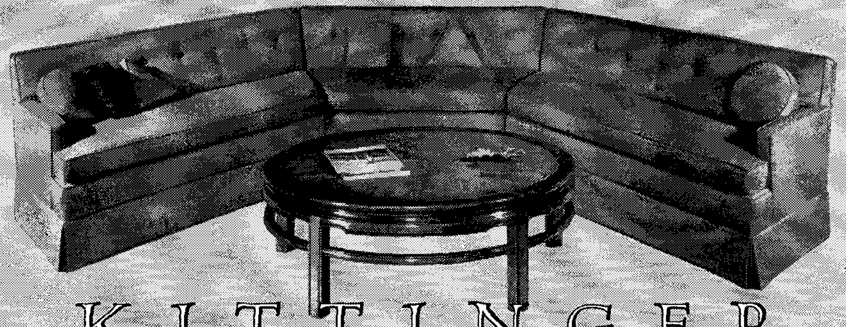

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one more indication of the growth, since the First World War, of a public that habitually lives beyond its cultural means. These people are not the humble millions who read Will Durant's "The Story of Philosophy" or Wells' "Outline of History." Nor are they exactly intellectuals. They might be called camp followers of the avant-garde. They want to keep up, and they are attracted by large, new theories that seem to crystallize what is "in the air." There was James Burnham's "The Managerial Revolution," in 1941, which resembled "The Outsider" in presenting a timely thesis in bold, poster-like outlines (yet conveniently fuzzy ones) and under a label that was an excellent example of advertising genius. Mr. Burnham's now almost forgotten theory of Managerialism was discussed around innumerable academic campfires. In the same way, telling the Outsiders from the Insiders is now a London parlor game; a year ago, the game was to discriminate, following Nancy Mitford's lead, between U (or Upper-class) and Non-U word usage.

"The Outsider" has a special gimmick of its own. It combines two approaches to life that are not often combined—of the artist, the intellectual, and the mystic on the one hand, and of the Philistine "practical man" on the other. More accurately, it presents the second approach in terms of the first—not, I think, as a tactic but simply because basically the author's own values are unconsciously Philistine. Had the Reverend Norman Vincent Peale not been there first, "The Outsider" could have been called "The Power of Positive Serious Thinking." It is, for all its highbrow décor, an inspirational how-to treatise—be glad you're an outsider; face up to life; achieve peace of mind; develop your hidden asset, will power! There is the same reduction of everything to the common-sense level. ("The later Tolstoy had an obsession about sexual impurity that Kierkegaard or Nietzsche would have found funny." What a choice of witnesses, by the way.) The same nice-Nellie reaction to the "unpleasant"—in comic contrast to his line of argument, but the argument is contrived and the reaction is felt. ("The subject is unpleasant to dwell on," he writes primly, apropos the "life-denying nihilism" in Conrad's "Heart of Darkness." "Further enumeration of treatments of the theme," he adds, "will serve no purpose." Dostoevsky's "Notes from Underground" he finds "so unnecessarily unpleasant as to be barely

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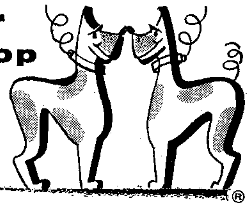

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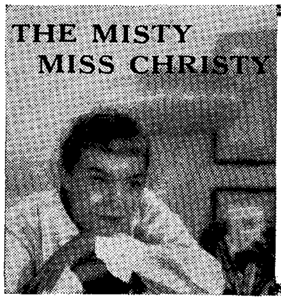

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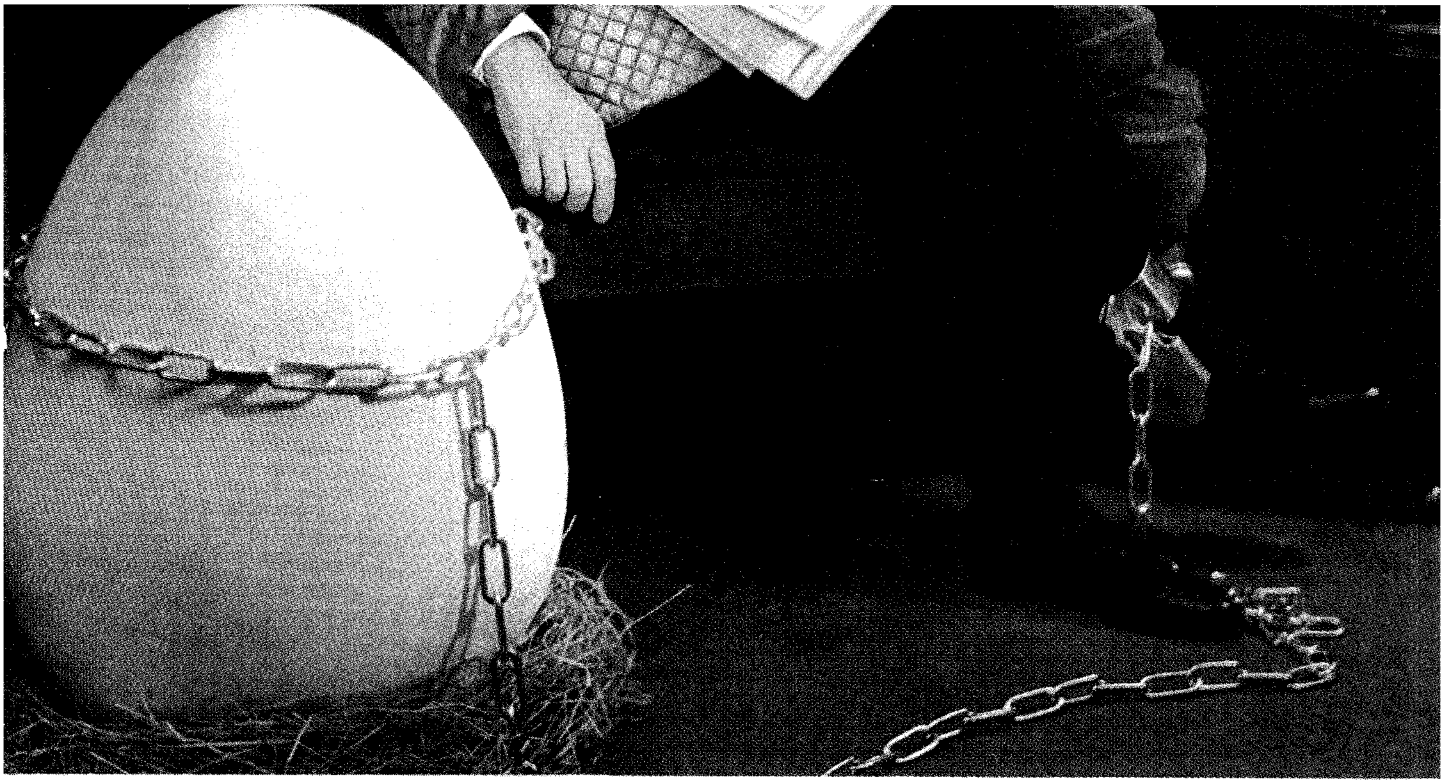

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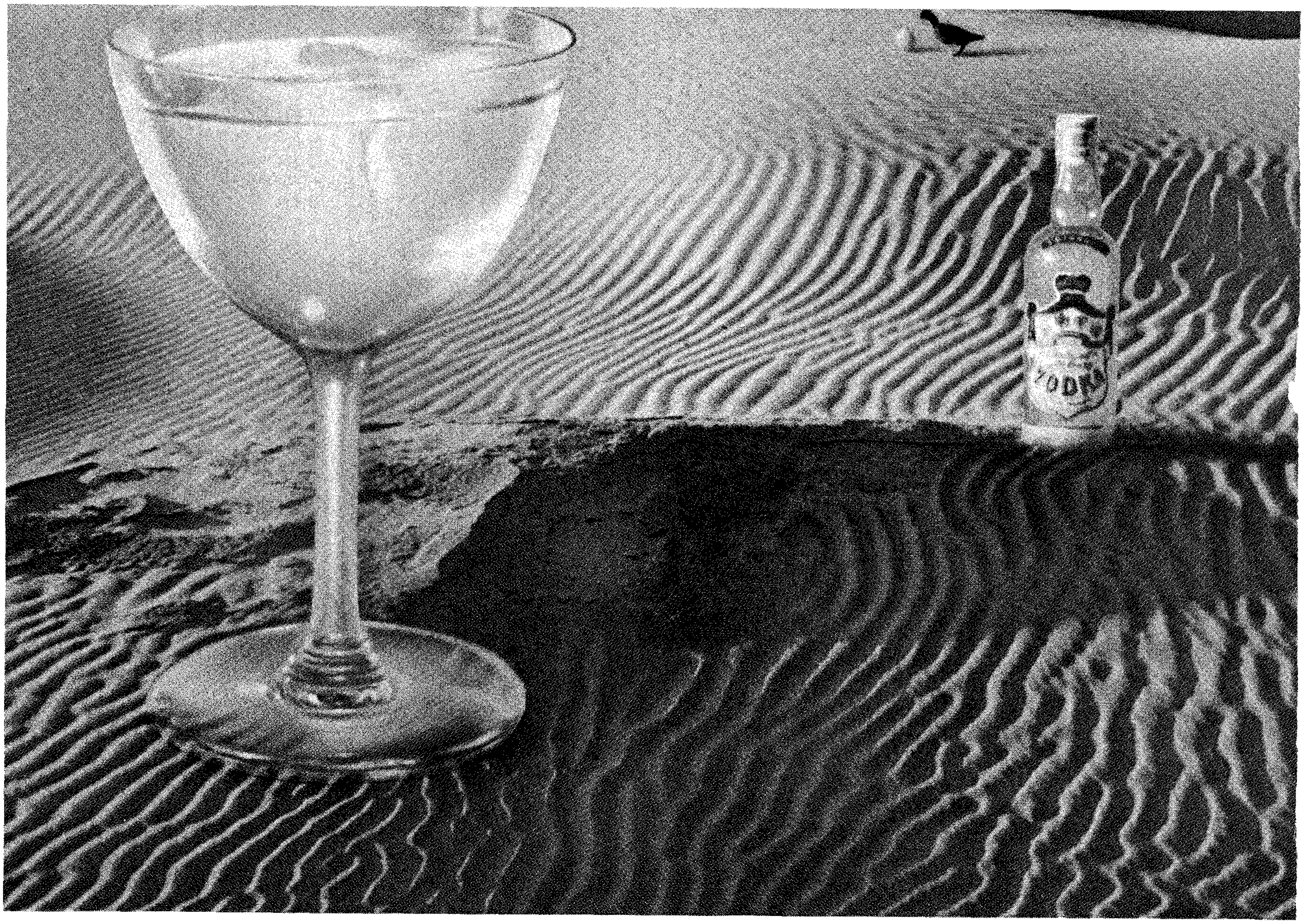

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readable.") The same accent on the positive. ("Well, we can see that Fox made a better show . . . tracking his 'inner powers' to the roots and harnessing them to action. . . . He was better off than van Gogh or [T. E.] Lawrence, for his attempt [to gain control] led to more success than theirs. . . . He showed that there is no point in getting neurotic and defeatist about it, and deciding, like Schopenhauer, that the world and the spirit are at eternal, perpetual, unresolvable loggerheads.") The same Philistine distinction between art and philosophy on the one hand and "real life" on the other. ("The Outsider problem is essentially a living problem; to write about it in terms of literature is to falsify it. . . . The writer has an instinct that makes him select the material that will make the best show on paper . . . [but] the Outsider's problems will not submit to mere thought; *they must be lived.*") There is, above all, the same elephantiasis of "will power," whatever that term means in this post-Freudian era. ("The will's power is immense when backed by moral purpose. Reason's only role is to establish moral purpose by self-analysis. [Then] the will can operate, and the limit of its power over the body is only the limit of moral purpose to back it.")

As one trudges on through Mr. Wilson's cultural wasteland, it slowly becomes clear that this serious young man is a Philistine, a Babbitt, a backwoods revivalist of blood-chilling consistency. The gospel he preaches is as hostile to art, letters, philosophy, and other aspects of humanistic culture as was that of Savonarola, whom the Florentines burned, and John Knox, whom the Scotch didn't, thereby letting themselves in for cultural ravages they felt for centuries. "Knowledge is merely an instrument for living," Mr. Wilson writes. "There is no such thing as abstract knowledge; there is only useful knowledge and unprofitable blatherskite." How true this is depends on how broad one's notion of usefulness is. The remarks just quoted follow this sentence: "The Socratic conception of history (propagated in our time by Professor Whitehead) is that civilization advances in proportion as its thinkers are interested in abstractions, in knowledge for its own sake." One who can see Socrates and Whitehead as primarily "interested in abstractions" has a very narrow idea of the usefulness of philosophy. Toward the end of the book, it becomes evident that Mr. Wilson values culture only insofar as it helps him toward religious belief; "I will serve noth-

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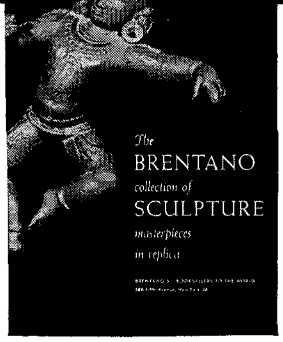

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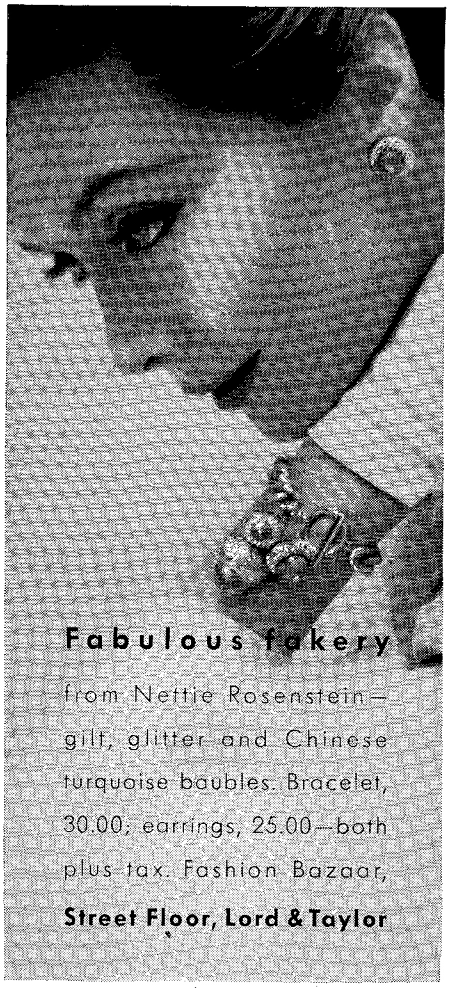

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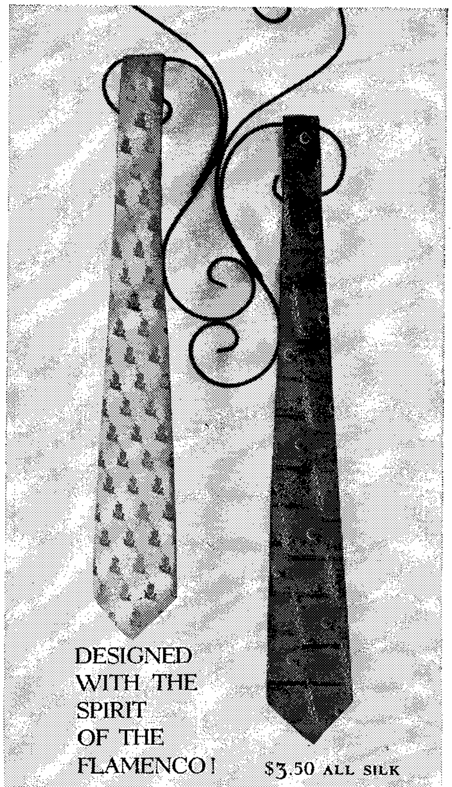
ing but my God and my own soul," he has his final hero, the "religious man," say. "Perish all such conceptions as knowledge and civilization."

Perish also, apparently, sanity. In his last chapter, Mr. Wilson thoroughly expounds the ideas of Gurdjieff, that dubious mystagogue, so thoroughly as to suggest that in Mr. Wilson, as in other Philistine types, an excess of common sense vis-à-vis mere human affairs like art is oddly accompanied by a serious deficiency of the same commodity when it comes to arcane matters. Viz.:

> In "All and Everything" Gurdjieff explains man's bondage [i.e., Original Sin] in a slightly more complex way.... Some cosmic catastrophe knocked two pieces off the earth, which became two satellites, the moon and another smaller moon which men have forgotten (although it still exists). These two moons, as part of the parent body, had to be sustained by "food" sent from earth (I have mentioned that Gurdjieff considers the heavenly bodies to be alive), and this "food" is a sort of cosmic ray manufactured by human beings. In other words, the only purpose of human beings is to manufacture "food" for the moon.
>
> But human beings were, not unnaturally, irritated by this completely subject-role they were expected to play in the solar system. As they began to develop "objective reason" (Gurdjieff's fourth state of consciousness), their chafing became a danger to the existence of the moon. A special commission of archangels decided to put a stop to the development of objective reason. So they implanted in man an organ, called *Kundabuffer*, whose special function was to make men perceive fantasy as actuality. And from that day onward men have been enmeshed in their own dreams, and admirably serve their function of providing food for the moon.

There might be two opinions as to just who is the dupe of *Kundabuffer*.

The result of all the Outsider's suffering, thinking, writing, painting, and creating is, if all goes well, that he graduates into becoming a prophet, one who has got beyond "mere thought," as Gurdjieff clearly has. "The Outsider's miseries are the prophet's teething pains. . . . Gradually the message emerges." The message attracts the camp followers for the same reason Marxism attracted them in the thirties (I don't mean otherwise to equate Marxism and Outsiderism)—because it realistically recognizes the depressing state of the here and now but points to a future in which all will be well. That the key to this future is religion instead of social revolution doesn't at all, nowadays, lessen its appeal—especially since Mr. Wilson's notion of religion is broad enough to include Bernard Shaw as "a major religious teacher" because of his "mystical recognition of the possibilities



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of pure Will." Nor have the book's sales been hurt by its Philistinism. The camp followers feel that culture is something to be possessed rather than something to be experienced. When an author explains difficult thinkers like Blake and Kierkegaard in down-to-earth terms, when he treats the great ones of art and thought with the slightly patronizing familiarity they would use themselves if they dared, and when he does this with proper "seriousness" and under the exciting banner of the avant-garde, they naturally feel that he is their man. I think they are right.

—DWIGHT MACDONALD

## BRIEFLY NOTED

### FICTION

AMELIE IN LOVE, by Henri Troyat (Simon & Schuster). The central figure in this richly patterned story of France just before the First World War is Amelie Aubernat, a pretty, sweet-natured, rather childish seventeen-year-old who lives with her family in a quiet country town, Chapelle-au-Bois. Amelie's father is a blacksmith and her mother keeps a general store. Romance comes into the young girl's life, and, after some tears and indecision, she marries and goes to live in Paris, where she and her husband open a small neighborhood café. The Paris chapters, in which we read about the young couple's happiness in each other and their satisfaction at the success of their venture into the business world, are the most delightful, but the whole book, which ends shortly after the outbreak of war, is wonderfully attractive. The translation, by Lily Duplaix, is excellent.

THE SUCCESS, by Helen Howe (Simon & Schuster). A cheerfully murderous novel that starts in the nineteen-twenties, ends in the nineteen-fifties, and tells all about Maggie Fraser Bradfield Masters, a robust Boston girl who climbs to fame as a radio commentator over the quivering bodies of two astonished husbands, one daughter, and a number of other people, some related to her, some not.

THE FORGOTTEN PLACE, by John Fores (Coward-McCann). This unashamedly old-fashioned melodrama, full of swagger and coincidence, deals with an attempt to smuggle a large supply of drugs away from an abandoned airfield on the North African coast. The author, in trying to pump some moral fibre into his

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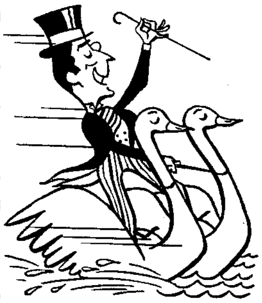
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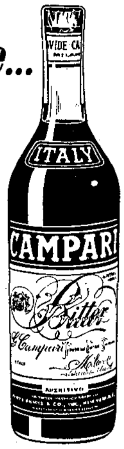

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characters, writes bravely on and on, with a kind of peanut-butter doggedness, about fear and burning skies.

THE ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN MCCARGO, by William Ratigan (Random House). A celebration, set loosely in the form of a historical novel, of the legendary feats of a Great Lakes schooner captain, Thunder Bay McCargo, who, roughly a century ago, is supposed to have shot the Soo Rapids successfully in a schooner, used a drunken pink elephant to quell an attempted invasion of Canada by a band of guerrillas, and won fourteen duels in a single day. Mr. Ratigan's materials would have far more appeal if his prose ("The moon chinned itself above the horizon") were not such a coy imitation of the smoky, poetic backwoods language of the time.

NOTE: "Six Feet of the Country," a collection of short stories by Nadine Gordimer, has been published by Simon & Schuster. About half the stories first appeared in this magazine.

### GENERAL

SEGREGATION: THE INNER CONFLICT IN THE SOUTH, by Robert Penn Warren (Random House). The author, a Tennessean by birth, recently made a trip through Tennessee, Kentucky, Arkansas, Mississippi, and Louisiana, and he here reports on what the people he talked to, white and black, think, and plan to do, about the Supreme Court ruling on segregation. The striking thing about most of them, it turned out, was their inarticulateness. One Negro woman told Mr. Warren that she doesn't "want to socialize," but that she doesn't "want to be insulted," either, and that seems to be the attitude of most educated Negroes; as a Negro scholar put it, what the Negro resents above all is "the constant assault on his ego." The prevailing attitude of the whites seems to be "Maybe it's wrong, but we don't want to change." At the end of the book, Mr. Warren presents an interview with himself, in which he states the conviction that desegregation will come when white people realize it is "just one small episode in the long effort for justice." One hopes the Tennessee friend who told him that "there is a fifth column of decency here, and it will, in the end, betray the extremists" is right.

THE INVISIBLE FLAG, by Peter Bamm

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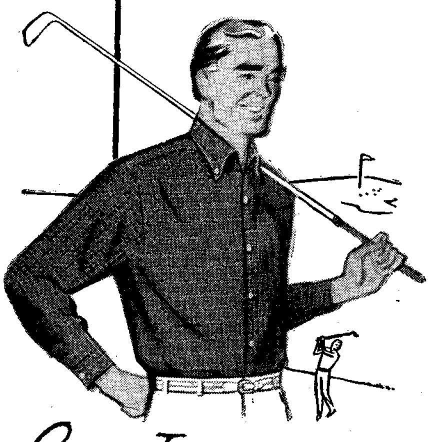

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(John Day). The personal story of a German surgeon (and professional writer) who commanded a mobile front-line operating station throughout the war in Russia. This is a moral book about an immoral situation, and "the invisible flag" of the title is the banner of humanity, which, the author believes, all soldiers of decency and good will, in no matter what army, stand ready to salute. Dr. Bamm's cultural background is the humanist tradition of the West; he writes with wit, skill, and a sense of the ridiculous; and his contempt for those whom he, as a Wehrmacht man, calls "the others"—the Nazis—is profound. His book is surely one of the most distinguished pieces of writing about the Second World War by a German.

TOYNBEE AND HISTORY, edited by M. F. Ashley Montagu (Porter Sargent). A critique of Arnold Toynbee's "A Study of History," by twenty-eight historians and literary critics. Most of the writers are experts in narrower fields than Toynbee's, and dispute the Toynbeean world view as it impinges on their own subjects—Islam, Chinese history, and so on. Some, denying that Toynbee is a true writer of history at all (he has replied that he called his work "a *study* of history"), say that his is a prophetic work, and a bad one at that, and others deplore his prose style—his rolling periods, his addiction to "the ornate alias" (better known as elegant variation), and the incoherence of his paragraphs. A graver indictment concerns his alleged practice of suppressing or distorting facts to fit his theories. All in all, this book hums with the honing of knives, and it constitutes a serious challenge to Toynbee's monumental work.

THE PROFESSOR AND THE FOSSIL, by Maurice Samuel (Knopf). Mr.

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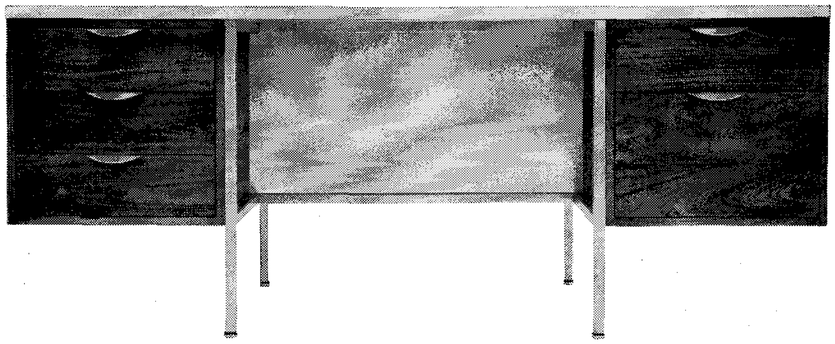

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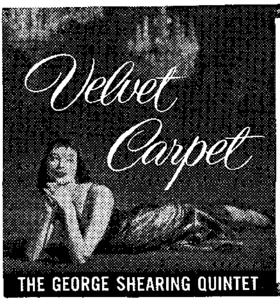

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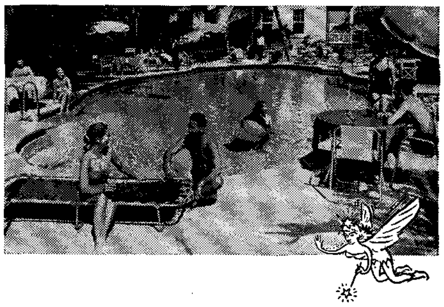
Samuel has also been reading "A Study of History"—all ten volumes of it. At first, he was bewildered and bemused by Toynbee's massive show of erudition, but then, he says, he developed the uneasy feeling that he was "being had," and when he came to Toynbee's discussion of the Jews, he got downright mad. In this book, he takes issue with Toynbee on the whole of Jewish history, accusing him of bias, misstatement, misinterpretation, ignorance, and obscurantism; what infuriates him particularly is Toynbee's characterization of contemporary Jews as "fossilized relics" of the past. Mr. Samuel quotes liberally from the writings of other historians, but he is no mean scholar himself, and he makes his most telling thrusts on his own.

QUANTRILL AND THE BORDER WARS, by William Elsey Connelley (Pageant). A new edition of a book, first published in 1910, that had become a highly prized rarity. The author, a sort of home-grown archivist, set out in 1907 to unsnarl the tangle of legend surrounding the name of William Clarke Quantrill (1837-65), the famous Confederate guerrilla chieftain, and he did an extremely thorough job. Connelley loathed Quantrill, but although the book is a labor of hate, it is fair-minded. When the war broke out, Quantrill, a twenty-four-year-old Ohioan who had already fought as a jayhawker (an antislavery guerrilla) and a bushwhacker (a proslavery guerrilla)—sometimes conducting raids to free slaves and then selling them back into captivity—chose to side with the Confederacy, but not for the sake of principle. His most notorious exploit during the war was the sacking of Lawrence, Kansas, and the massacre of more than a hundred and fifty of its male inhabitants—solely, the author demonstrates, for personal revenge. But Connelley does give Quantrill credit for being brave when cornered, and for being above average in intelligence. If the portrait drawn here is pretty black, it is also quite revealing, for in Quantrill, who taught the Younger brothers and Frank and Jesse James their trade, we see the lineaments of the nihilistic egomaniacs—the Pretty Boy Floyds and John Dillingers—who still rise occasionally to plague the Middle West. Drawings and maps.

A PRINCE OF MANTUA, by Maria Bellonci (Harcourt, Brace). A biog-



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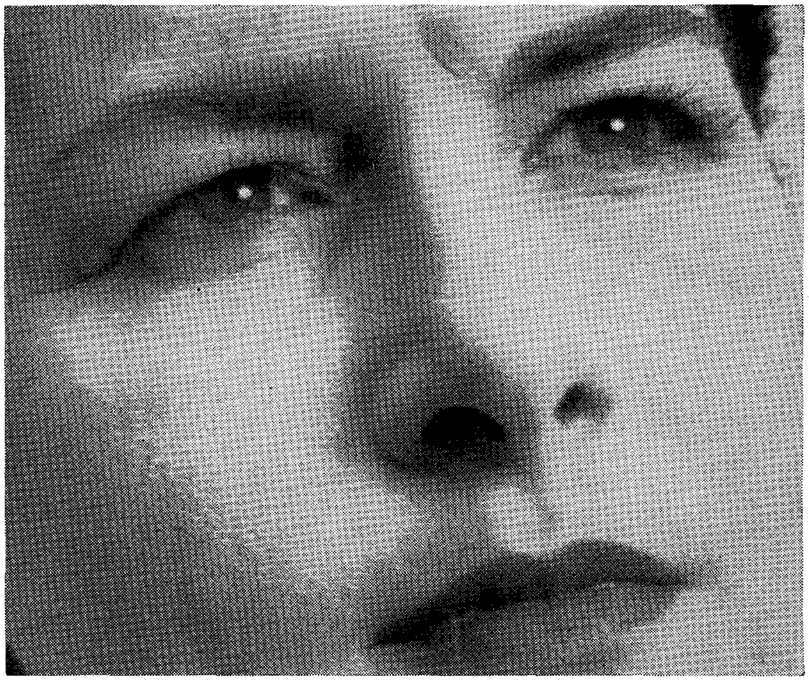
raphy of Vincenzo Gonzaga, an engaging Renaissance figure, who was the original of the Duke in "Rigoletto." Vincenzo sent his first wife off to a nunnery for barrenness, and was allowed to marry his second wife, a Medici, only after a public test of his virility that was, Signora Bellonci says, "the greatest scandal of the sixteenth century." Otherwise, he was just what we expect a Renaissance prince to be: he killed a few men under mysterious circumstances; had a respectable number of mistresses and illegitimate children; fought an abortive crusade against the Turks in Hungary; kept Rubens as his court painter; encouraged Tasso and Monteverdi; and, when Mantua was hit by flood and famine, invented a kind of W.P.A. Signora Bellonci tells it all in colorful journalistic style, expertly translated by Stuart Hood.

THE RISE AND FALL OF NAZI GERMANY, by T. L. Jarman (New York University Press). To judge by the bibliography, the author, an English historian, has read almost everything ever written about the Third Reich, and he has woven it all into a coherent story—or as coherent a story as can be made out of the world's greatest political nightmare. After a summary of the ominous mutterings of certain nineteenth-century German writers—about race, reasoning with the blood, and the rest of it—Mr. Jarman gives a full account of Hitler's rise and fall. A beautifully compact piece of work, and if the author can't answer the great question of how such things could happen, nobody else seems to be able to answer it, either.

TOMORROW AND TOMORROW AND TOMORROW, by Aldous Huxley (Harper). A collection of seventeen unremittingly learned—and unremittingly dull—disquisitions, in which Mr. Huxley pursues, with a kind of tired academic jocularity, such matters as the difference between knowledge and understanding; the failure of almost all educational systems, past and present (a recurrent theme in the book); the advisability of replacing books with recorded readings; the present cheapening in this country, through greeting cards and other devices, of the various ancient Mother symbols; the overpopulation of the earth (another recurrent theme); the mysteries of language (a third recurrent theme); and the beauties of the music of Carlo



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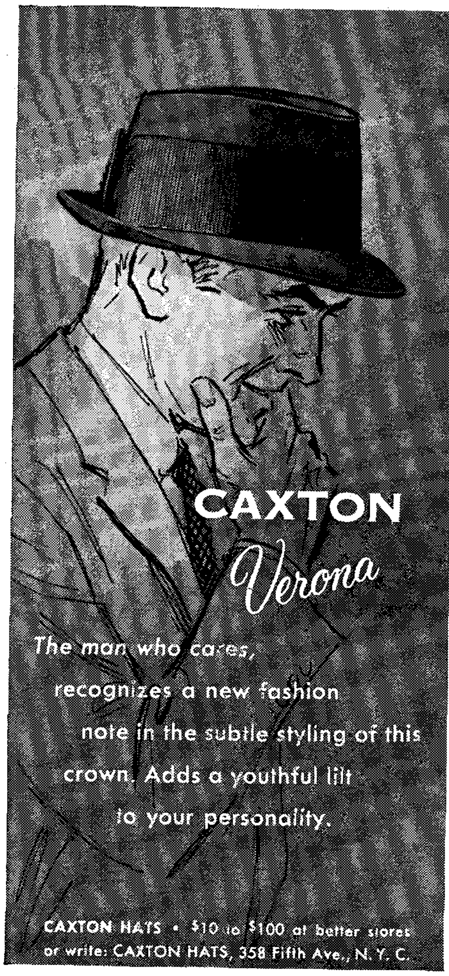
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Gesualdo, the sixteenth-century Italian composer. A handful of the pieces are full-fledged essays, and the rest have been reprinted from the author's current column in *Esquire*.

### MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE MAN IN THE NET, by Patrick Quentin (Simon & Schuster). As you have practically no reason to know, Mr. Quentin is actually two men—Hugh Wheeler and Richard Webb—and the result of their collaboration is occasionally a little uneasy. The first part of this book, having to do with a man's desperate marriage to a scheming alcoholic, is a rather routine literary exercise; the rest is chase, detection, and escape, and is more sprightly. It is impossible, of course, to say which of the authors contributed what, but the chances are that you will be happier when the thinker moves over and lets the man of action take charge.

TWO-THIRDS OF A GHOST, by Helen McCloy (Random House). This novel, by the author of "The Long Body" and "The Deadly Truth," concerns one of the most elaborate literary hoaxes since the days of Joan Lowell. Who the murdered novelist really was and who really wrote his books is brought out with almost staggering ingenuity, but it is just conceivable that the effort of following it all will prove a shade beyond your powers.

•

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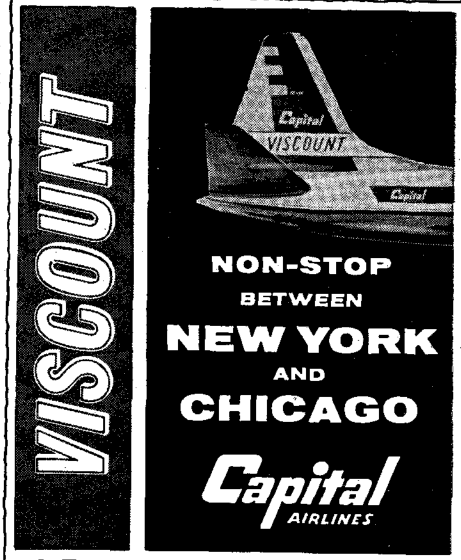
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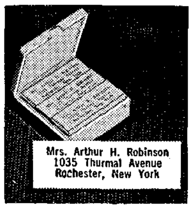

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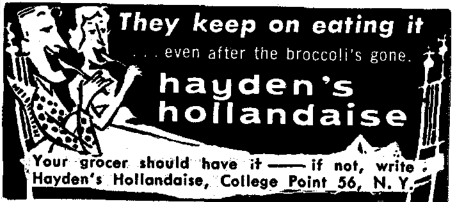
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